





Theaters—Amusements—Entertainments

**OPHEUM THEATER**—SPRING ST. Between Central and  
EIGHTH PHONES 362.

**MODERN VAUDEVILLE**

**REVEAL PLOT  
TO KIDNAP**

**MODERN VAUDEVILLE**  
 THE FAIRBANKS WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA—ELEIGHAETH MURRAY—HARRISON  
 MAX QUARTETT—TRUPE—HARRISON WITH LUTON & LAY—HARRISON  
 EDY QUARTET—GRUPIM MOTION PICTURES—FOUR HARVEST  
 MATINEES DAILY EXCEPT MONDAY

**GRAND OPERAHOUSE**—MAIN ST.—Between East and West  
 THE FAMILY THEATRE  
 The Ulrich Stock Company Presents  
**"HOW HEARTS ARE BROKEN"**  
 Others Are Held Under

To Kidnap  
 Warner Tells of Plan to  
 Steal Pinhead.

MATINEE SUNDAY, TUESDAY, SATURDAY.  
NEXT WEEK, "HELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK GIRL."  
**MASON OPERAHOUSE—**  
MATINEE TONIGHT—LAST TIME TONIGHT THE DISTURBED  
**ANNIE RUSSELL as PUCK**  
In Wagstaff & Kemper's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"  
Sensational Production of  
PRICES NIGHT, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. MATINEE PRICES 25c to \$1.00.  
ALL WEEK, STARTING MONDAY, MAY 9—MATINEE SATURDAY—CLOSED.

OTIS SKINNER

In the International "THE DUEL"  
Success . . . . .  
SEATS FILLING. PRICES 25c TO 50c

VISIT THE—  
Cawston Ostrich Farm  
SOUTH PASADENA  
25c For Round Trip, Including Admission  
TICKETS FOR SALE AT PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAIL-  
WAY TICKET OFFICE AND AT OUR  
Los Angeles Store 224 W. 3rd St.  
TELEPHONE HOME 4-1211; SUBWAY REDWATER BLDG.  
TAKEN PASADENA CARB MARKED "OSTRICH FARM."

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER  
NIGHT AND DAY  
The Best Company and the Best plays in America for the  
MATINEE TODAY—TOMORROW—LAST TIME OF "HALL  
NEXT WEEK—RE-ENTER TOMORROW MATINEE—"MURDER OF  
"LOVER'S LANE"  
By Clyde Fitch. Alma Tola in the New Title. "I cannot leave  
them start to finish. The charming episode will please countless  
draw and make everyone happy in a good healthy way."

VENICE OF AMERICA—  
Finest Beach Resort in the World  
Concerts every afternoon and evening by the Venice of America Band

[illegible]

**WHITE MARBLE BARBER SHOP—**  
WHILE IN LOS ANGELES

Visit the  
**BEST Barber IN THE Shop**

**WORLD**

White Marble Barber Shop KIRKMAN W. HARRISON

White Marble Barber Shop

**GALLERY OF SCIENTIFIC WONDERS**  
FOR MEN ONLY. ADMISSION FREE. 12 SOUTH MAIN ST.  
**A Combination of Science and Art**  
**Educational Opportunities Not Found Elsewhere**  
This Permanently Established European Exhibit is one of the City's most interesting. Study the Natural and Unnatural Conditions of the Human Body. The Life-Sized Models, The Cornerstones, a Lifting Machine, and a Life-Sized Model of the Human Body. Admission Free. 12 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Night. Admission Free. 12 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Supper Routes & Travel.**

**OR—**

**Saturday and Sunday**  
The Two Dollar Excursion Rate to MT. LOWE is in effect. Leaves Los Angeles at 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 and 4:00 p. m.

**EMPAKING CO.**

**Other Pleasant Trolley Features Include**

[illegible]



SIXTH & MAIN ST  
Idaho.

... will re-  
several ling

he called to consider Mr. Birrell's bill, a resolution utterly condemning the measure was adopted.

rd, Col. Clark, Sydney; R. D. Jud-  
George W. Patterson, C. M. Schoon-  
San Francisco.

M. Polman; Manhattan, W. J. Bar  
d wife. (Formerly assistant manager Palace  
Hotel, San Francisco). T

Hotel and Resort Booklets and Information Blanks always on file at "The Times" Resort Bureau, corner First and Broadway.



### Haywood's Prosecutor Sees no Wrong Intent.



**CHARITY BREAD RETURNS.**  
NEW YORK, May 17.—An act of kindness in 1890 has brought substantial reward to Wilbur L. Rutledge, of this city, who was notified yesterday that he was heir to a tract of land

... streets. Operation corner  
... taught in same manner

rest leaders who want to disappear and go home, the leaders are frightened at the site of the parade, which by that time numbered several thousand persons. The men will go to the pier this afternoon for their money. The White Star company immediately made

received a large number of sub-  
nas for prominent Milwaukee per-  
s in connection with the Colorado  
is investigation.

the last night and this morning was found in bed with a revolver clutched in his hand. He had shot himself through the head.

She choked so hard that the other became black in the face and the referee, becoming frightened, stopped the fight.

... was at the On



# DEADLY FIGHT ON MOVING CAR.

## Strikers Attack on Motorman Causes His Death.

### Current Is Turned on While Men Are Struggling.

#### One Dead, Another Dying and Five Others Hurt.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
STANVILLE (Ind.) May 17.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) This city was the scene of a deadly fight on a moving car this afternoon in a tragedy which cost the life of one man, left another dying, and injured five others.

The fight broke out upon the strike breakers by the men who were on the car. The tragedy was brought about by an attempted assault upon one of the men who had taken the place of the motorman. The latter boarded the car and began to beat the motorman over the head.

As the current was turned on the car, it dashed at rapid speed down the street. There is a curve at Eighth and Walnut streets, and when the car reached the curve it left the tracks and plunged into a brick building, tearing away a part of the structure and causing the men to fall on the sidewalk.

James Gates, a strike sympathizer, was instantly killed by having his head crushed in. James Williams, a strike sympathizer, had his head crushed and cannot live. Grant and Felix Oden, strike breakers, were badly injured, while Harry Miller and Mrs. Orville Rhodes, bystanders, were considerably bruised by the falling car.

John Kohn, an infant of nine months, was sitting in a baby carriage on the sidewalk and was buried under the debris, the car being crushed in the infant's body, but it is believed he will recover.

The fight between the motorman and the men, as the car sped down the street, was witnessed by hundreds of people. The men fought desperately and it was evident that the men were conscious of the fact that the car had attained, till the track and plunged into the building.

# MAKES THIEF OF HIS WIFE.

## HER POSITION WHERE SHE CAN STEAL.

### Woman Marries While on Parole in This City and Is Now Convicted Thief in Wisconsin.

#### Her Position Where She Can Steal.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
MILWAUKEE (Wis.) May 17.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The wife of a man who was on parole in this city and is now a convicted thief in Wisconsin, is now in a position where she can steal.

The woman, who is now in a position where she can steal, is the wife of a man who was on parole in this city and is now a convicted thief in Wisconsin.

# Homespun From Ireland.

## The very swiftest fabric for city outing wear.

### These are made in Ireland.

#### Better leave order today.

#### B. GORDAN

#### Draper and Tailor

#### 104 S. Spring St.

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# Carnations

## TWO DOZEN FOR 25c

A big Saturday sale of flowers. We put them up with greens or gypsophila. Special, 2 dozen 25c.

Floral designs \$1 and up. We make a specialty of other decorative floral work. Choice of fresh blooms every morning. "Don't Worry." Buy flowers at The Broadway, aisle 5, today.

BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 337

# The Broadway Department Store

Broadway, Cor 4th., Los Angeles

Arthur Letts

See other morning papers for other great Saturday specials. It's to be a great sale day at The Broadway.

See the Real, Live Buster Brown and Tige Free Entertainment at Simpson Auditorium This Morning at 11 O'clock. They Will Be at The Broadway Department Store at 10 O'clock

# The Great Sale of Men's Hats At 60c on the Dollar

## Offers Exceptional Opportunities for Men to Save Money Today

It's the entire hat stock of Chas. D. Ponedel. All fine, late styles, many of them hadn't been unpacked yet. The growth of his men's furnishing business demanded an expansion. The only way he could obtain the necessary space was to sell his entire hat stock. It came to The Broadway at 60c on the dollar. Mostly felt hats, but to complete the opportunity we've reinforced Ponedel's stock with fresh, new straw hats from regular stocks at splendid reductions. "Don't Worry." Be sure and attend the big hat sale today and get your new summer hat.

**\$3 Hats For \$1.80 | \$4 Hats For \$2.40 | \$2.50 Hats For \$1.50 | \$1.50 Hats at 90c**

Every new style and shape, both stiff and soft hats included. Sale in front of aisles 5, 6 and 7 today.



# A Great Stock-Clearing Sale of Men's Suits \$10

## Every \$15 Suit in Stock Included

It's an unusual event. It's because of its unusualness that it should bring a crowd of men to the second floor this morning, and the reason for the sale lies in the way buyers have favored other prices.

Other sections have reduced more rapidly, leaving \$15.00 suits in overbalancing proportion. This condition must be remedied at once. We'll do it today. We'll sell every \$15.00 suit in stock from 8 o'clock until 6 o'clock at \$10.00. It's a bold move. We make it because we want to accomplish our purpose quickly.

There's the ginger and snap to all Broadway events. There's such ginger and snap to this sale of suits today that if you haven't bought your new summer outfit yet, you shouldn't fall taking advantage of it, for certainly \$5.00 cannot be earned more easily.

The best suits that are made to sell at \$15.00. All wool, worsteds, serges and velours in the season's latest cuts and patterns. Every one \$10.00 today, second floor.

## We Will Make All Alterations Free

# Young Men's \$10 Suits \$5.00

## For the same reason that we marked men's \$15.00 suits at \$10.00.

We're adjusting stocks. These suits are made of wool worsteds, tweeds and cassimeres in light and dark gray, very swaggy patterns. Even brown mixtures included in fine stripe and brown plaid effects. Sizes from 14 to 20 years. Not a suit in the lot worth less than \$10. Even some \$12.50 ones included. Special today, second floor, \$5.00.

We're planning on a big clothing business. Extra salesmen will be on hand to make buying easy.

## 3000 Pairs of Men's \$3.00 Shoes at \$1.98

### IT'S A BIG VALUE FOR A BIG SALE IN AISLE 9

3000 pairs of men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes, in box calf, vici kid, patent and dull finished leathers. It's one of the best values we've ever been able to put out. A special bargain to us. We're passing them on to Los Angeles men. There'll be busy selling today. Come as early as you can. Perfect fitting models, lace and blucher styles, for dress and business wear. Aisle 9, \$1.98.

## Women's Oxfords \$2.50

### Including \$3 to \$4 Values

New summer styles in gun metal, vict and patent kid; large ribbon ties. Special today, aisle 8, \$2.50 pair.

## Matron's Slippers 69c

The kind you see in most stores priced \$1.25. They are fine slippers for home comfort. Made of Don gola kid, with flexible soles and wide, round toe shapes and low heels. All sizes in these and quite a lot to start with. The special price, 69c, will hurry them away, so come as early as you can. Aisle 8.



# Scissors 39c

We've sold them special at 49c. In fact, they are the famous Broadway Special Scissors, of fine quality guaranteed steel, with fancy gilt handles. A great big Saturday value at 39c. Aisle 2.

# FREE LESSONS IN ART NEEDLEWORK

## Children's Day Today

Free lessons in embroidery work by a competent teacher every day. Saturday she gives her time to instructing children. Bring the little girls to see her and join the classes. Rear aisle 4, today.

# Child's Embroidery Set 10 Cents

Twelve embroidery sketches in assorted colors. Six dollars in different designs. Three embroidery needles, and one hour's free instruction for 10c. Rear aisle 2.

# Art Center Pieces 35c

Size 17x27 inches. Made of art denim, stamped in beautiful floral designs. Special today, rear aisle 2, 35c.

# Center Piece 49c

Size 22x22 inches. It's a round thread art linen. White with twelve different floral sprays stamped on them. Each and 12 hours' free instruction, one lesson a day. Rear aisle 2.

# Dr. Charles' Flesh Food

35c Value 27c. Regular 50c size. Very special for Saturday, 27c.

# DuBarry's Wrinkle Cream

A pure vegetable skin food. Regular 50c jars 30c today.

# Toilet Soap 35c Dozen

Regular 40c. The famous Witch Hazel toilet soap.

# 19c Bath-Asweel 15c

The great powder perfume for the bath. Regular price 19c. Special today, 15c.

# Witch Hazel

25c Bottles 15c. Finest distilled witch hazel; full 16-ounce bottle.

# Hayes' Hair Health

40c Value 31c. Invigorating. Prevents the hair from falling out and restores original color.

# Buttercups

Special 20 Cents Pound. Saturday candy special. All colors and flavors; the very best nut-filled buttercups. Special today, on a table, 20c lb.

# Gingham Sale 10c

For striped seersucker gingham. Just the thing for children's dresses and for nurses' uniforms. 2, 3 and 4-thread styles. 10c today. Third floor.

# SOCIAL LION, CHECK FAKER.

## Omaha Police Seek Former Army Captain.

### Friends Cash Bigger Paper and Suffer.

#### Will Be Prosecuted, When Caught, as Felon.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
OMAHA, May 17.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) After being dined, wine and made the lion of the hour at the Omaha Club, Capt. Daniel F. Keller, late Co. G, Twenty-seventh United States Infantry, is now being searched for by the Omaha police, charged with passing worthless checks on his friends.

Three checks of \$200 each, cashed for Capt. Keller, have been returned as worthless, and others are said to be out but not yet returned by his bank. Capt. Keller is well known in Omaha society, and all during last week he was at the Omaha Club, while he attended fashionable functions every night. The latter part of the week he asked several friends to cash checks for him and this was done without question.

Ex-Congressman John L. Kennedy was one of the losers. Kennedy said: "Most assuredly we will prosecute Keller, just like we would others who are parties to such an act. All we want is to catch him and we are close on his trail now."

Other friends of Keller believe he is temporarily insane. Keller's mother lives in Chicago and is reputed to be wealthy. Keller himself has always been considered a wealthy man in Omaha.

GRANT CALLS ON KUROKI.  
Japanese General Pays Tribute to the Memory of His Visitor's Illustrious Father.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
NEW YORK, May 17.—Gen. Grant and staff paid an official call upon Gen. Kuroki today. Through an interpreter, Gen. Kuroki said to Gen. Grant: "In 1871 when your illustrious father visited Tokyo on his tour of the world, I, as the colonel of a Japanese regiment, was one of his escort of honor. I am delighted at the opportunity of conveying to his son my belief that Gen. L. S. Grant was one of the finest military men the world ever produced. Every schoolboy in Japan is taught something about him and his work, in 'war and in peace.'"

Gen. Kuroki and party will visit Yale University on Monday and will probably go on to Boston and Harvard.

# DEMANDS CIVIC PURITY.

## Gov. Folk Arrives in Kansas City to Probe Charges of Corruption of Police Force.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
KANSAS CITY, May 17.—Gov. Joseph W. Folk arrived here this morning from Jefferson City to confer with the local police commissioners regarding the contemplated investigation of the charges of corruption. The Governor was best by a number of politicians who took up his time until noon when he went to luncheon with Mayor Beardsley, who is a member of the Police Board. He will meet with the full board this afternoon.

"The police department," said the Governor, "in an interview, 'must be cleared of every element of graft.'"

"Any officer upon the force who owes allegiance to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company or any other corporation or person before his duty to the public, should be discharged. All forms of gambling must be stamped out."

"I believe the large majority of the men in the department are good and honest men, but it is not only duty to the public, but to 'them' to put out the evil elements. The investigation will continue until any crookedness that may exist is uncovered and all evil may take."

# Bracelets

## For Graduation Gifts

We are showing a beautiful collection in plain, engraved, applied and chased designs, many set with precious and semi-precious stones. Prices are very reasonable.

## S. Nordlinger & Sons

### Jewelers Established in 1869

#### 323 S. Spring St.

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# BONILLA STILL HAS HOPES.

## HOUSTON (Tex.) May 17.—Ex-President Bonilla of Honduras is expected to land at Texas City this afternoon. He will go thence to Mobile and from Mobile to Belize, British Honduras.

# Folger's Golden Gate Coffee

## Will Delight Your Guests

### Aroma-tight tins only Never in Bulk

#### Sold on merit

#### J. A. FOLGER & CO. San Francisco

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#### J. A. FOLGER & CO. San Francisco

# Waists Up To \$6.00

## Beautiful lingerie variety of styles; trimmed in lace, embroidery. These are made in Ireland.

### These are made in Ireland.

#### Better leave order today.

#### B. GORDAN

#### Draper and Tailor

#### 104 S. Spring St.

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# Free Excursions Every 20 Minutes Every Day. See For Yourself, Everybody Welcome

FREE ROUND TRIP TICKETS from Los Angeles to Redondo and Return, on Cars Going Every 20 Minutes, Every Day, are Given Away at Our Office Absolutely Free Upon Application. Also Free Automobile Ride at Redondo.

## The Beautiful "Redondo Villa Tract B" The Beautiful

Only \$90 Per Lot \$4 Down, \$4 Per Month No Interest, No Taxes  
Dirt is Flying, Rails Are Being Laid, Spikes Are Being Driven. Join the Rush to Redondo

Large, level lots, 50x150 feet. Rich Soil, Pure Water, Fine Climate. All lots, including corners, one price—\$90 per lot—no more, no less. You know what you have to pay—\$90 per lot—no higher. At Redondo over \$2,000,000 has already been expended in grand and substantial improvements. The beautiful "Redondo Villa Tract B" is on the Camino Real (King's Highway) boulevard connecting Redondo with Los Angeles. We have just bought this beautiful tract for \$151,000, and believing in the principle that it pays to let our customers make a profit, hence we have decided on this grand profit-sharing plan. We will make a profit and all our purchasers are guaranteed a profit of 25 per cent. within one year, as per our written agreement.

MR. H. E. HUNTINGTON IS EXPENDING OVER A MILLION DOLLARS AROUND REDONDO IN SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENTS. Go down to Redondo and see for yourself. At Jefferson street and Grand avenue see the immense stacks of heavy steel rails for the double-tracking of the present two electric lines of the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway Company. The rails are arriving daily. Dirt is now flying. Better buy now. Then there is the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway Co.'s electric line to Redondo, the broad-gauging of which will soon occur. And in addition to the above three electric lines now running to Redondo is the great Santa Fe steam railroad. With four lines of transportation it would seem as if same would be sufficient, but surveyors are in the field laying out the shortest line of all to connect Los Angeles with its choicest seashore suburb—Redondo. Mr. Huntington is now building at Redondo the largest electric power house on the Pacific Coast, to cost \$1,250,000, as fast as men and money can do it. Go down and look at the mammoth cement embankment.

A suburban electric railroad is now nearing completion at Redondo. The grand three-story business block of Mr. W. M. Garland at Redondo is just finished. Follow successful men like Mr. Huntington and Mr. Garland—they know that Redondo is substantial and a safe place to invest in. Buy anywhere around Redondo and you are sure to make large profits. Three commercial wharves. A safe harbor by twenty years' practical test. Redondo is permanent and has just begun to grow. Then again, referring to successful men, we notice that the following men have bought to the north of Redondo: Mr. Edwin Chambers, the far-sighted General Freight Agent of the Santa Fe; Mr. George H. Peck, the successful banker of San Pedro; Mr. John J. Byrne, the capable General Passenger Agent of the Santa Fe, and Dan Murphy, the millionaire oil operator of Los Angeles. A word to the wise is sufficient. BUY.

Remember that your purchase is made with the distinct understanding that we will refund all money paid us, with 6 per cent. per annum interest added, if, after visiting the "Redondo Villa Tract B" it is found that we have misrepresented our proposition in the slightest particular.

### 25 Per Cent. Guaranteed Increase

For \$4 down and \$4 per month until paid for we will sell you a "Redondo Villa Tract B" lot for \$90, subject to the following guarantee from us: If at the expiration of one year from purchase this \$90 lot is not worth \$112.50—or 25 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all the money you have paid us, with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land, but as each written certificate of sickness or non-employment is received monthly your time for payment will be extended another month.

### Our Restrictions

No taverns, no shanties, no factories. Purchasers are not compelled to build, but if they do then they must erect attractive looking homes, there being no "dollar limit." We leave it to each purchaser to build a pretty looking house, which must be neatly painted, as we know that for a moderate sum one can now build a very pretty bungalow. Lumber is cheap at Redondo, as there are three commercial wharves at Redondo, at which lumber schooners are daily discharging their cargoes. If Russell Sage, the multi-millionaire of New York, told you that you could make a fortune in suburban real estate (especially when it costs you only \$4 down and \$4 per month) wouldn't you be impressed? Well, listen! That's just what Mr. Sage did say in the New York World of September 28, 1902: "Young man, buy real estate, especially acre property, in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual vocation. Your real estate purchase will make your old age comfortable."—Russell Sage.

### Be On Hand Early. Come at Once

For \$4 down and \$4 per month until paid for we will sell you a "Redondo Villa Tract B" lot for \$90, subject to the following guarantee from us: If at the expiration of one year from purchase this \$90 lot is not worth \$112.50—or 25 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all the money you have paid us, with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land, but as each written certificate of sickness or non-employment is received monthly your time for payment will be extended another month.



THE GRAND MILLION DOLLAR HOTEL AND TROPICAL GARDENS AT REDONDO.

Free car tickets to Redondo furnished all interested. Electric cars leave every twenty minutes. Get your free tickets at our office in advance. Automobiles will carry you around Redondo and to the beautiful "Redondo Villa Tract B." GRANDEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON—Everybody delighted. The golden spike of the Redondo Villa railroad was driven January 4—the commencement of great transportation facilities for the Redondo Villa Tract. Tax roadbed has been graded, ties are on the ground, rails will soon be laid.

### Title Guaranteed Absolutely Perfect

The 604 acres of the Rancho Samuel Redondo, embraced in the "Redondo Villa Tract B," was purchased by us from George H. Peck, president of the Bank of San Pedro, for \$151,000. It is protected by an Unlimited Certificate of Title and all deeds to purchasers of lots in the "Redondo Villa Tract B" will be Warranty Deeds, which is an assurance that every purchaser in the "Redondo Villa Tract B" will receive an absolutely perfect deed.

### Be On Hand Early. Come at Once

This sale of large, level lots, 50x150 feet in size, for only \$90, in payments of \$4 down, \$4 month—no interest, no taxes—is unparalleled. Remember that the "Redondo Villa Tract B" has the advantage of having no city taxes to pay.

BUY WHERE THE AIR IS THE PURE OZONE FROM OFF THE HEALTH-RESTORING WATERS OF THE PACIFIC. Buy where the soil is rich and in fruitful fields never prevail. Buy around Redondo, where there are three electric lines and one steam railroad, and there will soon be another electric line. Buy where the purest of water, from the large water works now on the tract, can be had for only 7 1/2 cents per thousand gallons for irrigation. Buy where you will make large profits. Buy at the opening sale, which has been the history, invariably insures a great profit. If you can't be on hand at the office tomorrow morning, then telephone (Main 3379 or Home 5339), telegraph or write at once, and a beautiful illustrated prospectus map and sample contract will be mailed to you absolutely free.

### DON'T SEND MONEY—SIMPLY WRITE.

USE THIS FORM—OR POSTAL CARD WILL DO.  
LOS ANGELES SECURITIES COMPANY,  
124 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.  
Gentlemen—Kindly mail me full information map and illustrated prospectus concerning the Redondo Villa Tract, free of any expense to me.  
NAME.....  
STREET.....  
CITY.....

## Los Angeles Securities Company 124 S. Broadway

GROUND FLOOR, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG. Los Angeles, Cal.  
Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of California

### BYTERIAN ASSEMBLY MEETS.

WELCOMES THOUSANDS TO HIS STATE—COMMEMORATE PLAN FOR ELECTION OF MODERATOR. The Byterian Assembly met last night at the Hotel California for the purpose of electing a moderator for the coming year. The assembly was held in the large hall of the hotel, and was attended by a large number of members and guests. The program of the evening was well arranged, and the speakers were well received. The election of a moderator was the main business of the evening, and the result was a unanimous choice of Mr. J. H. Smith as moderator for the coming year.

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### NURSED HER EX-HUSBAND.

Mrs. Ella Neisel Tenderly Serves the Man from Whom She Was Divorced. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) ST. LOUIS, May 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The love of a divorced wife for her former husband was shown in the tender nursing, the last few months, of William Neisel, 68, by Mrs. Ella Neisel, but her nursing was vain, for Neisel died of cancer in St. Joseph's Hospital, Alton, yesterday, following an operation. His ex-wife, called by him to his bedside, gladly assisted him until the last, and made arrangements for his burial.

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# DESMOND'S

Corner Third and Spring Streets, Douglas Bldg.

## Men's Summer Suits

Fewer and fewer men are willing to waste valuable time waiting for a high class custom tailor, but still they want his class of garments. Most of them are now getting them from us because there's really no other place in this town to go for really High Grade Tailoring unless you are willing to wait for it. Every garment in our shop is new-made this season to our special order. Every suit was individually cut to scientific measurements, tailored and finished by hand under the supervision of the most expert workmen in the clothing craft in the world. We have no clothes for less than \$15 only because we have not been able to find clothes which we could sell for less and on which we would be willing to place our name. We have none for more than \$30 only because we have never been able to find any which in our judgment, were worth more.

Today we are giving a \$5 Hat or its equivalent in other merchandise with every Suit or Overcoat from \$25 up.

### READING MOURNS FOR HER DEAD

ALL MINISTERS WILL PREACH OF SHRINER WRECK. Committee Will Meet Funeral Train Outside of City and Assist in Ceremonies—Many Heavy Damage Suits to Be Brought Against Southern Pacific Railroad. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) NEW YORK, May 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Miss Mollie Dressler, who has the habit of absorbing needles with the same enthusiasm other young women devote to the consumption of lobster and pineapple pudding, is doing very nicely at the Lebanon Hospital. Sixty-six and a half needles were taken from her today, and there are only a few more to draw from her ears and eyebrows.

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ink (INC) HIER'S g Street New Suits ur stock of Blue is the largest of We know it emst in workman- ssible to produce iceable Serge Suits Blue Serge Suits, \$18.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$20.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$20.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$22.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$22.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$25.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$00 Blue Serge Suits, \$00 Blue Serge Suits, \$28.00 Blue Serge Suits, \$00 Blue Serge Suits, \$00 suits all the best d what we con- n serge-made.

### DUNKERS' FIRST BIG MEETING.

Brethren Continue to Come in Trainloads.

Bishop Wants an Official Residence Here.

Good Woman Is Honored by Y. M. C. A. Board.

A spokesman in touch with the visiting Dunkers, said yesterday that they are highly delighted with their reception, and with the completeness of all arrangements for their accommodation. Most of them spent the day looking over the city, or in going out to the country, as they are largely interested in the agricultural situation. They remained, however, to give the Institute in Choral Hall, a full session throughout the day, and last night it was too small to hold the session.

The Institute, by the way, proves to be an innovation, in advance of the ordinary. This is the first time in the history of the church that such a plan of instruction has been held. It is not, but its success is an indication that it may become the regular order.

At 8 o'clock, of Bethany College, Chicago, had charge in the morning. He is an able exponent of the cause, and his address was a most timely and of error and empty self, so that the more man may be filled with the spirit of Christ. "Don't go off into great discussions and forget the fundamentals," he urged. "Don't preach all the time, but go into the life of the people."

The evening meeting was also conducted by Prof. Wiand. These meetings will continue regularly until the conference in charge of the Y. M. C. A. Board, which will give way to a general mission meeting in the large auditorium.

The morning at 9 o'clock a mission meeting will be held in the large auditorium. The afternoon session will be held in the same place. The evening session will be held in the same place.

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### FRECKLES

are due to excessive exposure to the sun's rays, and are easily removed by the use of Pond's Extract Soap.

### Pond's Extract Soap

by its penetrating quality, cures the Pond's Extract Soap. It is the only soap that is so gentle on the skin, and so effective in removing freckles.

From Your Druggist

Armour & Company

Local Licensees from Pond's Extract Soap

tion of the social functions of the office of bishop, as it has been necessary to seek a public hall for the annual reception. The bishop also said that in case an official residence were built in Los Angeles, he should probably spend the greater part of his time here.

### GOOD WOMAN HONORED.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED.

The board of directors of the Young Men's Christian Association met yesterday and adopted resolutions on the death of Mrs. Emily B. Case, wife of A. B. Case, first vice-president of the association.

The resolutions recite that "her noble Christian character, her untiring efforts for the betterment of humanity, particularly her work in behalf of young people and children of the community, won for her the highest admiration of all who knew her. But especially beautiful was the home life of this noble, queenly woman; she was a perfect homemaker and presided over her realm with a grace possessed by few. She was an affectionate wife and mother, and her devotedness to the care and education of her eight children as a sacred, joyful trust, and with that large-hearted motherhood which embraces the welfare of all children, she attracted to her home scores and hundreds of young people who will rise up to call her blessed. The large circle of loving friends who have enjoyed the warm hospitality of this bright home, will never lose the haloed influence for home and heaven we are not so far separated as we sometimes think."

### EPWORTH ANNIVERSARY.

INSTALLATION SERVICE.

The eighteenth anniversary of the organization of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church of all Christendom will be appropriately observed on Sunday evening at the First Methodist Church, where a special program has been prepared by members of the senior, intermediate and junior leagues of the church, as well as from the Japanese and Chinese branches.

The celebration will take place in the main auditorium, in place of the regular evening service. A feature of the entertainment will be the installation of the newly-elected officers of First Church League, by Presiding Elder, A. W. Adkinson. These officers are: Rudolph J. Wuest, president; Mrs. J. D. Burck, vice-president; Mrs. Mary Knapp, secretary; Miss Pearl Strong, vice-president; Clarence M. Petty, secretary; John P. Foote, treasurer.

### ORDINATION SERVICE.

NEW COLORED MINISTER.

Rev. Algamon J. Lucas, a colored minister, was regularly ordained to the ministry at Tabernacle Baptist Church, this city, on Thursday evening.

Prior to his ordination, the candidate was submitted to a special examination at the hands of the following committee of ministers: Rev. C. E. Pierce, Rev. J. O. Crosby, Rev. Daniel L. Foote, Rev. C. H. Anderson, Rev. S. E. Pierce, Rev. J. D. Gordon, Rev. J. D. Bushell, Chaplain Allen Allenworth, and a number of laymen.

Having answered satisfactorily all questions pertaining to his conversion, call, soundness of doctrine, and articles of faith, he was duly ordained to the ministry. Rev. J. O. Crosby being master of ceremonies. The service was presided over by Rev. C. E. Pierce, pastor of Memorial Baptist Church; laying on of hands, Rev. Allen Allenworth; presentation of Bible, Rev. J. D. Gordon; charge, Rev. C. H. Anderson. Remarks and benediction, by the newly-ordained minister.

### RELIGIOUS BRIEFS.

TALK ABOUT TWO HELLS.

Paul Johnson of Pittsburgh, Pa., has something of interest to say to any body who thinks there is no hell. He says there are two. Tomorrow afternoon in New Turner Hall, No. 221 South Main street, he will tell about the first one, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock, about the second. The lectures are free and no collection is taken. Mr. Johnson claims to be sent out by an eastern Bible society for the purpose of exciting interests in Bible study.

Rev. Wilfred Rowntree, of the Friends Church, who for five years was a missionary at Jerusalem, will deliver an address tomorrow evening in Olivet Congregational Church, on West Washington street.

Dr. Glenn McWilliams will address the men's meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association, this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. His subject will be "Manhood. All men are invited."

The Young Women's Christian Association will hold another outdoor meeting tomorrow at 3 o'clock, at which Miss Cunningham will be the speaker. Take car to Avenue 50, either line, and a committee will be there to meet you and lead the way.

At Union Rescue Mission a converts' meeting will be held tonight, when Miss Fannie Markle will sing. Sunday night, Gilles Kellogg will speak and S. L. Todd will sing. On Monday evening Mrs. de Cheney of San Francisco, will speak.

At the City Rescue Mission, on East Fifth street, O. D. Conroy will speak on "Present-Day Life and Religion." Sunday evening, Benjamin F. Pearson will speak, and will be assisted in the service by the Christian Endeavor choir of Immanuel Presbyterian Church; Monday evening Rev. T. C. Horton will speak on "The Devil and His Ways."

The Jewish celebration of the Feast of Weeks will begin this evening and continue two days. Rabbi Isidore Meyers will conduct services for the Synagogue this evening at 8:30 o'clock. Sunday at 11:30 a.m., and 8 p.m. Monday at 9:15 a.m.

Fannie Crosby, the famous blind song-writer, is now 80 years of age. She has been blind more than sixty years, has written 2000 hymns, and has now written her memoirs. She is still living at Bridgeport, Ct. A life full of sunshine, and her book is said to be as marvellous as her hymns.

"Glimpses of South China," will be the subject of Dr. William Horace Day's Sunday evening illustrated lecture in the First Congregational Church.

## The Iron Way

By Sarah Pratt Carr—A story of the building of the Central Pacific Railroad in 1869, with a very attractive love story running through borders. Regular \$1.50 value. Today our price..... \$1.18

## Most Extraordinary Sale of Men's Suits



Men's \$20.00 Suits..... \$13.75

As a general thing, a good clear reason is the only circumstance under which the average man permits his consideration of a bargain. Now, a certain manufacturer found himself overstocked. A spot cash offer from us secured 500 new, snappy spring suits at unheard-of prices.

Every person securing one of these suits at \$13.75 will have many pleasant recollections of "The Central." The fabrics included are fancy and plain worsteds, cassimeres and velours. The patterns are over-plaids, club checks, neat pin check effects in desirable shades of grays, browns and blues. They are elegantly tailored in the most fashionable modes, and are worth \$20.00. Our special for three days only, \$13.75.

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## \$1.50 Parasols 95c

Summer white embroidered parasols; plain with hemstitching, embroidered and scalloped edge, and narrow and white embroidered borders; regular \$1.50 values. Today..... 95c

## Exceptional Values in Boys' and Girls' Shoes

LITTLE GENTS' SHOES \$1.50. The greatest values ever offered in this city: 2000 pairs little gent's shoes in vic kid and box calf, with extension soles; new, mannish lasts; low heels; oak tanned soles; stitched with the best of silk, solid sole leather counters; sizes 9 to 12½. Price for today's selling, \$1.50.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOES. Savings of 20c, 25c and \$1.00 a pair are promised to every purchaser of boys' and girls' shoes.

\$2.50 GIRLS' SHOES \$1.75. These come in fine vic kid and are made in light soles or extension soles. Blucher style, patent leather tips, low school heels, new stylish shapes, suitable for school or dress; sizes 9½ to 11, \$1.50; sizes 11½ to 12, \$1.75.

\$2.00 GIRLS' SHOES \$1.50. A good, durable quality, made with extension and light weight soles; lace style only, with patent tips and low school heels; exceptional values; sizes 9½ to 11, \$1.25; sizes 11½ to 12, \$1.50.

\$2.00 BOYS' SHOES \$1.50. These come in vic kid and box calf extension soles, mannish lasts, solid leather throughout, with oak tanned soles; suitable for dress or school wear; sizes 9 to 12, \$1.50; sizes 11 to 12½, \$2.00.

\$2.50 BOYS' SHOES \$1.75. Come in lace style only with heavy oak tanned soles, solid leather counters, made on neat shaped lasts; well worth \$2.50 a pair; sizes 1 to 5½, on sale today at \$1.75.

\$2.50 WOMEN'S SHOES \$1.85. Your choice of either patent or vic kid shoes, splendid quality; come in Blucher style only; light weight or extension soles. Cuban and military heels; made on new, stylish lasts; every pair stamped "The Central \$2.50 Shoes"; all sizes and widths, \$1.85.

## Hosiery and Underwear--Extra

A particularly fortunate purchase of summer underwear and hosiery provides for today a number of remarkably attractive values. Impense quantities assure correct sizes if you come early in the day.

15c Vest 9c. Women's fine ribbed vests, low neck; sleeveless; taped arms and neck; good quality; regular 15c value. Special today, 9c.

23c Vest 17c. Women's fine ribbed vests, low neck; sleeveless; crocheted yokes; taped arm and neck; regular 23c value. Special today, 17c.

\$1 Silk Vests 59c. Women's Vega silk ribbed vests, low neck; sleeveless; handsome crocheted yokes; regular \$1.00 value. Special today, 59c.

15c Child's Hose 10c. Children's fast black ribbed cotton hose; regular 15c value. Special today, 10c.

17c Hose 10c. Women's silklike gauge hose, spliced heel and toe; guaranteed absolutely fast black; regular 17c value. Special today, 10c.

19c Hose 12c. Women's fine black cotton hose, double sole; excellent quality; absolutely fast color; regular 19c value. Special today, 12c.

25c Hose 17c. Women's fast black cotton hose, double sole, plain and ribbed top; regular 25c value. Special today, 17c.

29c Hose 21c. Women's fast black cotton hose, double sole, plain and ribbed top; regular 29c value. Special today, 21c.

## Rogers' Silverware

At Half Price Today

Rogers' silver tea spoons; plain; regular \$1.00 values..... 49c

Rogers' silver tea spoons; fancy pattern; regular \$1.25 values..... 65c

Rogers' dessert spoons; plain; regular \$1.00 values..... 95c

Rogers' dessert spoons; fancy pattern; regular \$1.25 values..... \$1.45

Rogers' silver plated cut meat forks regular 95c..... 39c

Rogers' berry spoons; regular \$1.00 value..... 59c

26 pieces silver set in chest; regular \$10.00 value..... \$5.95

## White Ruffled Curtains

In choice patterns of swiss; 2½ yards long; 80c value at 60c a pair; choice patterns of swiss; regular \$1.25 values..... 85c

Arab curtains: Battenberg edge and insertion on French net; \$3.15 values..... \$2.00

Sanitary reversible mattress filled with very best sea moss coconut fibre; is absolutely sanitary; a regular \$6.00 mattress..... \$4.75

## All 60c Records 44c

Popular sentimental and comic songs, marches, two-steps, and waltzes—Gleaming Star Two-step, California Dance, Victory March, Dance of the Song Birds, The Siren's Waltz, Flannigan's Night Off, Obadiah, Parson and the Turkey, Are You Coming Out Tonight, Sleigh Ride Party, Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold, Asleep in the Deep, Somewhere, and 3000 others. Complete catalogues furnished on application. Take elevator to basement.

## A Thoughtless Druggist.

ONLY a thoughtless druggist would offer a preparation without the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher when Castoria is called for; the "delicate, faint and flickering light" that joins baby's life to its devoted parents being too sacred, to the self-respecting druggist, to be trifled with.

For over thirty years Mr. Fletcher has given, and still gives, his personal attention to the preparation of Castoria. It has won the confidence of mothers and physicians everywhere—never harmed the tiniest babe. This cannot be said of Imitations, Counterfeits and the "Just-as-good" rot.

The thoughtless druggist only, offers the counterfeit because of a few pennies more profit. Any new preparation can be but an experiment, and they are experiments—mere guess work—irrespective of what their sponsors may say for them. It is experience of over thirty years, against wild and injudicious experiment

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## A Summer Vacation in Your Kitchen

Don't swelter this summer with the temperature at 110. Get a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and have a cool kitchen. The

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

produces a working flame instantly. Blue flame means highly concentrated heat, no soot, no dirt. Oil is always at a maintained level, ensuring a uniform flame. Made in three sizes. Every stove warranted. If not at your dealer's write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The RayoLamp is the best lamp for all-round household







224-228  
So. Hill Street

*Five Hundred Pieces  
of Silk  
At Exactly Half Value*

We think it's better to lose money on every short length than to let them interfere with clean stocks, so we say half price for any piece of silk from 1-2 to 10 yards in length, of the following sorts,

Plain black, plain white, and fancy taffetas, louisines, crapes de china, foulards, pongees, India silks, peaux de cygne, satin — in short, any silk that's worn at the present time, in stripes,

checks, dots, plaids, tiny figures, embroidered effects, etc.

Every piece is an end of some silk that we have been selling fastest this season — no old or shop-worn goods in

the lot, we have these clearances too often for that. There are about five hundred pieces, each yours at half its regular retail marked price.

Today we begin the sale of a lot of fresh new Wash Robes, just arrived by express. They're exceptionally pretty for graduating frocks, for garden teas or fete of any semi-dress sort.

The \$7.50 robes for \$5 are of fine white lawn, embroidered skirt and embroidery to complete the waist.

Those of \$15 quality for \$10 are dainty white dotted swiss, beautifully trimmed with embroidery. The \$22.50 robes for \$15 come in white, ecru, lavender, blue and pink tints, trimmed with strips of insertion down front of skirts, deep embroidered flounces at top with fine shirring, or fashioned with ornamental tucks in clusters. Every robe is fresh and perfect and worth every penny of its first-named price.

**VOLLMER-JANTZEN CO.**  
**FINE CHINA**  
**CUT GLASS, ETC.**  
*Will occupy their new building*  
**Cor. 7th and Hill Sts.**  
**About July First**

*Vollmer*

**THE LARGEST *Millinery* WAREHOUSE**  
ON THE PACIFIC COAST  
8334-835 S. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES

**WE GIVE CREDIT**

**DuBois Davidson**  
**FURNITURE COMPANY**  
415-416 West Street  
Sixth Street  
Between Third  
and Broadway

**CUTLERY**  
EXCLUSIVELY  
**STEINER SUPPLY COMPANY**  
210 West Third Street

We sell cutlery of every description. Customers sharpening and repairing.

**Out of Town Customers**

Order Your Wines and Liquors at  
**OLD PLANTATION DISTILLING CO.**  
108 Broadway, Los Angeles

**Close Margin Prices**  
Our Growing Range

**W. H. HICKER**

TWO STORES  
21 S. Broadway 229 S. Spring St.

**Labor Saving  
Office Appliances**

**GRIMES-STASSFORTH  
STATIONERY CO.**  
232-234 S. Spring, Los Angeles

**Rice-Nimock-La Saga Co.**  
FORMERLY  
**Broadway Drapery & Furniture Co.**  
MOVED TO OUR NEW BUILDING  
725-726 South Hill Street











# Los Angeles County—Its Cities and Towns.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

## IS RESPONSIBLE FOR BOYCOTT.

### TROUBLE-MAKER ADMITS IT IN PASADENA STATEMENT.

Business Men Inceped Over Attack on National Guard—Battle at Hospital to Save Two "Seven Months" Babies in Incubator—Nurses in Constant Attendance on Little Ones.

Office of The Times, No. 28 S. Raymond Ave.  
PASADENA, May 17.—J. H. Scooby, an officer in the local Electrical Workers' Union, with brazen effrontery, admits that he is responsible for the boycott threatened against the McCord cigar stand and barber shop, located at 100 S. Broadway.

This union builder, accompanied by R. O. and P. E. McCord, Lieut. Harrison and Capt. Hutchins, started for the local correspondent of The Times Thursday night.

"I am responsible for all this trouble," said Scooby, "like a deer, I have been shot by a bullet of truth. I am responsible for the boycott of the McCord cigar stand and barber shop, located at 100 S. Broadway."

"You fellows will get the chance if you keep on acting this way. I shall endeavor to have the militia take the matter up," said Scooby, "I am taking forward with the militia, and I am taking forward with the militia, and I am taking forward with the militia."

While Scooby denied that he had been in the union men's march on the streets that he has been urging them to take issue against the militia, who are members of the militia and to boycott the employers of such men. In fact, he said that he had been in the militia and that he had been in the militia and that he had been in the militia.

BATTLE TO SAVE BARE.  
In the Pasadena Hospital a battle is being waged for the lives of two infants, "seven-months" babies. The arena lies between the four glass sides of a baby incubator and the four glass sides of a baby incubator.

At 10 o'clock last night it was thought that the baby, who had been born at 10 o'clock last night, was still alive. The baby was born at 10 o'clock last night, and the baby was born at 10 o'clock last night.

LA CANYADA ROAD REVIVES.  
Following the blow struck at its financial life, the Pasadena, La Canyada and Los Angeles Railroad has taken a new lease of life and it is understood, is now planning for rolling stock for delivery in the shortest possible time.

INSPECTS PASADENA ROADS.  
City Engineer Reeves had as his guest in this city yesterday, W. H. Brown, City Engineer of San Bernardino, who was here for the purpose of getting information in regard to Pasadena streets, his home town having decided to spend about \$200,000 on street improvement. The two engineers were met by the chief of the city of Pasadena, and they were met by the chief of the city of Pasadena.

FOR PENTECOST.  
Pentecost, the feast of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles, will be celebrated at St. Andrew's Church tomorrow. Very Rev. William F. Chapman, who is vice-general, of next in authority to the bishop of the diocese of St. John, New Brunswick, will preach the sermon at high mass at 10:30 o'clock.

## WILSHIRE HARVARD

### Half Acres \$2

\$10 down, \$10 weekly, 100 weeks. Sandy loam soil. Three car lots. 1000 sq. ft. lot. 1000 sq. ft. lot.

## Normandie

### Fortunes in Los Angeles

BUY BUSINESS PROPERTY. Wright & Callender. 310 SOUTH HILL STREET.

## Chelsea Green

### One-Quarter Acre

Choice part of Southern California. Free booklet at 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## WILMAR! WILMAR!

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Business Property. 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## Wilshire

The Road between Hollywood and Los Angeles. 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## RINCON TRAIL PROSPECT.

### Way from Monrovia to the Headwaters

is to be built in the Near Future.

## MONROVIA, May 17.

At last and greatly to the satisfaction of the people of Monrovia, there is to be a trail leading from Deer Park to the Rincon. This work was begun last year, but for some reason it was abandoned.

## OFFICIAL JOKE THIS.

A Deputy Sheriff officiating at a social function was the talk of a part of the town yesterday.

## EXILE IN THE CITY.

Monrovia today celebrated its twenty-first anniversary as an incorporated city. This evening about 100 of the members of the Board of Trade accompanied by their wives and children, assembled at La Vista Grande.

## MISS JUNK DEALER.

He Disappears from San Pedro and Leaves Checks That Are Not Honored.

## SAN PEDRO, May 17.

John A. Williams, who has operated a junk business here for several months, has disappeared, leaving behind him, it is alleged, about \$1000 of worthless checks drawn upon the Mechanics' National Bank of Los Angeles.

## DIP IN UNDERWORLD.

For the first time in many months, "Happy Valley" was represented in the Police Court this morning.

## CAPTAIN LOSTS MOTHER.

Capt. Gust Higgins, master of the steam schooner Berkeley, was called to San Francisco today by a telegram announcing the death of his mother in that city.

## CANNON LOAD HURTS BOY.

Accident in Ocean Park Results in Probable Loss of Eye of One.

## OCEAN PARK, May 17.

While playing with a toy cannon, Elmer, the 10-year-old son of Police Officer J. E. Simmons, was shot in the face and head by the cannon.

## OCEAN PARK NOTES.

The dead weapons of two rival undertaking establishments ran a dead heat today, in a race that was devoid of excitement.

## WALNUT MEN TO MEET.

At 10 o'clock last night it was thought that the baby, who had been born at 10 o'clock last night, was still alive.

## KELLOGG TO REMAIN.

It is authoritative, if anything other than official, can be such, announced that City Auditor D. D. Kellogg will be reappointed City Auditor.

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## FOR PENTECOST.

Pentecost, the feast of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles, will be celebrated at St. Andrew's Church tomorrow.

## Said of Soda Crackers

### "They are one of the most economical, digestible and nutritious of human foods and well worthy of the high estimation in which they are generally held."

Of course the writer had in mind

## Uneeda Biscuit

The one perfect soda cracker

Fresh from the oven, crisp and delicious, in dust and moisture proof packages.

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## THE WAITER KNOWS

nothing so provocative of good humor as Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate.

Its delicious fragrance and sustaining goodness fill the most exacting guest with generous impulses. The best thing too

for his own breakfast is

## Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate

For his own breakfast is

## HOT TEA SCALDS CHILD.

Long Beach Infant Seriously Injured. Collie That Saved Youngster Was Trained.

## LONG BEACH, May 17.

The 1-year-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Meter, living at American and State streets, was scalded last night.

## OCEAN SIDE

LOTS \$300 UP, on ocean front, easy terms, sure to double in one year.

## ALHAMBRA

Buy a lot on beautiful HIGHLAND AVENUE Grand Boulevard car line. Free booklet at 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## Get That Happy Look

BURLEIGH The Los Angeles Phone-Ex. 456 Company Broadway 1654

## MONETA AVENUE SQUARE

LOTS \$250 UP, Easy Terms. GEO. C. PECKHAM & CO. 305-0408 Union Trust Building Main 3221. Home F5392

## SATURDAY'S SHOE SALE

Laird, Schober & Mitchell's Children's Shoes on Sale at 75c a Pair.

## BE ON HAND EARLY

The Assortment is Complete. This Unusual Offering, Together With Many Other Special Will be at The Mammoth Shoe House, No. 519 So. Broadway.

## ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure Makes delicious, healthful food. A pure, cream of tartar Powder.

A can of Royal Baking Powder contains many more teaspoons full of baking powder than a can of the heavy acid-laden phosphate or alum powders.

## Five and Ten Acre Tracts

near Fullerton and Anaheim, with water. Price \$100 per acre and up. 1.5 cash, balance to suit purchaser. Free transportation. 404 PAC. ELEC. BLDG. Jacob Stern.

## Large Lots \$350 up

\$50 down \$100 month Sanborn Heights Tract Eagle Rock

Free Tickets at Our Office: S. M. BUCH, 210 Third Building Off-Sessions Realty Co., 310 House Bldg.

## EAGLE ROCK

Work on the new car line to Eagle Rock via Garwood and Eagle Rock Avenue will commence this week. The same contractor has contract of grading for the car line and the contract for grading Eagle Rock Avenue, 10 feet wide, including cement walks and curbs from the Los Angeles city limits at Garwood to the eastern limit of Eagle Rock.

## Crites, Myers & Kull

107 S. Ave. 64

## VERMONT AVE. SQUARE

The southwest corner Vermont and Vermont Avenues. The largest and choicest subdivision in the southwest.

## LARGE LOTS \$500 AND UP.

S. J. White & Co., 416-417 Huntington Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal. 303-4 F. Pay Bldg. Wright & Callender Co., 310-312 S. Hill St. Joseph R. Loftus, 328-29 Citizens Bank Bldg.

## Victoria Park

A handsome private residence park on West Adams Heights Hill. Average price of lots \$2000.

## McCARTHY

500 Doheny \$10 a Month. Please call at our office, 203 N. Broadway, Phone 8172.

## Hollywood

Valley View Tract. Orange and lemon 1.5-2 acre lots. \$100 and up. Free booklet at 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## Brentwood Terrace

SWEPT BY OCEAN BREEZES. Lots \$25 cash, \$10 up per month.

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Business Property. 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## Wilshire

The Road between Hollywood and Los Angeles. 100 S. Broadway, 310 S. Hill St.

## "South of the

### WICE VICTIM OF ASSAULTS.

VERY IN BRUISING CASE IN SAN BERNARDINO.

Man Who Has Once Been Attacked a Second Time. Chance to Be Passing With Suspected of Being One Committed the First Act of Violence.

BERNARDINO, May 17.—A man who was mysteriously attacked last night while walking Third street, having been attacked a second time while passing with a man suspected of being one committed the first act of violence.

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Illustrated Weekly Magazine

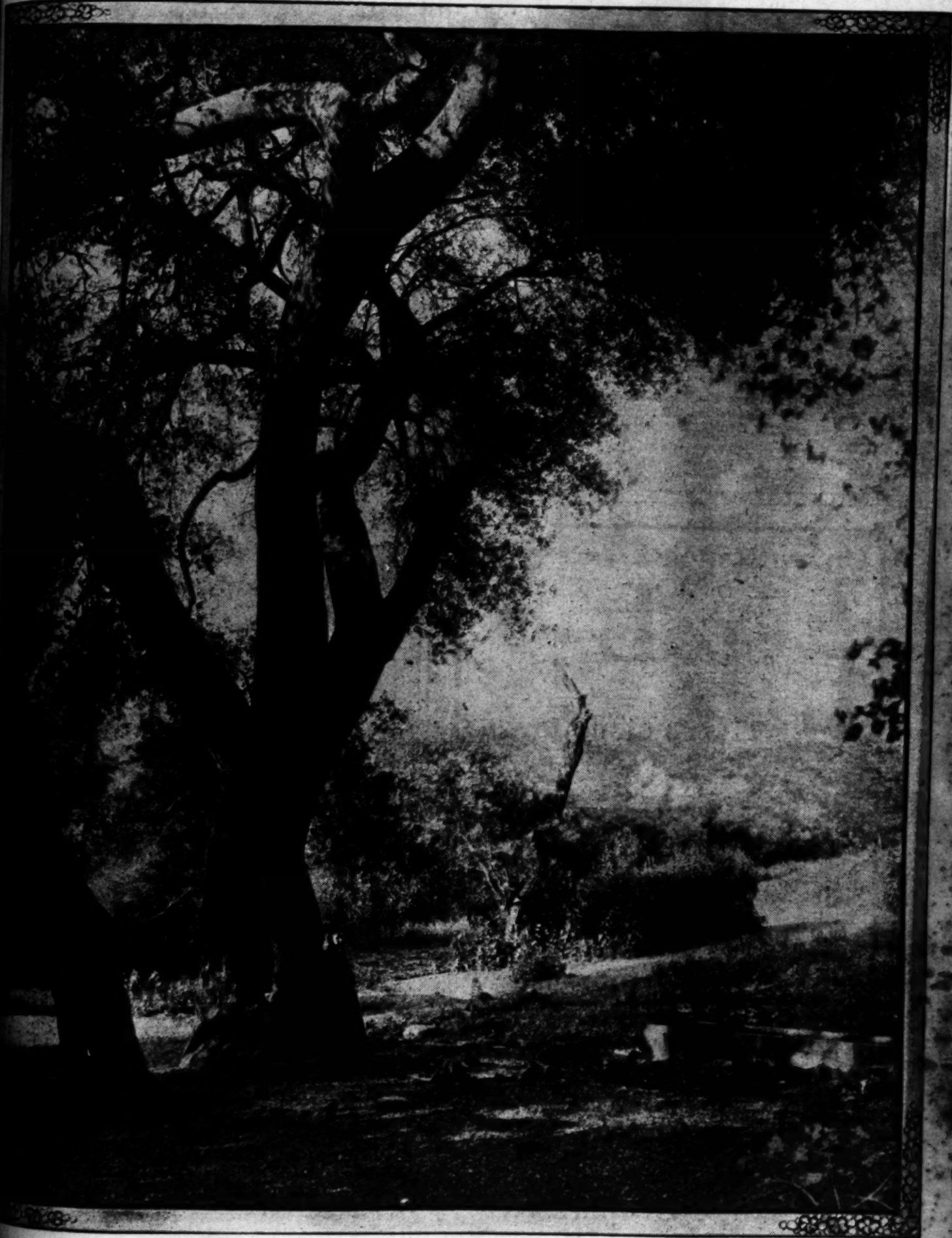
# Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEVENTH YEAR.  
ANNUUM \$3.50

MAY 19, 1907.

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ing Christ, as He hung upon the cross in the  
of death, turned to His mother, whose heart  
and with grief and who would be henceforth  
in the world, and said to her: "Woman, behold  
and to the "beloved disciple" He said: "Son,  
mother." The scene was a touching example  
ity. It was the most solemn act of adoption  
ed. It reveals more than volumes could of  
which existed between Jesus of Nazareth  
a poor woman of humble position in life who  
mother. Mary, descended as she was from the  
of King David, but raised in the little vil-  
lages, must have been a woman of high  
and devoted life.

age President Roosevelt spoke at the unveiling of an equestrian statue to Gen. George B. Meade. He took occasion to laud without reservation the soldier whose duty it was to defend the country. He meant, of course, the soldier whose duty it was to defend only in behalf of his country and who was not to be shot excepting to destroy some giant evil or to defend the cause of some great principle of right.

Franklin Roosevelt had said many things in praise of many virtues, of those who possessed them and of those who stood for them, he turned them out, and set it on a pedestal overtopping all others. Of all the forces which make for the high life of the race he set highest the influence exerted by men and women as wives, mothers, sisters and comrades.

It is to the human race what the source is to the ocean. Indeed, she is more. Pollution may ex-  
haust the ocean; and if it is not radical, organic so to speak, and a natural part of the water, it may cleanse

itself as it settles in pools under the cool shades of the trees on the mountainside, or in its tranquil course along the plains. But the manhood that breathes pollution in its cradle is never purified by anything short of a miracle. The manhood whose cradle is clean and whose earliest breath is among scenes that are pure, may touch pollution, but no matter how thick and black the pitch, in spite of the false proverb, it will not stick. It may stain the lustrous purity of the soul for a time, but the innate virtue will assert itself and slough off the stain.

Ransack history from Eden to Chicago and Los Angeles, and you will find few great men and fewer good men whose cradle was not rocked by a white-souled woman. Turn all the vile pages of history and you will find few men of brutal instincts and degraded lives whose cradle was rocked by a woman of clear intelligence, of high ideals and of ripe wisdom.

Pollute radically the source of human society at the fountain head, motherhood, and you may build a schoolhouse on every street corner and at every cross-roads; you may endow colleges with the wealth of all the mines in the world; you may fill the chairs of philosophy and science with prodigies of genius; you may make your cities like thickest woods with church steeples, and fill their pulpits with men whose tongues are fire. Do all that, but you will not arrest the race in its downward course in vice and degradation. Unless the mothers of the race lay the foundations of character, unless the sisters of the men set before their eyes a constant picture of purity and self-devotion, and make virtue appear in its true attractiveness, and unless wives hold up before our eyes some reflex of the angelic qualities of the soul which makes the human reflect the image of the divine, all your accessories of civilization are in vain and all efforts must fail. The bestial in the race must assert itself and drag us down to wallow in the mire of all uncleanness unless we are guided by the gentle touch of a white hand with a woman's love of all that is pure and of good repute beating in every vibration of the heart which vivifies that hand.

A minister in his pulpit a few Sundays ago stated that a physician of this city had said that in a month he had been called to treat twenty-five "society ladies" for habitual drunkenness. The "society" which is responsible for such a condition, or which tolerates it, does not belong by right in any American city. It is a resurrection from ancient Sodom, Corinth or Rome. Do not call it an importation from Paris. The higher, yes, the decent strata, of French society are not so bad.

In case of such a mother, who could say to any boy: Son, behold thy mother?" It would be better that a child should embrace a corpse dead of pestilence than such a mother. Better kiss the lips of fever or corruption than the lips of such a woman.

A city may survive filthy streets, stagnant pools, the odor of slaughter-houses and the presence of pest houses or charnel-houses. Such mothers, sisters, wives, men—more terribly the well-being of the race.

"Society?" "Ladies?" In so far as this is society and these creatures are "ladies," let us all cultivate the simple life, the simpler the better. Let us cultivate domestic virtues and abide by clean freeways, humble enough they may be, rather than acquire the polish of society where these women are "leaders" and made much of. God help the followers, who go where these lead.

The record is appalling. It is certain that few physicians here have any such experience. Most houses in Los Angeles would promptly shut their doors against psomaniacs—in plain English, drunkards.

## THE KEY OF INTEREST.

**H**E who possesses the key of interest in the end may account himself richer than the owner of incalculable treasure from precious mines. For he who has a wide and vital interest in life, holds the key to a life wherein is locked the bequest to a life interest in the estate of Universal Being.

The key of interest opens almost every door, although, perhaps, the doors of "safety vaults," of pompous courts or conventional pleasure halls. But, what is more than all these, it admits us to the joys and sorrows of mankind; it passes us to the "mystic shrine" where spirit stands transported by a first-hand knowledge and unclouded view of sister spirit. The possession of this key and its timely use, makes of us real participants in a life beautiful, life actual, life ideal, life universal!

interest, or that fervid desire to share in the weal and woe of life—that emotive excitation which urges us not to rest but to seek, but likewise to bestow, advantage upon our fellow-beings in whatever domain of Creation's gifts we may be, whether plant, animal or human, this is the great secret acting like a magic key which lets us enter into the real secrets of universal life. Interest touched with sympathy or sympathetic interest partaking of the nature of intelligent and loving inquiry, or that eager sustained attention without which no miracle of nature may be wrought upon nature, physical, mental, or moral, becomes indeed the all-releasing golden key flung open spring after spring, revealing treasure after treasure, until scattered all around us, is wealth not

computed as such in the terms of the market place, but wealth nevertheless, enriching and empowering as none other—and as no other wealth, imperishable.

"A thing is worth precisely what it can do for us," says Ruskin in his "Crown of Wild Olives." And so with the key of interest. It "is worth precisely what it can do for us." How much it can do for us but comparatively few ever learn. Given the key of interest, promising access to innumerable departments of human activity, each more engrossing than the other, where is there room for despondency over the fugitive miscarriage of a personal wish? How impossible to entertain the thought of ruthless self-destruction because of the non-gratification of some tormenting passion, so long as the key of interest leading to an ever larger and more varied life is firmly grasped and held in hand.

If we would taste of the waters of perennial youth, or be strengthened and gladdened by the sense of perpetual freshness in the world about us, then let us keep unfranchised the key of interest. For to lose our interest in a thing is in a higher sense to lose the thing itself, because on the mental, moral and spiritual plane there can be no profit or advantage from any undertaking or observation without it. Interest directs and redirects the attitude of mind. Hence one with many wholesome, helpful, stimulating and occupying interests is akin to the traveler who may reach his destination by diverse roads. If he finds his passage barred on one side, immediately he applies the key the gates swing open to another! Moreover, the spell which interest weaves, or the "charm of the golden key" is such that, no matter how chill and steep the winding climb may be, we are not easily deterred, but with jubilant throbs of expectation, keep steadily on toward the soon-to-be-newly-opened prospect. To what haunts it lures for pleasure rare or deep reflection. Absorption, the effect of interest, how has it heads most wise and tender hearts enthralled! How has the key, once rightly placed, transformed the plain to beautiful; how often has the ordinary been, through its agency, with extraordinary powers invested! With the magic key safely hidden in his breast, the poet wanders forth amid the strife and discordant clamor of a busy city street; he soon sees through and beyond the ceaseless, streaming, human mass, and finds mirrored a fairer picture there. His vision rises, thought expands, emotion flutters, and thus under the influence of this wonderful talisman, the jostling, the turmoil and sense-disturbing dissonance, are transmuted to sweet melodic form and rhythmic measure.

The artistic temperament it upholds, sustains, and imbues with life and living worth the artist's pictured messages. Nor is it here alone in lofty or purely creative fields that the charm and impetus imparted by the play of interest are felt. Ask what it does for the physician and the nurse! How otherwise heavy hours, through its possession, flit lightly by! Learn of them how noxious putrefaction or other loathsome manifestations of physical disease lose their repugnance for the scientific mind bent in close examination upon the injured body of the suffering patient.

Still on we press to further views of all the "magic" reveals. No science, art, religion, no problem or hope or street, of home, or school or office need long be foreign to our intelligence so long as this delicate, yet most mighty of all instruments is ours! Natural and human phenomena must yield their purport or significance. The language of birds and babes grows in a measure clear and intelligible through sweet and plaintive intonation when the key of interest is sacredly and tenderly put forth to disclose the inner soul of man and things.

Then to have the precious key of interest is to have the highest claim on life. For all things are ours—in other than a pure material sense—in which we are really and sincerely interested. No patent lock of artificial exclusion can long hold out against its searching trying pressure. Stocks and stores of knowledge, of wisdom, the valued experience of all ages become ours, we have the privilege to stand on the heights, yet moving onward with the shifting panorama of the world, unassisted, enriched, with spirit animated and clarified vision peering into newly-opened chambers of light disclosed to our astonished vision by a skillful turning of the key of interest.

**BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH.**

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly sights and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Of one wide world expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—[John Kents.

When a man wears clothes that are out of style either is so poor he has to worry about something else or rich he doesn't worry about anything.—[New York

as a tool, I give notice now that I shall take a hand."	the controversy or threatens them with public odium or attempts to dictate	devoted itself almost exclusively to publishing matter tending to discredit	PERSONAL friends or
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# Across the Sahara by Railroad. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## WHAT FRENCH ARE DOING.

### HOW THEY ARE OPENING UP THE GREATEST DESERT ON EARTH.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**B**ISKRA (Desert of Sahara).—The railroad is bound to revolutionize the African continent. Already the iron horse, whose breath is smoke and whose eye is fire, is beginning to light up the darker spots of these blackest regions on the globe. The work is rapidly going on in Eastern Africa, where they are building a line from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo. This has been extended from the Mediterranean southward for a distance as great as from the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, and the extension from Cape Town to the north is greater still. The Rhodesia railway system reached the Zambesi River in 1905. During the past year it was extended beyond that point at the rate of almost one mile per day, and it is now at the Broken Hill Mines, within less than 500 miles of Lake Tanganyika. I expect to go along the greater part of this

colonizers, and that they are allowing their vast possessions, scattered here and there over the world outside France, to remain as they were when they obtained them. This is not so as to Africa. The fertile parts of Algeria and Tunisia are covered with railroads. There is a line about as long as from Philadelphia to Chicago running from west to east through Algeria, with branch lines to the north and south, connecting the ports with all parts of the Tell.

Algeria alone has now more than two thousand miles of railways, and its railway receipts are between six and seven million dollars a year. There is a heavy freight traffic, and the second and third-class passenger cars are always well filled. There are sleeping coaches at high rates between Oran and Algiers, and one can go across a great part of North Africa by sleeper.

In Tunisia, which is almost as big as the state of Illinois, there are now something like six hundred miles of railroads. They are mainly confined to the Northern part of the country, although there are some lines running down the east coast and inland to fertilizer deposits which lie there. These roads are all French, and the Tunisian government has recently

#### Baggage Arrangements.

Only about seventy pounds of baggage are allowed and everything must be weighed. There is a tax of cents for checking baggage, and the agent registers the weight whether it is below seventy pounds or not. The checks are not made of cardboard or brass, as in this country. They are merely receipts on a thin tough paper so arranged that one-half of each receipt is given to the passenger and the other doubled up and fastened with a string to the baggage.

Most of the natives carry their belongings in large unlike coffee sacks, and much of the checked baggage is of that nature. At the depots the poorer Arabs throw these bags over their shoulders and march off with them.

First and second-class passengers take valises and bundles into the cars. I am now traveling with nine packages, and they all go into the car. At every stop and start the porters take all my stuff in and out for me, and the rates are so low that the cost of handling is little. Four cents is a big enough tip for one man, and one good lusty Arab can carry my baggage



Traveling companion in Western Sahara



Water tanks wrapped with straw



Tunisian breakman

route before I leave Africa, and will be able to describe the various stages.

From the coasts of both East and West Africa, railroads are being built into the interior, which will give access to the central and southern parts of the continent. Here in the north the French colonies have an extensive railway system; Egypt is gridironed with tracks, and trunk lines are being surveyed in the Soudan and in the Congo Valley.

In fact, railroad building is now going on in Africa about as fast as in any other part of the world. The continent is increasing its mileage at the rate of over 30 per cent. per year, and while it has yet the fewest lines of any of the grand divisions of the globe, its means of communication are rapidly growing.

At present the chief railroad continent is North America. It has between 250,000 and 300,000 miles of iron tracks. Next comes Europe with less than 200,000 miles, and after that Asia with something like 50,000. Australia has 16,000 miles of railroad lines, and Africa a little over 15,000. Of all the countries of the world the United States leads in its iron highways. We have more tracks than all Europe, and three times as many as all the continents outside ours.

Here in Africa the principal railroads may be grouped into three systems. The first embraces the Tunisian-Algerian roads of the Atlas Mountains, the second the Egyptian lines, and the third the South African roads, which have a greater mileage than those of the other two systems combined.

#### The Railroads of the Atlas.

In this letter I shall deal only with the railways of Northwestern Africa, and of several which the French are projecting across the Sahara. During the past few months I have traversed nearly every mile of track in the region of the Atlas, and have gone over the roads which are being pushed down into the desert. I am writing these notes at Biskra, in the Sahara, at the end of a railroad which takes one almost 200 miles south of the Mediterranean Sea, and I have already inspected the military line which goes down into the desert far below this point along the borders of Morocco.

It is generally claimed that the French are not good

authorized large appropriations for their extensions.

A part of the Algerian system belongs to the government, and another part is in the hands of some of the French railroad companies. This is so of the road from Oran to Algiers; it belongs to the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean corporation, and its chief offices are in France. The Sahara lines are largely military, and they could hardly exist without government support.

#### Railway Travel in Algeria.

Railway travel in Northern Africa is far different from that of the United States. In comparison with us these people are still a century or so behind the times. Express trains do not make more than fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and the railroad clocks at the stations are purposely kept five minutes behind every other time in order that passengers may not get left.

The methods of ticket selling and baggage checking are such that one should be at the train at least a quarter of an hour before starting, and he will then have to wait his turn with a crowd of Arab soldiers and others, each of whom consumes at least two minutes at the ticket office and twice that time with the baggage master. If the ticket is a return, the agent figures out a reduction of 30 per cent. off the regular fare, and makes a memorandum of the amount on a ledger as well as on the ticket itself. The ordinary tickets are somewhat like ours, but the "returns" and excursion certificates are of the size of a legal document and quite as imposing.

#### In the Cars.

The first and second-class compartments are comfortable. I am traveling first-class, and I am in a compartment for myself and son. The cars are divided into little box-like rooms by partitions, which run from one side to the other. They are usually walled from the sides, and it is not possible to go through the whole train, as in our country. The seats are well cushioned, and as the sides are walled with windows opportunities for seeing are good. The second and third-class cars are divided up in the same way, and the third-class is almost as good as the first.

The third-class seats are bare board benches, and are usually filled with Arabs, Moors and Kabyles, a sprinkling of private soldiers. The latter pay wages of only about 1 cent per day, and leave their travel in luxury.

Within the past year or so dining cars have been put on some of these Algerian trains. Other stations for luncheon and dinner, and at every station there is a lunchroom, called a *buvette*.

The usual rate for dinner is about 40 cents, and that sum one gets an excellent meal with a glass of white or red wine thrown in. Luncheon is put up and brought to the cars at a cost of 20 cents each. For that one gets two slices of meat or a half chicken, several boiled eggs, and also sweet cakes and fruit. There is always a good



A freight train



[Vol. 39, 1907.]

of wine put in. The wine is good and the food is excellent.

I have not the railroad wages at hand, but they must be exceedingly low. Every station has a large number of officers and soldiers. A cross-roads depot which in our country would hardly be thought worthy of an agent requires a half dozen guards, and the large stations proportionately more. There is always a chief depot man, a baggage master, a telegraph operator, a ticket agent, and a number of porters. It takes a half dozen men to start a train. The engineer whistles, one of the guards rings a bell and others run from car to car, and about the doors, while they cry: "Get on, gentlemen, if you please." On the cars themselves there are many employees. There are engineers, firemen and brakemen. Every train has its mail clerk and its baggage-men, and often an express messenger as well.

#### New Railroads for North Africa.

The railroads of Algeria and Tunisia at present have a length of almost 3000 miles. The new lines projected number many thousand miles more, and in the near future the railroad system of this part of the world will probably be several times what it is now. One of the most remarkable of the new schemes is fathered by the Khedive of Egypt. His Majesty is rich and he is trouble investing his surplus. He proposes to build a railroad from Egypt to Tripoli which may be extended around the Gulf of Gabes and thus connect with the railway system of Tunisia.

Another scheme is to build a line through the Atlas Mountains of Morocco to Tangier, the two projects comprising a great trunk line from the Nile to the Atlantic. The Moroccan scheme cannot be attempted in the present condition of that country, and it is doubtful whether the cost and freight of the region between Tripoli and the sea would ever make that part of the road pay. The length of this trunk line, all told, would be about as long as from New York to Salt Lake City, and fully two-thirds of it remains to be built. Here in Algeria and Tunisia there are roads running east and west about as far as from New York to Chicago, and in Egypt the Khedive has already built something like sixty or seventy miles from the Nile westward.

A part of this route goes along the Mediterranean through the Libyan Desert. The Khedive has traveled a hundred miles over this section, and was surprised to find that the country has a rich soil and that it once supported a large population. Everywhere he went he saw the remains of the Romans. There were ruined towns and villages and enough stones in them to build a hundred new settlements. Here and there he crossed rich oases, and he has advanced the opinion that his road will pay. The part already built is now doing so, and he has ordered the gauge to accommodate the traffic. If it should ever be completed to Tunisia, and the Morocco extension made, it would bring Africa within four hours of Europe by way of the Strait of Gibraltar, and there would be a probable connection with Asia by a road which might be built from Cairo to connect with the lines now being made through Damascus and Jerusalem.

#### Morocco's Railway Possibilities.

In Morocco, that country will eventually form a live railroad engineers. It is now in such an unimproved state that the powers will have to take hold of it with a short time. Both life and property are unsafe, and it is impossible for foreigners to travel through it. Morocco is one of the richest countries of Africa, and one of the worst governed and most backward. It has a large or more population, and it is said to be far richer than either Algeria or Tunisia. Excepting the desert regions of the Desert of Sahara, Morocco is almost as large as those two countries put together, and has no roads nor any highways of communication except the paths. It has some large cities, such as Fez, Meknes and Mekinez, and eight or more coastal ports. The country is such that railroads could be easily built through it, and I am told that the natural resources would eventually make the roads pay.

One of the first lines to be constructed in Morocco will connect Tangier, the port opposite Gibraltar, to Fez, the capital. The distance is 175 miles, and at present all the traffic between the two cities is carried on camels, donkeys and mules. Travelers usually go upon horses, and the great way is accompanied by soldiers or pay a price to the tribes along the way.

Another scheme is to extend the Western Algerian line which now goes to Tlemcen, on to Fez. This would connect the chief capital of the Sultan with the Moroccan colonial railway system and give Morocco access to almost 2000 miles of railroad communication.

Still another road proposed is that from Mogador to Fez. This would furnish Fez with a short route to the Atlantic Ocean. This was the line favored by the Khedive of Egypt, the ex-War Minister of the Sultan. Both the French and the Germans are now after concessions in Morocco.

#### Roads Across the Sahara.

More interesting than any of these schemes are those which are planned to connect the rich regions of the Sahara with the Soudan, that great fertile, fertile belt of North Central Africa. The Soudan runs across the continent from the Nile to the Atlantic, and it is wonderfully rich in resources and people. The distance between the two regions is the great Desert of Sahara, which is as long as the Mediterranean, and as wide as from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rockies. It is in the desert that I am now writing. I have ridden for many miles over its rocky wastes of stone and sand, and I have climbed the mountains and plateaus which are scattered about there in many parts of it.

The Sahara itself is neither level nor low. It has vast stretches of sand which stretch out on every side to the horizon, but there are many places where the country is hilly. There are gorges along the beds of dry rivers, and there are mighty bluffs of stone and no end of hills and

mountains. I am in sight of the chief range of the Atlas at Biskra, and its hills are drier than the Sahara itself. I rode for several hundred miles along the range which separates Algeria and Morocco. The sands of the desert go to the foothills and pile up there in great masses, while the slopes above are absolutely bare of vegetation and altogether arid.

The average level of the Sahara throughout is as high as that of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. There are but few places where it drops to 500 feet above the sea, and only one or two in which it falls below sea level. Lake Chad itself is several hundred feet above the ocean.

In the lower part of the Central Sahara, on the upper edge of which I am now writing, there is a plateau extending from northwest to southeast, which is on the average more than 2000 feet high, and upon it there is a mountain range which rises in places to almost 10,000 feet. The mountains are so high that they are crowned with snow in the winter.

In the Western Sahara the country is almost equally rough, and there is much rolling land in the Desert of Libyan, at the east.

#### A Poor Place for a Railway.

In addition to its rolling character, the desert offers many obstacles to railroad building. One is the long stretches over which the track must go without water, and another is the enormous cost of hauling the fuel. At Colomb Bechar, the terminus of the road which the French are building southward toward Timbuktu, coal is now worth \$20 a ton; and, unless mines can be found along the line of the route, a cheaper fuel must be obtained or the extension abandoned. The stations at present are chiefly at the oases; but even there the pipes which supply the water tanks are wrapped with straw to retard evaporation and every means is used to increase the water supply.

The Sahara itself can furnish but little support for a railroad. It is peppered with oases, but the fertile spots are far apart, and it is only in such regions as the Fezzan, Twat and Tafillet, where there are a large number of oases together, that there will be many passengers or much freight. The Sahara has, all told, about 80,000 square miles of oases; but these are scattered over a region larger than Europe, and many of them are inaccessible except to camels.

The freight of the desert is chiefly made up of dates, grain and alfalfa grass. Some tobacco and cotton are raised in the Southern Sahara, but not enough to form a freight item; and the salt mines, which now supply a part of the caravan loads, would not make a great traffic.

#### The Soudan.

The Soudan, at the south of the Sahara, is far different. It has an enormous population of native blacks. No one knows how many there are, but the probability is that they number between 50,000,000 and 100,000,000 souls. There are something like 25,000,000 in Nigeria alone, and the French and German provinces contain many millions more. There are big towns there, such as Kuka and Kano, which are now caravan centers, and others, such as Timbuktu, which were large cities once, and which would be great again if a railroad could be built to them.

At present the caravan trade is falling off. The trains of 1000 or more camels, guarded by soldiers, which used to start across the Sahara with perhaps a half-million dollars' worth of goods, consisting of ivory, gold dust and slaves, have dwindled to trains containing 100 camels or less, and the caravan trade diminishes every year. It still carries some European merchandise across from Tripoli, Tunisia and Algeria to the Soudan, but most of the goods for that section go to the ports of West Africa by steamer and are taken by railroad and rivers to the headwaters of the Niger.

#### The Route to Timbuktu.

Indeed, one can now go from the United States by steam vessels to Senegal, and thence by trains and steamer to Timbuktu. That city is not far from the Niger, and is the terminus of the caravan routes from Tripoli, Morocco and Algeria. It lies a thousand miles almost directly south of Colomb Bechar, the end of the Western Algeria road into the Sahara, and the French have surveyed a route to it. If this is completed it will give the vast Niger system direct railroad connection with the Mediterranean.

The Niger is navigable during a large part of its course. It is as long as the Mississippi proper, and its basin is one-third the size of the whole United States. The French are building several other roads, in addition to the one which connects Senegal with Timbuktu, to reach that river. One of these is through French Guinea, another goes through Dahomey, and a third goes inland from the Ivory coast. Altogether they will unite the Atlantic with the Niger, and if the Colomb Bechar desert road is extended Timbuktu may become the Chicago of the Soudan.

#### Roads to Kuka and Kano.

Another railroad center will be at Kuka. That city lies on Lake Chad, perhaps a thousand miles farther eastward. Surveys have been made to extend the Biskra road to that point, but so far less than 200 miles have been built, and almost 2000 remain to be constructed. This road would go through a number of oases, and would largely follow the lines of the present caravan routes.

Another trans-Sahara road is planned to start at Bldah, in Algeria, and terminate at one of the beds of the Niger in Bornu or Hausaland. The distance in this case would be less than 1700 miles, and the road would parallel the Biskra line until it reached the center of the desert.

I do not mean to say that any of these roads will soon be completed. They are all dependent on water, cheap

fuel and other conditions. The Biskra and the Colomb Bechar roads have already been built far down into the sands, but their extensions are as yet uncertain. The French surveyors have gone carefully over the two routes, and they have furnished not only surveys, but working plans and the probable cost of operation.

It is estimated that it will require about \$20,000 per kilometer, or six-tenths of a mile, to construct any of these roads through the desert, and that the earnings will be about \$2000 per kilometer. The running expenses of one train a day would be a little over \$1000 per kilometer, and on these estimates the roads might pay. The cost of the fuel, however, is such that the running expenses are probably greatly underestimated, and the same is true of the cost of building the roads. The average cost per mile of railroad construction in Europe is almost \$100,000, and the average cost per mile for the rest of the world is almost \$60,000. It is difficult to see how a trunk line through the Desert of Sahara could be constructed at a less cost than the average rate for the rest of the world.

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## "JIM AND THE CATS."

### AN EPIOSDE IN THE EARLY LIFE OF MARK TWAIN.

[Mark Twain in North American Review.] It was back in those far-distant days—1848 or '9—that Jim Wolf came to us. He was from Shelbyville, a hamlet thirty or forty miles back in the country, and he brought all his native sweetnesses and gentlenesses and simplicities with him. He was approaching seventeen, a grave and slender lad, trustful, honest, a creature to love and cling to. And he was incredibly bashful.

It is to this kind that untoward things happen. My sister gave a "candy-pull" on a winter's night. I was too young to be of the company, and Jim was too diffident. I was sent up to bed early, and Jim followed of his own motion. His room was in the new part of the house, and his window looked out on the roof of the L annex. That roof was six inches deep in snow, and the snow had an ice-crust upon it which was as slick as glass. Out of the comb of the roof projected a short chimney, a common resort for sentimental cats on moonlight nights—and this was a moonlight night. Down at the eaves, below the chimney, a canopy of dead vines spread away to some posts, making a cozy shelter; and after an hour or two the rollicking crowd of young ladies and gentlemen grouped themselves in its shade, with their saucers of liquid and piping-hot candy disposed about them on the frozen ground to cool. There was joyous chafing and joking and laughter—peal upon peal of it.

About this time a couple of old disreputable tom-cats got up on the chimney and started a heated argument about something; also about this time I gave up trying to get to sleep, and went visiting to Jim's room. He was awake and fuming about the cats and their intolerable yowling. I asked him, mockingly, why he didn't climb out and drive them away. He was nettled, and said over-boldly that for two cents he would.

It was a rash remark, and was probably repented of before it was fairly out of his mouth. But it was too late—he was committed. I knew him; and I knew he would rather break his neck than back down, if I egged him on judiciously.

"Oh, of course you would! Who's doubting it?"

It galled him, and he burst out, with sharp irritation—

"Maybe you doubt it?"

"I? Oh, no, I shouldn't think of such a thing. You are always doing wonderful things. With your mouth."

He was in a passion, now. He snatched on his yarn socks and began to raise the window, saying in a voice unsteady with anger—

"You think I don't—you do! Think what you blame please—I don't care what you think. I'll show you!"

The window made him rage; it wouldn't stay up. I said—

"Never mind, I'll hold it."

Indeed, I would have done anything to help. I was only a boy, and was already in a radiant heaven of anticipation. He climbed carefully out, clung to the window-sill until his feet were safely placed, then began to pick his perilous way on all fours along the glassy comb, a foot and a hand on each side of it. I believe I enjoy it now as much as I did then; yet it is a good deal over fifty years ago. The frosty breeze flapped his short shirt about his lean legs; the crystal roof shone like polished marble in the intense glory of the moon; the unconscious cats sat erect upon the chimney, alertly watching each other, lashing their tails and pouring out their hollow grievances; and slowly and cautiously Jim crept on, flapping as he went, the gay and frolicsome young creature under the vine-canopy unaware, and outraging these solemnities with their misplaced laughter. Every time Jim slipped I had a hope; but always on he crept and disappointed it. At last he was within reaching distance. He paused, raised himself carefully up, measured his distance deliberately, then made a frantic grab at the nearest cat—and missed. Of course he lost his balance. His heels flew up, he struck on his back, and like a rocket he darted down the roof feet first, crashed through the dead vines and landed in a sitting posture in fourteen saucers of red-hot candy, in the midst of all that party—and dressed as he was: this lad who could not look a girl in the face with his clothes on. There was a wild scramble and a storm of shrieks, and Jim fled up the stairs, dripping broken crockery all the way.

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## Historic Houses.

HOMES OF MEN WHO WROTE FAMOUS AMERICAN SONGS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE homes of the writers of two songs that have thrilled Americans with the impulse of patriotism have just been saved by the subscriptions of a patriotic public, but the cottage which inspired perhaps the best loved song in the English tongue is to be pulled down to make way for a church.

An association headed by men of national fame protected the roof, which in youth and for a greater part of his later years, sheltered Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." Similarly at Newton, Mass., the homestead of Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," has been protected from the vandal's hand. But the little thatched cottage that knew the early

of the hands of the Key family. In that time it has fallen into great decay. The part of the town which was once the favorite residence place of the old families has become a third-rate river-front community, and in the building is conducted a cigar and soda water business.

Some enterprising proprietor of the store had the happy thought to paint in heavy letters across the front of the building, "The Key Mansion." Through its fame he reaped a harvest of small business.

Francis Scott Key lived here for the greater part of his life, and maintained his law office in a small addition to the building. It was from the lower window at the end that Francis Scott Key, Jr., when a lad of 19, stole with his cousin, who was visiting from Virginia, and they ran away and were married.

Key's family was living here when he took the perilous trip to Baltimore in 1814, which resulted in the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

One of his friends was being held captive by the British in one of the battleships on the Chesapeake, and Key, then a lawyer, had gone aboard under a flag of truce to plead for his release. The bombardment of Fort Mc-

The hymn which the "Star Spangled Banner" was planted, "America," was written at Newton, Mass. In order to preserve the building, a fund is being formed. It is a popular subscription, the sum that thousands of Americans have contributed to the secretary of the memorial, D. C. Smith. It is proposed to buy, repair and preserve the old house as a memorial to the author of "America." Enough money has already been collected to make the project a success, although more is still needed.

Samuel Francis Smith was a Harvard student, a close mate of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had graduated from college and was finishing his course of study at Andover, when, while going over a number of melodies, he came upon the original air of "God Save the King."



*Cottage which inspired "Home Sweet Home"*



*Old Key Mansion*



*Grave of Francis Scott Key*

*Homestead of Francis Smith*

childhood of John Howard Payne, and which in later years when he was a wanderer on the face of the globe, inspired the immortal "Home, Sweet Home," is to go, so it has been stated, the way of all earthly things. The site where it has stood for so many years at East Hampton, Long Island, has been purchased and the cottage will give way to a church.

Until a memorial association, headed by prominent Washingtonians, took up the matter of the Key mansion, it stood an excellent chance of destruction. It had degenerated into something hardly better than a billboard for the advertisement of patent wares. But Admiral George Dewey, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, Justice Louis E. McComas and District Commissioner H. B. MacFarland became interested, and took steps to save the building.

The Key house stands in what was Georgetown before it fused with Washington, and became part of that city. It is on the terrace below the hill upon which stands Georgetown University, and at the foot of the great bridge, which spans the Potomac leading into Virginia. It is on the route of travel usually taken by tourists, and can be seen in its narrow street from the hill or from the bridge. This part of Georgetown is older than Washington.

It has been fifty years since the old house passed out

Henry began while he was on board, and he was held throughout the night. With the breaking of the dawn, and the discovery that the flag of his country was still flying from the fort, came the inspiration for the poem.

It is interesting to note that the Fort itself, historic McHenry, which gave birth to the song now accepted as the national air of 80,000,000 freemen, has also been saved from destruction. It is located at Baltimore.

Long since useless as a place of defense, the fort has been more or less a charge upon the United States government. The plan of establishing a cattle quarantine there was seriously considered. Not only from Marylanders, but from patriotic Americans all over the country there arose a cry of protest. So strong was the feeling that the Federal authorities relented and consented to lease the fort to the State of Maryland for five years at a nominal rental. Maryland's occupancy began on April 1, and the old place will be preserved as a memorial of Key. It will be cared for and used by the national guard.

Some time after Key had made certain slight corrections in the original of his song, it was sung in Baltimore at the theater by a young lady to the air "Anacreon in Heaven." It made an instantaneous hit, but it was not until the Spanish-American War that it came to be generally accepted as the national anthem.

King." Immediately it occurred to him that he had set to the same music a hymn of American patriotism. The result was "America," the most religious of patriotic melodies.

"America" has not quite the popularity it once enjoyed. Many persons have always argued a case for its fitness in appropriating the air that had already been used for an English national hymn.

"But 'America' has the great advantage of being able, much more so than the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which has notes both higher and lower than can be found in the range of the average untrained voice. Moreover, deep religious sentiment has always been mended Smith's hymn to those who feel that duty and patriotism are inseparable.

Less happy is the fate of the humble cottage which suggested the immortal ballad, "Home, Sweet Home." The church is to take its place, but there is no prospect that no sermon that can ever come from the pulpit will equal the mighty appeal of the words of the old song.

Although Payne has been dead for half a century, his song is deeply entrenched in the hearts of Americans. There is no prospect that any passing of time will change this popularity.

Payne was little more than a boy when he wrote



and began the life of a nomad. He wandered in Europe and in Asia, and he enjoyed considerable success, but he never lost his love for the old cottage that was to be pulled down.

It is a somewhat singular fact that "Home, Sweet Home," written by an American, should have had its first hearing in the Old World. It was on the evening of May 8, 1822, at the Theater Royal, Covent Garden, that Ellen Maria Tree, a sister of the famous actress, Ellen Tree, first gave voice to the wonderful song.

The occasion was the first performance of a play, "The Maid of Milan," by Payne, with musical setting by Henry Rowley Bishop. It is characteristic that the song won a wealthy husband for the singer, and made a fortune for the theater and the publisher, it was the words and not the melody that gave the song its fame, for the air was not new, and Bishop had used it on another work without gaining any success.

The simple eloquence and beauty of Payne's words, with their "lump in the throat" quality, made the song immortal.

It is a fact little known that Payne was a distinguished actor and playwright of the early days of dramatic art in the new world. He died in Tunis, to which post he had been sent as Consul. No friends of the home he had been there to soothe the last days, and he was buried in St. George's Cemetery, overlooking the bay of Tunis and the ruins of ancient Carthage.

In Philadelphia, at No. 518 Locust street, is still standing the building in which "Home, Sweet Home" was first heard in the United States. It was then known as the Payne Theater. In December, 1823, seven months after its first performance in Europe, "Clari" was produced, and Mrs. E. A. Williams gave Americans their first chance to hear the simple pathos of the song of their homesick countryman. The old building is now a warehouse.

G. P. S.

### THE POPE'S DAILY LIFE.

No more ardent lover of the simple life exists than Pope Pius X., about whom a book has just been published, called "Pius X. and the Papal Court." It is generally known that Pope Pius disregards all formalities that are not absolutely necessary to his position, but the anonymous writer of this book, who seems to be particularly well informed as to the habits and life of the Pope, adds some interesting information. He tells us that at about 5 o'clock in the morning the Pope's bed-room attendant, Sili, enters the room, but, unless His Holiness is ill, he finds him already up and reading his breviary, as was his custom through his long papal life. At 6 o'clock Pius X. goes down to a simple little oratory, served by two attendants. After having prayed for awhile in the little chapel the Pope has his early breakfast, which consists of a cup of coffee and rolls and butter, and, shortly afterward, if the weather is fine, he walks in the great gardens of the Vatican for an hour or so.

At 8 o'clock the Pope is in his study, where he receives his Secretary of State, then the heads of the various congregations through which the church is ruled, and other visitors. The audiences of Pius X. are of the simplest character, and surrounded with the most possible etiquette. In old days the splendid reception-rooms were full of chamberlains, guards, and ushers, but now only a few servants and a monsignor or two are to be seen. The present Pope receives people of every class, even the most humble, and sometimes poor peasants from his native village of Riese come to be seen there, in garments anything but suited for a court ceremony.

Usually at 1 o'clock Pius X. dines. Since the nineteenth century it has been the rule for the Pontiff to dine, but Pius X. sometimes invites his private secretary or other members of his household to join him, and on being respectfully remonstrated with for this breach of etiquette, cheerfully replied that as Urban VIII. had the right to make this rule, he, Pius X., had the right to abolish it. Pius X. eats most simply and frugally, and the Pontiff's meals differ little from those served to the parish priest of Salzano. Pius X. was first elected he was astounded at the number of servants in the Papal kitchen, and exclaimed, "It is not necessary to have seven cooks in order to make me a little soup?"—[P.T.O.]

### BATTLE WITH FEROCIOUS RATS.

In a battle with rats, Abraham Hunsberger of this town killed twenty-eight which had attacked him, while many more escaped. When the fight began he struck the gray rat with the hoe; the animal squealed, and in an instant the loft was full of rats, which attacked Hunsberger, grabbing at his legs and tearing his trousers with their sharp teeth, others jumping on his back and snapping at him.

Hunsberger dropped the hoe, frightened, and endeavored to get out of the loft through a trap door. The rats had "caught," and, finding he could not get it, he again grabbed the hoe, and, with part of the handle as a weapon, fought the infuriated little animals. (Lansdale, Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

### VAIN SEARCH FOR CANNON.

A tradition still survives in Luzerne county, Pa., that when Gen. John Sullivan marched through that county in 1779 on his expedition against the Indian confederacy of Central New York he buried some superfluous cannon along the Wilkesbarre Mountain. To search for these Revolutionary relics a number of the local citizens of Ashley have formed themselves into a historical society. On Sunday last the members of the society met on the mountain in the vicinity of Laurel Run, but found no relics except a few Indian arrow points.

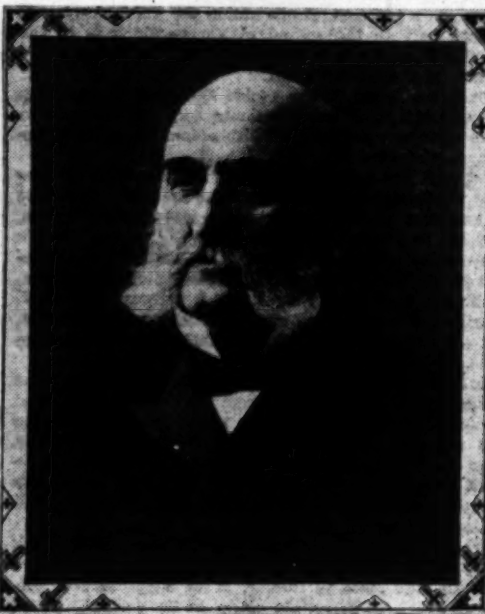
## Ira D. Sankey.

### THE FAMOUS SINGER PASSING HIS LATTER DAYS IN DARKNESS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN the city of Brooklyn, a man is passing the closing days of a wonderfully active life; a man whose name is known in every part of the civilized world, yet one who, in a measure, has been half forgotten by many thousands of persons who are rushing along the highways of life. This man is Ira D. Sankey, famed throughout the Christian universe for his hymns, and for his evangelistic work with the late Dwight L. Moody, with whom he covered the United States and Great Britain, singing his way into the hearts of millions of his fellow-creatures, to whom he brought the comfort of the gospel.

Totally blind now for four years, the hymnist is somewhat reticent and diffident, preferring the quiet of his home during his closing years to the visits of the merely curious who happen to know of his whereabouts. His home is a sunny, pleasant house in a quiet corner of the city, but the sunlight and shadow are alike to him, for the affliction that has affected his eyes has taken from him forever the beauties of nature as they appeal to the senses through the sight. And in addition to the loss of his sight to the man to whom all the world was a beautiful thing, Mr. Sankey is a bedridden invalid, only occasionally having strength to be taken from his bed in a wheel chair, by an attendant who is retained to wait upon him and to read and administer to him in all the ways so necessary to one who has



IRA D. SANKEY.

lost what is, perhaps, the most valued of the senses. His Evening of Life.

Yet, withal, Ira D. Sankey is cheerful, taking the philosophic view that there is a good reason for all the afflictions which may come to man in this uncertain life, and looking forward happily to that reward which all his life he has taught will be the result of perfect faith. His home is lighted by the love of his faithful wife, and her handiwork and care may be seen on every side.

In every sense it is a home, with bright-papered walls, and comfortable furniture and settings. But the master's strength is far gone, though withal there is ever a smile on his serene face as he welcomes his few visitors and tells them his thoughts which he can never more put in writing with his own hands.

Mr. Sankey takes a deep interest in all the current events, has all the better class of magazines and newspapers read to him, and can discuss all manner of news with equal and fine facility. And there, and under these conditions, helpless, yet happy, blind, yet seeing, weak, yet strong, Ira D. Sankey is living out the remainder of his allotted time, strong in the faith of which he has sung for more than a generation.

To those who know him intimately, Ira D. Sankey speaks plainly his thoughts, yet these favored ones are few. Never since he left public life has he been interviewed, for there never was a public man who so feared unjust criticism as he. Reared in a political atmosphere and having elected that line of work as his calling, he only forsook it at the behest of Moody after six months of strenuous pleading on the part of the latter, and he has never forgotten the training he had under his father, who was a Collector of Customs while he himself was an internal revenue officer under the administration of Abraham Lincoln. All his life he has been a politician, and fear of criticism has actuated all his life's work.

Even More Than a Million.

Recently asked his opinion of certain current events, he declined to discuss them for fear his words might be misconstrued by those for whom he had a high regard, and with whom he had worked. He is interested mainly in the work being carried on which he began, and to that end he is willing to give all that is still left of his once vigorous manhood. One thing he has done for which he knows he cannot be criticised, and that is the absolute gift to the Northfield School, in Massa-

chusetts, founded by Moody, of a 20 per cent. royalty on the retail price of every hymn book of his authorship. During the past thirty years, he recently said, more than \$1,500,000 has thus been given to this charity and he himself has not received one cent of pecuniary reward for the great religious work he did when a vigorous man. More than 30,000,000 of these books have been sold, and they are now selling at the rate of from five to six million copies a year.

Mr. Sankey is comfortably situated, for during his active career he made shrewd investments. He is not in need of any of the comforts of life. His illness is such, that while it incapacitates him from active labors, it will not necessarily shorten his days, and the likelihood is that he will live to a ripe old age.

Speaking of the work he carried on with Moody, he said there was one thing in which he took great consolation and of which the general public knew nothing.

"During my active career," he said, "the work that was being done by Moody and myself was largely supported by voluntary contributions of large sums from men who had never before in their lives given anything to the cause of religion. These men were, some agnostics, some infidels, some atheists, yet they contributed largely to the work we were doing because it was absolutely non-sectarian, and because we tried to get directly at the heart of mankind. It gives me great comfort to know we could get at the consciences of such men as these."

He Met "Gypsy" Smith.

Turning his mind from the past to the present, Mr. Sankey spoke of "Gypsy" Smith, who is now holding a series of meetings in this country.

"Years ago," he said, "I ran across a gypsy camp in England, and while talking with a small boy of the band, I laid my hand on his head and said I hoped God would make a preacher of him. Only lately I learned that that boy grew to be the evangelist 'Gypsy' Smith, unquestionably the leader in that work."

Mr. Sankey, in explanation of his position in refusing to give an opinion on leading events, said that more public men had lost their reputations by talking too much than in any other way. He said he felt he held the respect and confidence of the people who knew him intimately, as well as of the people at large, and that, although naturally he had opinions on affairs of the day, he did not feel he could afford to jeopardize his reputation by expressing them, thereby laying himself open to public criticism. He still feels he is a public man. Therefore he will not discuss questions in which he takes no active part, for the reason that his physical condition leaves him unable to rise to defend himself and his attitude against the attacks of those whose ideas are opposed to his and which he feels would be sure to be launched at him. In his declining years and helplessness, Mr. Sankey is very quiet, very reserved and very cautious of his every utterance save when speaking of his past work.

### A Changed Man.

"I am through," he says. "I had a certain line of work to do, and for more than thirty years I did it. Many persons will believe I did it well, yet they would care little or nothing for an expression of my views on topics other than those in which I have been vitally concerned for the better part of my life."

The condition of the aged evangelist is such that sustained conversation is very wearying to him. What reading he has done for him generally has to be in brief lapses of time and with frequent intermissions. Although his mind today is as active as at any time in his career, his nervous condition will not permit of the strain of uninterrupted mental concentration.

In his prime Mr. Sankey was a large and handsomely-proportioned man. In great measure these attributes are gone, and those who knew Sankey when he was swaying multitudes would scarcely recognize him now in the weakened, helpless, blind, bedridden invalid who passes his days in the darkness of everlasting night. There is neither hope for a cure of his blindness nor his infirmities, yet his family and physician say he may live for many years.

### Good He Has Gone.

His blindness and nervous breakdown are the result of overwork during an active life. In singing for and exhorting the multitudes before whom he has appeared, necessarily he gave to them much of his vitality. The result is his present condition.

His afflictions he never discusses, but he whiles the hours away in communion with his thoughts of more than a generation of good work. There are those who maintain that the work of Ira D. Sankey in bringing out the native good that is in mankind through the medium of his songs has been greater than that of any other evangelist who ever lived, save with the possible exception of Dwight Lyman Moody, who drew them to him through the power of his oratory and his convincing logic.

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### WHERE REAL CREDIT IS DUE.

"Pou!" said the foreigner derisively. "Your finest wines and most luscious prunes come from France. Yet you boast of your products!"

"Hold on," replied the Californian. "Don't you know that my State yields those very wines and prunes?"

"But ze label!" said the foreigner. "Zat is ze work of France. Has America such art? Again pou!"—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

### TOLD IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

"If you should meet an old beau and he should squeeze your hand, Mrs. Franke"

"I should be angry."

"But if he should not?"



## Painting the Eiffel Tower.

**MOST DANGEROUS PAINTING JOB IN THE WORLD.**

*From a Special Correspondent.*

PARIS, May 4.—A painter has just fallen from the Eiffel Tower. When his body struck the earth, it sank five feet. Four more must fall to make the awful average of the most dangerous painting job in the world—repeated every six years only.

They are repainting the Eiffel Tower; and all Paris is concerned about the color, on which depends whether the gigantic mass of iron shall be the eyesore or the glory of the capital.

Its first shade, in 1889, was "dead leaf." When the sun lit it up to hazy gold, with an unreal effect of jeweler's fragility, even the artists who now curse it admitted that the Eiffel Tower had its nobility.

In 1895, after immense discussion, they repainted it orange—magnetic currents even more than light and weather having turned it to a dingy brown that made it heavy and obtrusive. In strong sun the orange showed gleaming copper. Oscar Wilde declared it magnificent. Puvion de Chavannes threatened to blow it up with dynamite. From this period dates the bad name the Tower acquired, as a colossal piece of engineering vulgarity, usurping the artistic note of Paris.

Then, for the exposition of 1900, they painted it "sun color." In bright lights the tower became a thing of glory once again. That was seven years ago. The atmospheric electricity received every hour by such an unprecedented mass of iron reaching up into the air is in-



EIFFEL TOWER.

calculable. Conducting tubes a foot and a half in diameter lead it down its four piles to fifty feet below the water-bearing stratum of the earth; but the effect on the paint is there for every one to see. It does not crack off. It simply disappears—leaving the ugly chocolate color, the dingy brown of the oxidizing iron.

It thus happens that the Eiffel Tower is at this moment calling for its victims. The tower itself weighs only 8000 tons. This is by reason of its perfect form and construction—lacework in iron. Its total surface, however, being enormously greater than its exterior surface; thirty tons of liquid paint are required to give it a single new coat!

Fifty painters, working continuously together, take three months to do a single coat. In 1889 three of them fell. The tower had already had its eighteen victims in constructing; and every one working about it went carefully. Also, they had gained a kind of collective instinct of the danger of it.

In the repainting of 1895 seven men fell, hideously burying their smashed bodies deep into the earth. They were not the painters of 1889. They had no Eiffel Tower experience, but they had all the French artisan's daring born of vanity and fear to seem afraid. When after five men had been killed, the direction would have rigged them up with life-saving belts and ropes, they rebelled to a man. The result was that two others fell before the job was finished.

In 1900 the direction called for painters who had worked in 1896, to give them preference. They responded in a mass, and asked exorbitant wages. When it was finally got into their heads that the selection was being made, not for their skill as painters, but as a mere act of humanity, they agreed to work for the usual advance of 30 per cent. on the union scale—on condition of not being required to disgrace themselves with life-saving belts and rigging!

Such is the French builder's artisan—mason, zinc-roofer, carpenter, painter; pig-headed, set, unchanging, and vain beyond words with an honorable collective

trade vanity. French painters have never worked with life-saving rigging. They would not begin.

The result was five men killed in 1900. Now, last Friday, there fell the first victim of the series of 1907. The actual painting has not yet begun. He was a sort of foreman, or leader of a group; and he was just climbing about, looking over the job. He fell from a point a trifle below the third platform, struck three times going down, deflecting his fall; and yet his body sank almost five feet into the earth of a flower bed beside the southeast pile. He landed feet first. When the crushed mass of flesh and bones was taken out it was seen that the lower end of his tibia, or shin bone, of the right leg had been forced through the sole of the foot!

The third platform is 910 feet from the earth.

Even of the tourists who stand looking at it, few realize the immense proportions of the tower. Parisians, by experience, however, know how to show you a peculiar phenomenon of its deceptive symmetry.

They take you in a cab close to the tower. It does not strike you for what it is—half again the highest human construction. It looks rather heavy and chunky.

They take you half a mile distant in that cab, say, across the river and beyond the Trocadero. The tower grows higher and slenderer. At a mile distant you seem quite as near—and yet the tower has grown. In particular, you see more daylight through it. It stretches up its dizzy height like true lacework in iron? And at two miles—say, from the heights of Passy—it seems a thing of utter lightness, higher, slenderer and more delicately open in its lacework than when you gaped at its foot, almost disappointed.

One way to get an idea of its height is to compare it with Niagara Falls. The Falls are 165 feet high. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is 404 feet. Niagara Falls could therefore descend from much less than half St. Paul's height—from away below the beginning of the dome. Now place St. Paul's beside the Eiffel Tower. It reaches only to the second platform—which is to the eye the Eiffel Tower's real beginning, the point of departure of the slender shaft.

Place the Eiffel Tower beside the greatest buildings of the world. The great Pyramid does not reach up to its intermediate platform. Neither does the spire of the Cologne Cathedral.

Yet only one set of buildings of the world are higher than the Cologne Cathedral. These are the skyscrapers of American cities. The tallest actual existing one is, say, 555 feet high. It would not reach to the Tower's intermediate platform. The loftiest masonry construction in the world is to be the Singer Building extension, at the corner of Liberty street and Broadway, New York. It will beat any other American skyscraper by 57 feet. Yet not even it will reach to the Eiffel Tower's intermediate platform!

You see this intermediate platform, half way up the slender shaft. It is 647 feet from the ground. The third platform—which looks like the brim of a hat at the top—is 911 feet from the ground. Niagara Falls would have more than enough room between the third platform and the intermediate one—above the top of the Singer extension—and the true top of the Tower is still 74 feet higher!

When the fifty painters start their three months' work of spreading thirty tons of liquid paint in one coat of this gigantic mass of iron, it is an unprecedented job. There are 2,500,000 rivets alone to be painted. There are over 15,000 great metallic pieces, not to speak of the smaller ones! To make the original designs of all these pieces, forty designers and calculators worked during two years; and their finished product covered 5000 sheets of architect's paper, of the usual size of one yard square.

Another idea of the Tower's size may be gained from the number of people it can contain. Few Parisians, even, realize that it has magnificent stairways to the top—as spacious, wide and easy as the stairways of any great office building. They can accommodate 2000 persons per hour to the second platform, 1400 per hour to the third, and 800 to the summit. This is without counting the elevators which, together with the stairways, can take 3200 persons per hour to the first platform, and so on in proportion.

The restaurants, theater and beer halls of the first platform will hold at one time 1600 persons; its four exterior galleries will hold 4000; its interior terraces and galleries will hold 400 more. The second platform holds 3000 persons, and the summit holds 1000 persons. Now count 2500 persons ascending and descending, by elevators and stairways, and you have a total population of 13,500 persons!

This gigantic mass of ironwork dominates all Paris. It makes a magnificent viewpoint for tourists; but to Parisians it is an old story. The stock company that owns it, being forced to ask for a new concession every few years, therefore seeks to make the tower useful.

Its latest use has been for wireless telegraphy. Wireless communications are constantly kept up with Berlin, the great English station of Poulton, Port-Vendres on the Mediterranean, and Madrid, using the special French military system of Capt. Ferrier. In case of war, they say, information could be sent in to Paris from all points. There is not such another wireless station in the world.

On the strength of this possible service, the Eiffel Tower stock company has just had its concession renewed until the year 1914. It celebrates the event by giving it a new coat of paint.

STERLING HEILIG.

### A POLITE HUSBAND.

Judge: Your wife accuses you of ill-treatment.

Husband: I didn't know—

Judge: She says you haven't said a word to her for four years.

Husband: Oh, well, that was out of politeness. I didn't wish to interrupt her.—[Pearson's Weekly.]

## A Unique Institution.

**WORLD'S MOST REMARKABLE HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

LONDON'S animals now have a hospital all to themselves. It is the only institution of its kind in the world. Any London costermonger may bring his donkey to the Animal Hospital and have it attended for nothing. Not only this; the Queen's own veterinary surgeons, as well as Prof. Hobday and other practitioners, are at the command of the poorest of poor. Though the hospital is directly under royal patronage, and has among its directors dukes, earls and other members of the nobility, the animals of the poor alone are treated. It is no dainty, one-room establishment for the pampered pets of the rich, but a building every section of which is given up to treating animals belonging to persons too poor to pay the fee of a veterinary surgeon.

The hospital itself occupies a great block of buildings in the heart of London's fashionable West End. It is in Hugh street, Belgrave Road, not far from Victoria Station. Every day, from 9 until 4, hundreds of the London poor bring their pets to the entrance of the great Animal Hospital. The rule of the hospital is never to turn away any animal in distress. Not only are dogs and horses treated, but all kinds of domestic pets, as white mice, cats, parrots, canaries, bullfinches, guinea pigs, donkeys, dogs—all of which receive the most careful treatment it is possible to give.

Animals are able to get, in this wonderful establishment, a degree of attention and skill which it would be impossible to obtain in private practice. In fact, it has been a somewhat difficult matter, since the hospital came into working order, to restrain the rich from taking advantage of the magnificent veterinary talent at the command of the institution. Occasionally, when any remarkable disease develops among animal patients belonging to the rich, an exception may be made for the mere sake of scientific research; but, as a rule, no matter how wealthy a person is—and even if he should be patron of the hospital—his animals are not received, recent exception, however, to the "poor man's rule" made in the case of a bulldog belonging to the Earl of Yarmouth. This dog seemed to have some strange ailment which several private veterinarians did not seem to be able to diagnose. Finally, the Earl of Yarmouth himself took the dog in a cab from the Ritz Hotel to the Animal Hospital, and, after he had pleaded for a long time with the secretary, Mr. Cook, it was decided to make an exception and admit the "rich patient." Had it not, been, however, that the Yarmouth bulldog presented a peculiar medical problem, it would not have been admitted.

The arrangement of the Animal Hospital is almost exact counterpart of that of any great hospital for human beings, making, of course, the necessary adaptations required by brute creation. For instance, the entire building is divided into wards. As you enter the main doorway under an imposing arch, above which is written the legend "Animal Hospital," you are confronted by the entrances of several wards on the ground floor. There is a section of the horses' ward on the first floor, for animals too seriously injured to ascend the inclined gangway leading to the second story. On the same floor with the lower horses' ward are the donkey ward, the dogs' ward and the ward for cats. As is well known that cats are quite susceptible to most of the diseases which afflict human beings, the cat ward in the Animal Hospital is always full to overflowing. In fact, cats in the hospital are afflicted with ordinary human diseases. The hospital does not make a practice of keeping animals which are hopelessly ill. For creatures there is a well-arranged "lethal chamber" calculated to deprive even cats of all their lives in a painless manner.

When it is decided by the resident veterinarians that any animals, birds, or other pets left by their owners are not capable of being cured, the formal consent of the owners is always obtained before the introduction of the lethal chamber takes place. Not infrequently the owners of animals would rather have their pets put under "any circumstances." In these cases, the humanitarian principles of the hospital authorities are overruled, and the animals are put out of their misery. As a rule, however, the Animal Hospital seldom has to effect the destruction of animals brought within the care of the institution.

Some marvelous cures have already been effected in the hospital, though it was only opened a few years ago. The lives of hundreds of dogs, cats, birds, and other pets have been saved, and now the poor are beginning to recognize the advantages held out to them by this unique institution. Several costermongers bring their donkeys every day to the Animal Hospital for treatment. Strange to say, many of these donkeys suffer from rheumatism, and this disease often leads to a stiffness of the joints which renders the animal quite useless for getting about the streets. A few years in the donkeys' ward at the hospital literally put the coster's "mate" on his feet again.

Speaking of cures which modern veterinary science is able to effect, some remarkable operations are now performed nowadays. Quite a number of cats have been fitted with becoming glass eyes during the past few years, and several valuable dogs have received new false teeth. That these latter operations are not "faddy" excursions of surgeons in the field of experiment is attested by the fact that false teeth in dogs have proved the means of extending the lives of animals for many years. When dogs get old and their teeth fall, the animals are not able to properly masticate



their food, and they become debilitated from not having the proper nourishment. Prof. Hobday and other veterinarians have succeeded in fitting excellent sets of false teeth into the mouths of a number of dogs. Of course, the same methods of fitting teeth are adopted with dogs as those used with respect to human beings. Regular examinations of the dogs' mouths have to be taken, and the teeth are fitted on plates, as usual. The conformation of the dog's mouth makes it quite easy to fit good sets of teeth into it, and there are many dogs in London today that can boast sets of false teeth, of which, from an artistic point of view, they should be very proud.

Another operation successfully carried out on dogs, cats, and other animals today is trephining, or removing portions of bone from the skull. Not infrequently these are brought into the hospital dogs and other animals which have had the bones of the face or skull crushed. Ordinarily, these animals would die in agony in a few hours. Such cases are taken at once to the Animal Hospital operating-room, where every appliance of modern surgery is to be found. A quick trephining operation by the resident surgeon, and the animal is soon on the road to recovery.

Not only are cases of accident attended in the hospital, but there is a department which goes in for animal beautifying; for instance, many dogs and cats are brought in which are suffering from facial and other deformities. Among bulldogs, hairlip is very prevalent, as well as cleft palate. It is really wonderful to see some of these creatures "before" and "after" treatment. Bulldogs will be brought into the hospital quite unrecognizable in personal appearance. It takes very little natural deformity to make a bulldog much uglier than he is, but a bulldog with a hairlip can scarcely be considered a thing of beauty; and yet, not infrequently, these animals are very valuable. Under the surgeon's scalpel, however, the facial blemish disappears, and when the dogs return to their homes their owners never cease praising the skill of the animal doctor. Glass eyes fitted to cats come also under the beautifying department. A one-eye cat is not a very inviting object at the best. The good looks of even the handsomest of felines are often spoiled by the loss of an orbit. At the Animal Hospital, however, it is not impossible to render the cats "as good as new," so far as appearance is concerned. It must be admitted that a cat with a glass eye possesses certain advantages over one without this article. If it comes to the scratch, so to speak, the glass-eyed cat is less likely to suffer serious damage than the natural one.

It is quite feasible to supply dogs with false teeth, and cats with false eyes, but the substitution of artificial limbs for natural ones is an ordinary occurrence at the Animal Hospital. Quite a number of dogs, ranging from small fox terriers to Great Danes, are fitted with artificial legs, most of these being composed of lumber, and some light metal like aluminum.

It is rather curious that animals are often brought to the hospital with dislocated tails. There is a special treatment for this condition. In the case of dogs the bones of the tail are set, and the tail is kept in a splint until the dislocation is reduced. As a matter of fact, every known surgical operation is performed at the Animal Hospital, from setting a dislocated tail to trephining a fractured skull. In the bird ward an amount of skill and attention is devoted to feathered pets of the poor. Birds in every state of disease are brought to the hospital by their owners. One of the latest cases seen by the writer on the occasion of a recent visit to the hospital was that of an English sky-pet with a fractured thigh. The poor creature rested on a bit of its native grass quite forlorn and silent. Another unhappy case was that of a parrot, who had lost practically all his feathers with the exception of a few on the head of a lustrous topknot of which he was once very proud. A strange parasite had attacked the skin of the bird and reduced it from a state of proud and gorgeous festivity to one of deep and wretched depression. The poor bird's shrieks of optimistic laughter were however, the matron of the hospital stated that, after a course of a few weeks' treatment, she would be able to restore Polly to his pristine glory. This restoration is being effected by daily sprays of antiseptic and also lotions to encourage a new growth of feathers.

Among the favorite pets of the London poor are white rats. There is a regular "rattery," so to speak, at the Animal Hospital. These creatures are allowed considerable freedom, when not injured too badly to get out, and their diseases often interest, not only the veterinarians, but also many regular practitioners. Recently the Queen's veterinarian operated on a white rat at the Animal Hospital. As rats and mice are operated on to the extent of hundreds of thousands in cancer research, doubtless the Queen's animal doctor found something of interest in the specimen he found at the hospital.

A very important feature in connection with the Animal Hospital is the ambulance service. A large number of ambulances are stationed at various parts of London, ready at a moment's notice to attend accident cases involving dogs and other animals. These ambulances are fitted up with surgical dressings of every kind, together with tackle for helping injured horses into wagons and other devices. The wheels are rubber-tired, and every appliance is on hand for the purpose of alleviating suffering.

The interest taken by the poor, as well as the rich, in the Animal Hospital is truly remarkable. The history of founding such an institution came into being about five years ago, and first started by an organization known as the Dumb Friends' League, a society for the encouragement of kindness to animals. Among the Countess of Essex is one of the vice-presidents of the society. Among other titled ladies interested in the institution are the Countess of Yarmouth, Marchion-

ess of Exeter, Marchioness of Ormonde, Countess of Aberdeen, and many others. The Marchioness of Donegal is chairman of the committee, assisted actively by some of the most prominent society leaders. Even Queen Alexandra has manifested an interest in the work of the society, and done many little things characteristic of Her Majesty to make the dumb inmates of the institution more comfortable.

Altogether, the Animal Hospital is the most remarkable institution of its kind in the world.

W. D. COWLEY.

## Little Red Schoolhouse.

### LAMENT FOR THE PASSING OF THAT TIME-HONORED LANDMARK.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Indiana Legislature at its last session passed a law looking to the abandonment of district schools where the attendance is twelve pupils or less. The law reads as follows: "Township trustees may discontinue and abandon all schools under their charge at which the average daily attendance during the last preceding school year has been twelve pupils or fewer; provided the condition as to roads, streams and bridges permit of such discontinuance."

The law also provides that pupils living in abandoned school districts shall be provided with transportation from their homes to the nearest school. Pupils from six to twelve years old who live a mile or more from the nearest school, and pupils over twelve years old who live more than two miles from the nearest school are to be taken to and from the school in hacks. The expense of this transportation is to be paid from the special school fund.

That twenty States have taken similar action would seem to indicate that "the little red schoolhouse" is doomed. To many this seems almost like sacrilege, for it was within its sacred precincts that a large per cent. of our most honored men and women received their early training and laid the foundation for success in life.

To many "the little red schoolhouse" stands as a symbol of all that is bright and pleasant in childhood associations. Around it cluster the most sacred memories. The color may not have been "red" at all, but that makes no difference; it is for what it stands, and not for the thing itself.

The term "little red schoolhouse" calls to my mind a long, low cobblestone building, desks on three sides of the room, a huge stove in the center, and the teacher's desk, on a raised platform at one end. In my schoolboy days, seats were not assigned by grade, but held by the right of preemption. It stood one in hand to be up bright and early on that first day of the term and to be prepared for a rush and a crush as soon as the door should swing open. Well do I remember being one of three boys who persuaded the man who held the key to admit us the evening before. We spent the night in the schoolroom, to make sure of a certain seat. The one I selected had been occupied the year before by an honored pupil who had now closed his educational career and taken his place upon the farm. That desk was the wonder of the school, and, by the way, most of the desks in that room were hand-carved. The work on this particular desk was elaborate and historical. The artist had laid out all the northeastern portion of the United States, and, with his jack-knife, he had carved out the rivers and lakes, the mountains and valleys. It only remained for me to put on a few finishing touches. So real and correct was that model that one could start a stream of water in the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, and it would plow its way on up into Lake Ontario, then on and on, forming the falls of Niagara, pass the rapids and out into Lake Erie. That desk was the marvel of the school, and the pride of its occupant. However, I did not get as much enjoyment out of that term as I had anticipated, for the teacher was old Elder Hitchcock, a man of the Abraham Lincoln type of build, and as he was cross-eyed, I was not always sure whether he was looking out of the door or watching me. The first four weeks of the term afforded me ample time to complete the work on the desk, for in those days it was the practice to begin at the first page of the book, without regard to what had been accomplished the previous year. As I had been over it a half dozen times at least it was hardly a review. This practice was a little discouraging to an ambitious scholar, and if allowed to push ahead and complete a certain line of work, it was regarded a great triumph.

Yes, the little red schoolhouse was a time-honored and a noble institution, and to very many the announcement that it is to become a thing of the past will cause a feeling of regret, if not pain. Since 1870 the district school has been steadily on the wane. While there has been a marvelous growth in population for the past thirty-seven years, the district school shows a constant decrease in attendance. Schools that twenty-five and thirty years ago enrolled from 80 to 150 pupils cannot now muster a half dozen.

Statistics show that in Illinois last year 1150 schools had less than fifteen pupils each, 525 less than 10, 229 less than 5. In Michigan, 52 districts had less than two pupils, and were discontinued; 83 had five and less. The cost per pupil in these 83 schools was \$99.50 each. In Indiana in 1906 there were 1922 schools with 20 pupils and less; 1090 with 15 and less; 286 with 10 and less; 49 with 5 and less; 280 schools were abandoned.

In a district a short distance from Kokomo, Ind., a teacher was hired for an eight months' term of school. He began with twelve scholars, a little later several families moved away, leaving him but one pupil. The

trustee has tried to prevail upon him to give up the contract. He says "no;" that he is bound to see that that one boy has a good education. A lady teacher in the same State, having a contract for an eight months' term, started with eleven pupils. Removals reduced the number to five. The patrons wished to close the school, and finally took their children out, but the teacher goes to the building each morning, rings the bell, calls the roll and meets all the requirements on her part; not a pupil in attendance.

In the light of these facts, it is to be expected that the question should be raised as to the desirability and the feasibility of continuing the district school any longer, and that some solution of the question should be sought. The solution seems to have been found in the consolidation or centralization of several weak districts into one strong central school. If this plan can be successfully carried out, it will be seen that the disappearance of the little red schoolhouse is not a destruction, but an evolution, a development, an opening out into a broader and more commanding field of usefulness. There has been great progress along all lines, why not here? True there has been progress in the methods of teaching, in text-books, and in various devices for the presentation of certain subjects; and in many and most of our city schools there has been marked improvement along all lines, but while this is true, the district school has remained practically untouched. It does not seem to have occurred to any one, until very lately, that the district schools need to be, or could be, improved so as to meet the demands of twentieth-century progress.

Farmers have been sending their children away from home to avail themselves of the advantages offered in the city schools, paying double taxes and never stopping to ask if this is so, or looking for a difficult state of things. It was not until very recently that any one ventured to ask the question: "Why should the child in the city have better educational advantages than the child in the country?" "Why may not the farmer's boy and girl have the advantage of a high-school course without being compelled to leave home to get it." To raise the question was to answer it.

It only remained to solve the question, How can the district school be changed so as to serve this end, and meet this demand?

Three suggestions were offered: First, improve the educational plant. Second, enrich the course of study. Third, consolidate the districts.

It is readily seen that the first two suggestions are wholly dependent upon the third. If consolidation is practicable and desirable, then the improvement of the educational plant and the enrichment of the course of study will naturally and surely follow.

What does consolidation mean? First, that outlying districts with but few pupils shall be combined in one central school. The union of all the schools in the township perhaps; second, the transportation in full or in part of the pupils of the outlying districts. This is usually done in covered wagons, accommodating fifteen to twenty children, artificially warmed in cold weather. These wagons are driven by reliable men under contract and bond as to regularity and good behavior; third, it means better schools at less expense; better buildings, better equipment, better supervision, better teachers, because they are better paid; a greater incentive to work, for there is an inspiration in numbers both to pupils and teachers; better health of the children, larger and more regular attendance, and wherever it is in operation tardiness is unknown. In short, it makes possible a graded school in the country that is in every sense the equal of the best city school.

To this plan of consolidation the chief objection and, we might say about the only objection, was the expense. This plan of consolidation is now in successful operation in twenty States, and reports show that at less cost than the maintaining of the ungraded and inferior school. Consolidation was first adopted in Massachusetts. Sixty-five per cent. of the townships in that State have now adopted the plan, and last year's reports show a saving of \$600 annually to each township. In La Grange county, Ind., last year, thirty-eight schools were closed and 428 pupils transported at a saving of \$6704. By this plan of centralization it will soon be possible for the farmer's boy and girl to secure a high-school education who otherwise could not obtain it. And to secure it while still under the parental roof and under the care of those who will watch over their physical and moral well-being as well as their studies.

GEORGE L. COLE.

### AN INGENIOUS LAWYER.

In Brussels lives a lawyer who recently made good use of a phonograph in a lawsuit. He had been continually annoyed by the noises of hammering at an iron foundry in his near neighborhood. Finding that complaints were unavailing, he brought the matter into court. But before doing so he placed a phonograph in his library for one whole day. When the case came before the court he produced the phonograph and set going the specially prepared cylinder. An uproar and din as from the forge of Vulcan was the result, and the ingenious lawyer won his case.—[Chicago News.

### NEWLAND'S ELOQUENCE.

Senator Newlands of Nevada was soaring in debate one day, soaring so high he hit the ceiling. He realized he was getting a trifle flowery and, to excuse himself, said: "Indeed, Mr. President, perfrigid oratory may be pardoned, for this subject furnishes all the food eloquence needs." That sounded pretty good to Newlands, but he was a bit abashed when he read in the Congressional Record next day that he asserted his topic "furnished all the food elephants need."—[Chicago Chronicle.



## The "Cobbler Bard."

HUMOR FOUND IN THE POEMS OF  
HANS SACHS.

By a Special Contributor.

HANS SACHS and the Mastersingers are for the most of us little more than myths, ghosts, perhaps, that wander up and down the streets of medieval Nuremberg, singing their songs of love and chivalry—forgotten songs, and withal uninteresting, supposedly, to the wide-awake people of the twentieth century.

Occasionally this "cobbler bard" wanders in and out of Longfellow's poem in company with the painter, Albert Durer, the Kaisers and the Councils, ghosts, all of them, and, but for the always interesting architecture of the quaint old town, we would scarcely turn our heads to look at them as they pass.

Certainly we never think of Hans Sachs as a humorist, yet some of his writings are full of quaint homely wit. Mastersingers are for the cultured people, so, eager to reach the masses, this bard took to writing dialogues on the great topics of the day, and they are full of simplicity, force, and earnestness.

One of his best-known and most delicious is the story of "Eve's Unlike Children." Adam and Eve, cast out of Paradise, are sitting tired and depressed with their day's work. Adam is trying to comfort his wife, and suddenly remembers that an angel has given him a piece of news to the effect that God will visit them on the following day to hold high feast and see how they

certainly impossible to keep one's gravity when the Prince of Darkness is represented as a gay wooer, a henpecked husband who runs away from his troubles, and as rather stupid, but perfectly good-humored and harmless.

There were a sort of people known as Landknechte, country louts who took to soldiering, hired themselves to the highest bidder, and went about robbing. Hans, a good tradesman, would specially dislike such a set of men, so he takes a drive at them in one of his dialogues. One "Beizebock" is summoned by His Royal Highness, the prince of the underworld, and sent up to earth to bring back one of these robbers, who, from all hearsay belongs down there among his peers. The messenger goes to a tavern where some of them are drinking, and hides behind a stove to watch his chance. But even he is filled with horror at their conversation. His hair stands on end at their stories, and he is afraid to touch one of them. A cock, which they have stolen, hangs up beside Beizebock, and presently one of them calls to the host: "Landlord, pluck the poor devil behind the stove, and roast him for supper." At this he is completely done for, and flees for dear life. When he is again safe among his friends, he implores the devil to content himself with monks and nuns.

There is another dialogue in which these robber-soldiers figure largely. A party of them appear before the gate of heaven and demand admittance, but Peter has strict orders not to let them in. They begin to swear, and hearing the familiar words, he thinks they are praying. "I never saw such pious people in my life," he says, and opens the door. But they are no sooner in than they fall to gambling and quarreling, and when Peter remonstrates, they chase him through the streets with swords. He escapes to Deity, and asks what is to be done, but only receives the reply: "I told you it would be." At length an angel is sent to blow a trumpet outside the walls of the city, and the soldiers hearing, think a new war has broken out, rush off to enlist, and the door is closed behind them.

Again he pictures Peter as criticizing the divine government of the world and insinuating that he could do better, another quite up-to-date phase of affairs. He is allowed to try his hand, and the first petition he hears is from an old woman who prays him to look after her goat. The weather is hot, the goat is active, but breathless and red, Peter must chase up and down, he has no time for anything else, and at length, perspiring and disgusted, he is thankful to resign his office.

This is all quite different from the usual style of writing expected from the cobbler-bard. His genial smile gleams through the soberest subject, but he laughs without guile, and because, being a humorist, he must forsooth see the humorous side of everything.

Hans Sachs was essentially the poet of the handicraftsmen and tradesmen, the poet of the labor unions of his day in Germany. Never before, nor since, did so many workmen devote their time to versemaking and music as in his day; indeed, there were few who could not rhyme.

They formed societies, and had public festivals with all the necessary rehearsals, and these private rehearsals were really schools, and were held in the town hall, or the church, on holidays and Sunday afternoons. The songs were required to be religious, and, after the Reformation, scriptural in subject. For entrance into the society a testimony of good character was requisite, and no member could absent himself without good excuse.

The society or school was arranged in grades, and the members were instructed free by mastersingers of established fame. At first a member was known as a scholar. When he had learned the technical rule, he passed to a higher grade, and was called a school friend.

When able to sing certain of the songs he was a singer. Producing verses of his own after recognized measures and forms, he became a poet, and finally when he had invented a new meter or musical score, he was entitled to the name of mastersinger. Then there was solemn deliberation, and the new rhyme or song was baptized with some fitting name, godfathers being even chosen for the quaint ceremony, and there were ruddy tones, and green tones, tones named for dragons and princes, for nightingales and woman's honor.

Luther's translation of the Bible was their standard, and when a new piece was scrutinized, the author had to cite chapter and verse, and an official critic sat behind a screen, Bible in hand, to note not only mistakes of rhyme and meter, but also variations from scripture and wrong interpretations.

That may have been medieval, but it would puzzle some modern versemakers mightily to live up to such requirements.

It seems a thing quite unparalleled for tired workmen, leaving their bench and workshop at night to devote themselves almost universally to what they termed their "benignant art." It would seem as if we might go back to what we call the dark ages for some good things after all. If Shea and his followers in Chicago were to fill the Auditorium two nights in a week striving to obtain knowledge and mastery of some one of the "benignant arts," if our doubly stricken sister city, San Francisco, could build into her new walls the sound of music and rhythm of words instead of curses and moans, then, indeed, should we have taken a long stride toward the millennium.

And what is to hinder it except the greed of the bosses? The labor union is not a new thing. Many of the beautiful statues of Italy, many of the rare paintings were good-will offerings from such unions, guilds, as they called themselves. Was a new church or cathedral building, or were plans being laid for the beautifying of the city? The union men did not band themselves together to block the wheels of progress, to prevent their fellow-workmen from following their vocations, to maim and kill all who did not follow them, and cause disaster and starvation to fall upon their peaceful homes. No, far from it. They interested themselves to a man in the work planned. Different guilds or unions met by themselves and said: "There are so many niches in the new church that is building; let us provide a statue for

one of them." Then this word went out to the other guilds, and one said we will take a second, another a third and fourth, and the spaces were filled.

The church of San Michele in Florence, Italy, was decorated. The Butchers' Union gave a statue of St. Peter. The Flax Workers' Union one of St. Mark, the Armors' Union one of St. George. All these were the work of Donatello, a member of the Artists' Guild. We are most familiar with prints of St. George, the one shown on this page. It is a young man in armor without sword or lance, bareheaded and with one hand on a long shield. The hands hang straight down his side, partly closed as if ready for fight. His face is knotted about his shoulders, and he stands firmly with both feet set widely apart.

The fame of those old Nurembergers is the pride of their city, but Longfellow rhymes truly, "Not thy Councils, nor thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard."

But thy painter Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler-bard."

Workingmen, both of them, a shoemaker and a smith, but makers of the world's history, for through engravings and woodcuts Durer is even more famous than through his paintings. Nuremberg history is rated with Durer and Hans Sachs.

Sachs's writings go to show that he was on good terms with the world and his fellow-workers, and on less than the moneyed men of Nuremberg. No one was harder and bitter toward others could write droll dialogues and songs.

He must have been a hard worker, since, when he died, in 1576, in his 83rd year, he had written almost 4000 mastersongs, more than 300 plays, and many other poems, besides all his cobbler's toil. But was not a curse; it is the greatest blessing in the world to be deprived of work, as men are those days bossism and walking delegates, that is a curse.

When Hans Sachs wrote there was ambition, and with each other for perfection in their art that led him man to do his best, whatever his craft. Prizes, of considerable value, were given to these song writers. Nuremberg the first prize was a cord with three gold medals attached, and on the center medal David represented with crown and harp. The prize called "King David," after the Hebrew Psalmist, gaining of a prize was a great event.

This was the association which fostered the sense of humor should have survived the artificiality in which all song was required to be set, and the questions which were treated, the Trinity, the elements, where God was before the creation of the world, and the like.

He tells us about his education as a child in the schools of Nuremberg, and the list of studies is even in these days of higher education, to make modern schoolboy quake. "Grammar, music, arithmetic, logic, astronomy, geography, philosophy, poetry, and the science of many crafts, air, water, earth and fire." He confesses that he did it all, which is perhaps fortunate for his readers. However, he did not forget how to speak his mother tongue to play on stringed instruments and to sing.

He was a shoemaker's apprentice when he joined the mastersinger's school, and after his two years of ice, came his years of travel, after the manner of man artisans. This served to broaden his travel and conduct with other ways and men, and the writer of today, and in his daily toll with him and last he carried out some of our modern theories that the best work of the brain is done only when accompanied with manual labor.

At Braunsau he composed his first original work in music, and became a master, and after this, when he spent any time in a city, he joined the mastersinger's school and became one of its teachers. He finally in his native city and married a woman proved to be a good housekeeper, but somewhat lacking in speech. Soon after he wrote a poem on the sweet of Wedded Life, beginning it with the words: "That all women have long clothes and short tongues."

Goethe pays him a tribute in his autobiography in his poem, "The Poetical Vocation of Hans Sachs," describes and explains an old woodcut. Hans sitting in his workshop on Sunday. As a typifying History, and a young maid Hans's ers crowd around offering him their stories. He is looking at him in a friendly manner, and his wife waiting in the garden to cheer him in his work. An oak wreath is floating in the clouds above him in the corner is a frog pond for critics.

That frog pond is worthy of imitation, and a modern writer would willingly maintain one, if not, if the frogs would always keep to its borders.

Hans Sachs and Albert Durer totally refute the trine that the arts and commerce do not thrive together for Nuremberg was noted far and near for its manufactures, and was as well the principal for the drugs, silks and spices of the south that in by way of Venice. Not only its commercial and social life as well, was brilliant, the streets were the carnival seasons, its processions were splendid with splendor.

That this man, whom most of us know only through Longfellow's poem, should be the poet of the handicraftsmen and tradesmen, and should afterwards come the poet of the Reformation, apostrophizing them as the nightingale greeting the dawn, seems so surprising. But at first thought Hans Sachs as a poet seems to be figuring in a new role, as if he should take the part of Falstaff or Othello or Touchstone. But truth to tell, he seems more human and real, much less of a myth and more of a man, much more one of our day and age, and less of a medieval times, for the penning of these dialogues full of homely humor.

GUSSEY PACKARD



STATUE OF ST. GEORGE.

are keeping house and bringing up the children. He suggests that she sweep the rooms, put fresh straw on the floors, and wash the children and dress them up in their best clothes, so as to make the finest appearance possible, and in this Eve acquiesces.

The next morning she is at work bright and early, and the house is given such a cleaning as only a German Hausfrau could give it. But when it comes to the children, it is quite another proposition, for Eve's children are sharply separated into two groups. Abel and those like him are good, pretty and obedient, and are soon dressed; but Cain and his fellows are dirty, unruly, and deformed. She finds them playing and quarreling in the gutter when she goes to tidy them up, and they flatly refuse to be washed. Abel tells them who is coming, but Cain says: "I'd liefer He would stay away." Then the father takes a hand, and bids him prepare for the sacrifice and sermon, but he replies that he wishes that sermon and sacrifice had never been invented. At this, Eve loses her patience, and exclaims that she will leave them as they are, and they will see how they will come out when they put in an appearance, a dirty rabble, foul as pigs.

The visitor comes as announced, and after a hospitable welcome and pleasant conversation, he asks about the children. The good ones, with Abel at their head, advance, singing a song, and shake hands with their guest. He asks them questions—out of Luther's catechism, and the children come off with flying colors. Then Eve, encouraged, ventures to produce the other lot of youngsters, but when they come trembling in, dirty, shapeless, unkempt, God cannot keep from laughing. They offer their left hands, and make a wretched mess of the catechism, and try to excuse themselves by saying that they didn't see the use of it, they can't remember it, and they didn't know He was coming, excuses that sound very modern. Indeed, and not at all like medieval times.

The Visitor is much displeased, and to punish them says that their descendants shall be mechanics, fishermen, and peasants, while the good children shall be kings, nobles, rich merchants and professors. Eve objects, but is told that the existence of ranks is necessary, only so can there be order in the world.

This may seem a little irreverent to us, but the figure of the Deity is only quaint, and truly Protestant.

It seems odd for a strict Lutheran to make fun of the devil, but the devil is Hans Sachs's favorite butt. It is



# Desecrating Paris.

THE SKY LINE OF THE ETOILE BEING BROKEN.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, April 27.—They have broken the sky line of the Etoile. The most noble public place of Paris is being architecturally degraded. When visiting the city are driven in, they will behold Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe dwarfed by the eccentric cupolas of a modern hotel.

All over Paris similar degradations of the beauty and grandeur that made Parisian charm are springing up; but the attack on the "Etoile" itself has roused all classes, down to street boys selling violets in the Avenue of the Champs Elysees, down to cab drivers, sneering at the sight of it; so much so that the hotel's architect will certainly be asked to cut off these two cupolas—probably two stories of his giant building.

Meaning of the Etoile? It means the star, because twelve triumphantly-built avenues go radiating from its center space like starbeams. In the center is the Arch of the Grande Armee, planned by Napoleon after the victory of Austerlitz and begun in 1806.

This greatest triumphal arch of the world, after passing through the hands of one emperor, two kings, a revolution and another king, was finished in 1836. When the body of Napoleon was brought back from St. Helena, the cortege, on its way to the final tomb of the Invalides, passed beneath it, December 15, 1840.

On March 1, 1871, the German regiments entering Paris triumphantly with flags and music, had the good sense to march round it, not beneath it.

From May 30 to June 1, 1885, the body of the poet Victor Hugo rested beneath the arch—during the greatest funeral ever witnessed by Paris, not excepting those of kings and emperors—before its burial in the Pantheon.

The place is noble and reposeful with great architectural memories—and subtle symmetry. The distance from the great arch to the circumference of the open space is just 500 feet. The height of the arch is 160 feet. When in the great building movement of the early days of Napoleon III twelve mansions rose at the points of the star, their architects did not need to be told they should be regular and in proportion.

All these twelve mansions stand today round the great circle. Not one of them has been architecturally modified. They are of cream-colored stone, turned gray in places. They are of three noble stories and a mansard roof, in the cold but discreet civic beauty of Napoleon III and Baron Haussmann, of exactly the right height to frame the Arc de Triomphe at their distance.

When you stand beside the arch, when you enter the place around it, their circular sky line gives a sense of harmony and satisfaction, as of a great esthetic peace. The most ordinary Paris workman feels it. As he leads a family of a Sunday afternoon to the gay rattle of the omnibus, he stops in the Etoile, breathes deep, and looks with a content he cannot put in words.

It is no wonder that Parisians cry out against the building of that classic circle. Where is Monsieur Bouvard, the high architect of the city? He is in South America, giving a lecture tour on "Civic Beauty." And during his absence a hotel building stock company has in any way or other been able to run up an eight-story building flanked with two obtrusive vulgar cupolas in the Avenue of the Champs Elysees and just behind one of the twelve symmetrical old mansions forming the Etoile.

The true architectural disaster of it must be seen to be believed. I had the best photographer of Paris use a wide-angle lens to make the accompanying photograph; and yet it takes in only three of the twelve mansions of the circle. True, a fourth is hidden by the arch while the breaking of the sky line—which runs straight across the background of the photograph—cries aloud to you from the grotesque pile in the right corner.

The matter stands today; the great building is not new, and Parisians are aroused. It was time they should be aroused. A horde of utilitarian builders seems to have taken hold of the fair capital and sworn to destroy all its beautiful aspects.

They work with extraordinary rapidity and immense energy. They first attacked the boulevard, then the Avenue of the Champs Elysees. They have broken sky line after sky line. They have painted house fronts during red for advertising purposes. They run up new facades in the Rue Royale, beside the noble facade of Gabriel.

In the Quai d'Orsay they have built a vast hotel, bright and style swears at the classic palaces of the city. In the Avenue de l'Opera they have planted a colonnade on the fifth floor of an apartment house.

They are crushing the mansions around the Etoile, distorting proportions, corking up perspectives, and attacking the majesty of the arch itself. Tomorrow they will attack the Place de l'Opera; and day after tomorrow the Rue de la Paix.

Now, just so much as there is something in the approach to the clustering skyscrapers of New York—there are so many of them that they are an architectural law unto themselves—just so

much the sewing of new patches on old garments disfigures Paris.

There is not a Parisian who does not curse these horrors. Even those who themselves run them up for business purposes cry out against all similar desecrations. Street boys stop before the buildings and laugh at them. Old women selling cabbages from push carts fear their masons.

Do not doubt these latter statements. It is not necessary to be able to reason on esthetics to feel the stupidity, incorrectness and ugliness of such a sight. And every one is blaming the architects.

The architects reply that they must live. If they do not meet the owners' views, they will not get the job. Each extra floor increases the rent of an apartment house, office building or hotel.

As to the eccentricity of facades, they serve to advertise the building! The silly novelty of a tower or colonnade catches the eye. The ridiculous is often the best advertising dodge.

Parisians, accusing architects—as one would accuse malpracticing doctors—pass over owners and builders as irresponsible from money hunger, to come down hard again on what we would call the Building Commissioners. It is their duty to see that Paris is not made ugly. Perhaps, now that all classes are aroused by the insulting of the Arc de Triomphe, they will begin doing it. As I have already said, their chief man, the great architect Bouvard, is absent now, from Paris. Where? In South America. What doing? Here Parisians laugh, because the thing is comical. While builders are feverishly uglifying Paris, her chief defender, on a lecture tour, is teaching South Americans to beautify their cities!

## Down the Colorado.

A CANOE TRIP OF THREE HUNDRED MILES ON THE RIVER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Colorado River debouches from the vast depths of the Grand Cañon on the Arizona-Nevada boundary and pours its turbid flood 400 miles south to the gulf through the vast forbidding waste known as the Colorado Desert, barren of all save the sparsest vegetation, transversed by a hundred low detached mountain ranges, sculptured by the storms of ages into icicle peaks and fantastic varicolored buttes innumerable, between which lie vast sweeps of endless desert, save for the river's narrow valley, a waterless sun-baked wilderness which in the summer months burns with an oven-like heat under a sky of brass, and betimes swept with a sirocco-like sandstorm or an occasional cloudburst.

Winter, however, in this region is a delightful season, of frostless nights, cloudless days and balmy breezes, an ideal winter climate for all who enjoy life in the open air and are willing for a season to forego the amenities of civilization and are content with the limited companionship and few luxuries that isolated camp life affords.

Midwinter, 1907, found a congenial friend and myself at Needles, bent on exploring the little-known region traversed by the Colorado. We constructed a stout row-boat about twenty feet long, in the lockers of which were stored provisions for two months, along with a full camping outfit, guns and ammunition, and on a perfect January day we floated out on the swift current of the Colorado.

Soon the smoke of the little railway town is far behind us. We traverse fifteen miles of river flowing through a broad valley, pass under the great 700-foot span of the Santa Fe bridge at Topock, Ariz., and are swept on into the mouth of Chemahuevis Cañon or Needle Mountain Gorge. We make a landing here, and engage two Mojave Indian pilots to take us through the swift waters of this cañon twelve miles long. With one "Poor Lo" at the oars and another at the helm, we have only to admire the fine scenery of this part of the picturesque Colorado. The walls of the cañon rapidly mount to 400, 600 and 1000 feet, displaying a wonderful variety of soft, coloring. On either hand, close in, stand grouped the barren spire-like peaks of the Needle Mountains rising a sheer 2000 feet above the river. Great ledges of lava rocks jut far out into the stream, around which the rapid current foams and boils. So sinuous is the cañon that one can see but a few hundred yards of it at a time, and but for the rapid current one might easily imagine he were navigating a walled mountain lake.

Suddenly a loud roar from a point in the river dead ahead attracted our attention.

"That is the Devil's Elbow," explained one of our guides, who speaks English. "Be through him pretty quick."

Dexterously the pilots hug the shore on the inner angle of this dangerous whirlpool, and in a moment we are swept fast aground on a sand bar. In a twinkling both Indians are out in the water, one at either end of the boat, trying to push it into deeper water. Around us foams the boiling current. Directly across the river rises a huge wall of rock against which the river surges, being parted by a great rock ledge one side of which is the whirlpool.

A few more tugs, and the boat is off the bar and into deep water, so suddenly that one Indian is left clinging to the bow up to his waist. He laughs and climbs aboard. On sweeps the boat directly at the foaming base of the rock. A dextrous turn of the helm and a few vigorous strokes with the oars and we sweep by the foaming rocks, so near as to touch them with an oar, and on into the calmer water beyond. Verily, these Indians are good pilots. The novice has no business in these treacherous waters.

Soon we float out to the broad Chemahuevis Valley, and, after a good camp dinner on the river bank, dismiss

our Indians, who immediately take the trail over the rugged mountains we have just traversed, back to Topock, twenty miles away. Here we camp for a few days, and have a look into the life of the Chemahuevis Indians, who live in this valley. They are an offshoot of the Nevada Pahutes who emigrated to this spot early in the last century and have since dwelt in peace in the Mojave Indian country. They subsist and live in the most primitive fashion, hunting, fishing, and making baskets and beadwork which they sell at the Mojave Indian Agency at Parker. The men are expert swimmers and boatmen. Frequently we saw two or three of them towing a large canoe up river, often sinking to their waists in the treacherous quicksand bars.

Twenty miles farther south we came to the Mojave Indian Agency, and for a few days observed the life of the Mojave Indians in their nearby villages. This tribe has a strange custom of cremating its dead on huge piles of desert wood. Like the Chemahuevis, they subsist in the most primitive way, but raise quantities of beans and melons.

At Parker the Colorado Valley widens to more than twenty miles, densely overgrown with cottonwood, willow and mesquite, through which the river winds, the green of the valley contrasting sharply with the interminable reaches of gray desert on either hand. Through this wilderness we voyage. Flocks of wild ducks whirl swiftly overhead and alight in some nearby lagoon. A long line of geese take noisy flight as we round a sand bar, and a bevy of herons solemnly watch us from the river's bank, while a flock of pelicans plump noisily down into the water near at hand, seemingly oblivious to our presence. The mesquite thickets are literally alive with quail. Every report of our guns sends a covey of fifty or so to wing, now in front, behind or on either side, all chattering like a flock of blackbirds.

Whenever night overtakes us we pull up our boat and camp, beside a roaring fire of driftwood, for the nights are cool. Darkness falls, and the river becomes a broad belt of shimmering silver in the brilliant moonlight. Over all is the silence of the solitudes, broken only by the distant quacking of ducks, the night call of herons, or the distant wail of coyotes. We fall asleep with only the starry sky for a roof, lulled by the gentle lapping of the river on its sandy bank.

Making a camp one evening at the foot of the Finger Mountains, we are surprised to receive a visit from a desert prospector coming from apparently nowhere. Gaunt, unkempt and out of supplies, he readily accepts our invitation to stop for the night, and unpacks his burro, falling to the evening meal with a true desert appetite. He displays many samples of ore from his packs, and as the evening wears on regales us with many stories of his adventurous life in the Klondike, Mexico and South America, ever harking back to the hidden wealth of the desert hills. The desert prospector is a born optimist. With his faithful burro he haunts the mysterious distances of the desert, content with his scanty fare of bacon and beans and a meager supply of water, no difference how brackish, from some desert water hole. With the coming of the hot summer he seeks some mining camp, there to work patiently for a "grubstake," and the following winter is sure to find him back on the desert in lonely quest of the rich ledge or placer ground that will one day make him independent.

Ehrenberg, Ariz., our next stop, is the old Santa Fé trail crossing of the Colorado. In early days this was a busy point. Steamers brought supplies up the river, and long freight teams transported them to the interior mining camps and military posts. All that remains of it is a few old tumble-down adobe buildings amid which we find one store and saloon. Near by is the old ruined town of Lapaz, a thriving mining camp in the '50's. Now the ruined adobes shelter only scorpions and centipedes.

From the bluff on which Ehrenberg stands we get a fine view of the country to the south. Twenty miles away the belt of green river valley vanishes behind the rugged spurs of Riverside Mountain, and beyond that are other mountain ranges, billowing back to the far distant skyline.

We are impatient to be off and explore this country which we are sure holds much of interest for us. Our luggage is soon aboard our boat, and we journey onward, pass Riverside Landing, and enter a perfect maze of mountains approaching close to the river, barren from bases to summits, sculptured into fantastic shapes. Spires, buttes and battlements rise on every hand, clothed in every imaginable color. Saffrons, browns, blues, pinks, amethysts and mauves sweep away to summits near and far, blending so softly one into the other that it is impossible to determine where one color ends and another begins. Through this brilliant landscape we voyage for sixty miles, past Lighthouse Rock, a lava spire 200 feet high, which stands in the middle of the river, through picturesque Red Rock Gate and on to Laguna, Ariz., the site of the Laguna Dam now being constructed by the United States Reclamation Service. By its construction about 100,000 acres of the rich lands of the Yuma Valley will be reclaimed. Steamboats bring supplies from Yuma, eighteen miles south, for this busy camp of 700 men. Six hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete and rock work are to be in the dam when finished. It is rather more than a mile in length, and most of the masonry is in place.

Across the river is Potholes, site of the first gold placer mine in California. Here the early Spaniards washed out gold in the late years of the eighteenth century, but while at their work were massacred by the Indians, not one of them escaping.

A short voyage brings us to Yuma and the end of our trip of over 300 miles, replete with stirring incidents and pleasant memories. Tanned by the sun and refreshed by the free open-air life of our long vacation, we pack our belongings and are soon aboard a train bound for the Coast. As the train pushes west into the night and the Salton Desert we vow that if we live another winter, we shall spend it voyaging again down the picturesque Colorado.

J. C. BRODIE.

as a tool, I give notice now that I shall take a hand."

the controversy or threatens them with public odium or attempts to dictate their decision or in any improper way

devoted itself almost exclusively to publishing matter tending to discredit persons likely to be called as witnesses

velt, and also a brother of Hoffman



## In Little-Known Japan.

### A LOS ANGELES TEACHER'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF SENDAI.

From a Special Correspondent.

SENDAI (Japan).—In visiting Japan, as at home, or in any other foreign country, one finds the true beauty spots, the little nooks near nature's heart, not in the main ports, or on the great lines of travel, but in some almost forgotten village, or some beautiful bay by the sea.

Sendai is not in itself such a remarkable place, but some of the surrounding country cannot be equaled on the island for enchanting scenery and interesting ancient history.

The city of Sendai, although little heard of in America, has 85,000 inhabitants, and is the largest city north of Tokio. It is 233 miles north of Yokohama, on the east side of the island, near the Bay of Matsushima. This bay is acknowledged by the natives and travelers alike to be one of the three most beautiful places on the island. It is a wonder that the place is not visited more frequently by tourists.

Sendai is quite an educational center. Thousands of students come here from all parts of Japan. There are also a large number of soldiers stationed here, which gives the place quite a busy appearance at times, especially during holidays and festivals.

The Japanese never outgrow the childish desire to be amused. The parents take great pride in providing toys for the children and enjoy the innocent games as thoroughly as the youngsters themselves.

There is a street in Sendai called Theater street, full of places of amusements of various kinds. I have visited a number of these theaters, and have seen some very good moving-picture shows here. The natives take

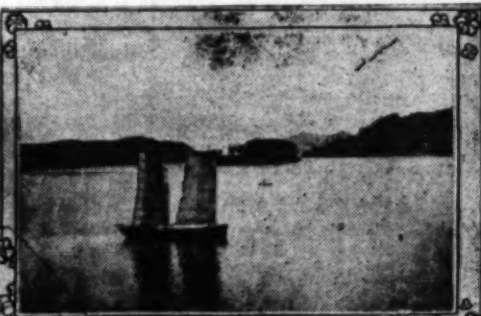
to serve the guests two or perhaps three times, with their favorite dish. She watched every move, but, thank goodness, I had become quite expert with chopsticks by this time, and they carried my food to my mouth without spilling. We drink soup as if it were a bowl of tea, and the vegetables are fished out with the chopsticks.

After tiffin, futons (mattresses) were brought in, and we took a nap on the floor. When we awoke it was getting cold, so we wrapped up and started on another walk up the beach. We visited an ancient temple, and when we came home oh, so tired, we all had a hot seawater bath.

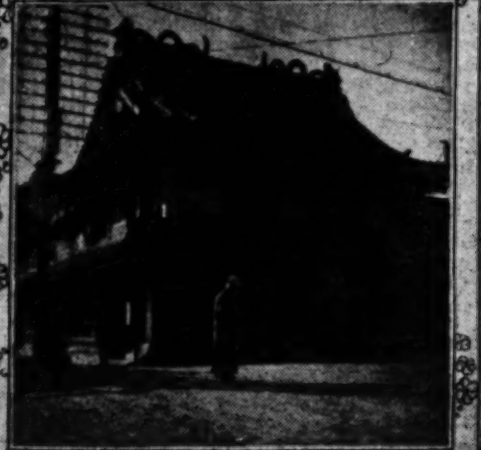
Supper was eaten in our bath robes, while we sat on the edge of the beds. The menu was the same as at tiffin, except as to fish, which was a different kind. At breakfast we had the same. The Japanese do not change their bill of fare much. Rice is the staff of life with them.

Early the next morning we left the hotel and returned to the fishing village, where we found our sampan waiting for us. The tide was in, so we had to climb on the backs of the coolies and be carried to the boat. Coming home, the sails were hoisted, and we scudded before the wind so fast that it took our breath away. It was very cold, but we cuddled together in the bottom of the boat with our blankets over us, reaching home at dusk, tired, but well satisfied with the trip.

I have no trouble in traveling anywhere in Japan, with or without a companion, and am always treated



Inland Sea.



One of the oldest houses in Sendai.



Theatre street, Sendai.

to these shows like a duck to water. They like the excitement, especially those showing sham battles and battleships.

It was rather chilly one evening when I attended the theater, but we were provided with a little charcoal stove to heat our private box, and managed to keep comfortable. Tea and cakes were served during intermissions—a much more sensible idea than going out "to see a man."

But I must tell about my trip to Matsushima. One morning we arose before daylight, and before we could get any breakfast the karumas rattled up to the door and we were hurried to the train. It is only a few miles from Sendai to the seaport of Shogama. There we rented a sampan of two sailors, who took us out in the famous Bay of Matsushima, past innumerable little jagged islands, to a fishing village. Matsushima means Pine Islands.

We arranged to have the boat to come for us the next day, and then pushed through the crowd of dirty, starving children, to the end of the village street and out into the country, walking on the zigzagging paths, which separate the dried-up stubbled rice fields. Some places water had been let in, and each little plot was a square of ice.

After awhile we climbed a hill and obtained a beautiful view of two deep bays on either side with boats, their white sails glistening in the sun as they fitted about among the hundreds of little, pine-capped islands. Then we walked along the beach for about a mile, picking up shells, exploring caves and enjoying everything in this strange land like school children with a new toy.

We finally reached a little hotel situated on a high bluff shortly before noon. We took off our shoes and put on the woollen bed slippers every one wears here in the winter. Our room was up two flights of stairs, and overlooked the cliff and the sea. The view was charming.

A little maid entered when we clapped our hands three times. Tiffin was served on the floor in large square trays—two kinds of soup, fish, rice, pickled shrimps and pickled daikon. A large wooden bucket of rice was brought in and the maid sat back of it ready

with respect. There is no anti-American feeling in the rural districts of Japan at present. I suppose very few know about the recent trouble in expelling the Japanese school children from the San Francisco schools. For my part, and from my personal experience in teaching in the public schools of Los Angeles, I would much prefer Japanese and Chinese children to those of many other races which are admitted without question. They are brighter, more anxious to learn, obedient, and have a greater respect for their teachers than any other class.

PAULINE G. CURRAN.

#### ALMOST TOO HONEST.

"Yes," said the railway claims agent, "we come across queer things sometimes. The queerest thing in my experience was the case of a Methodist minister. How honest those methodists are—the most honest of all sects."

"This man was hurt in a rear-end collision, and we gave him \$5000 damages. At the end of a year we got a letter from him that ran something like this:

"My salary is \$2000, and the accident caused me to lose it for a twelvemonth. My medical expenses were \$750. My board at a mountain sanatorium for six months was \$850. Other expenses due to this accident were, in round numbers, \$1000. Total, \$4600. You gave me \$5000. Now I am back in the pulpit again, as well and strong as ever, and I have \$400 of your money on my hands. Not being entitled to that sum, I do what any other Methodist minister would do in my place—I return the money to you as per check enclosed."

"How was that for honesty?" said the claims agent. "The Methodists are a wonderful lot. We sent the \$400 back to this honest minister, and he gave it to charity in our name."

#### HIS PREFERENCE.

"Do you favor any particular school of music," asked the lady.

"Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."—[Puck.

## GUMMING TIME.

### APRIL THE MONTH FOR GATHERING SPRUCE GUM IN MAINE.

[Boston Herald:] In the early days of April twenty-five to fifty athletic, canvas-clad young men come for the up-river woods from Bangor, Me., and other towns to collect spruce gum from the more than 1,000,000 feet of spruce timber still standing in the western forests of Maine.

Not a few of these men are the well-to-do sons of families, who go gumming partly for profit and partly as a pastime. A majority, however, are trained climbers who know the woods and who break away from the walks and electric lights to gain health and money at a time of the year when lumbering operations are drawing to a close and before the streams open up.

Instead of being a solitary and silent man, the gum picker as a rule is as talkative as a book agent and as ingratiating as a poor kinsman in straitened circumstances. For, in order to secure exclusive control over the gum territory he desires to monopolize, the picker must claim lease over spruce timber lands whose owner he has never met.

Before he can do this, he must ingratiate himself in the favor of the camp bosses and their subordinates. A man who can sing a rollicking song or tell a story is welcome to the best the cook can provide.

The traveling outfit of the gum picker is very light. A set of steel climbers such as are used by housewives, a heavy and broad hatchet for cutting off the gum and for scarring the trees for the making of more gum the next year—these, with tobacco, pipe and matches, comprise his rig. His food and lodging are given to him by the boss of the camp where he chances to stop overnight. His cheerful ways and the news he brings from the outside world more than paying for all dues.

The picker who gleans his harvest from the same tree year after year enhances the value of the timber greatly, though the value applies to the gum alone, for the trees are not materially affected. The owners of the woods are too busy to spend time in allotting gum areas, and as the income from gum picking is never large and the time of picking lasts but a few weeks, the harvesters cannot afford to pay the fees for drawing the leases, say nothing of giving tribute for the gum.

A smart man working in an old gum orchard of trees that are scattered widely enough to admit sunlight for ripening and hardening the gum can, under fair conditions, collect in a day from eight to ten pounds of rough gum, which, on cleaning, will shrink two pounds worth \$1 a pound in the cities. Before starting to operate a gum orchard a picker must spend one week in marking and scarring the trees, so as to make more finding gum enough to pay for his labor when he returns around a year later. This is done by climbing a tree to above the old limbs, and high into the main trunk and scarring the south side of the trunk between the whorl of limbs with deep incisions, shaped like a V.

The spruce sap exudes from these wounds and, running downward along the cut, is dried in the sun and pitchy crust is formed which fends off the bits of bark and spills blown about by the wind and prohibits the entrance of inquisitive bees and other insects. The protected from harm, the embryo nugget of gum continues to grow from the inside by fresh supplies of sap and to harden from the outside by slow evaporation. The sun goes away south, winter arrives, and the sweetening frosts remove the pitchy and acrid bark leaving from a score to a hundred of sweet and resinous and crystallized masses of genuine spruce gum.

There are good reasons why the harvesters choose April as the month for the task. It is then the gum is in its ripest and best condition; not so hard as to be hard and crumbly, not so young as to be soft and taste of pitch. The scaly crust above the snowbanks among the trees is then as smooth as glass, carrying all the gum which escapes the hand of the picker into the hollows among the drifts, and he can then safely in plain view until they can be picked. Before the end of May the coming sun will have melted the tree trunks and set the old wounds to bleeding, sap, thus spoiling the harvest for another year.

If he is an old hand at selling in the city, the hunter will charge from \$1 to \$1.50 a pound for his gum. If he is new at the business, he may sell to some broker or druggist for 75 cents a pound. If he haggles, he will call around from place to place, and the course of a day or more can sell out for \$1 a pound.

Years ago, when spruce trees were very much abundant in northern Maine than they are now, they used to be the chief market for gum in Maine, as much as five tons having been sold there a year. With the appearance of the spruce trees and the introduction of "patent" gums, the trade has fallen off greatly, amounting to a ton or less in a season. In spite of the decline, Bangor druggists and many of the Bangor grocers are glad enough to accept clean spruce gum as legal tender and to pay cash.

Most of the surplus gum bought in Bangor goes to Boston.

Many villainous and libelous stories are told concerning the uses made of spruce gum previous to its sale. Report has it that not more than a tenth of the gum sold in Bangor is gathered by the pickers, the rest being picked by the regular lumber crews in the woods who steal time to gather all the nuggets on the trees they handle. These hard lumps, the lumps kept in the pockets of the men among loose chips and tobacco until night, when the mass is sorted and the tobacco and bits of bark going into black pipe and smoked and the clear gum finding a resting place in side woollen socks.



## Las Vegas Grant.

### A PECULIAR COMMUNISTIC SETTLEMENT IN NEW MEXICO.

From a Special Correspondent.

**E**AST LAS VEGAS (N. M.) May 11.—Communitic settlements of greater or less magnitude exist in many parts of the world, but one of the greatest communities in the world where the principle of the common ownership of land exists in a modified form comprises what is known as the Las Vegas grant, a territory which extends for miles in every direction from the city of East Las Vegas.

The Las Vegas grant comprises approximately 450,000 acres of land. Of this great territory only about 100,000 acres have been purchased or acquired by settlement by individuals and corporations. Every man, woman and child who owns a fractional part of this 100,000 acres, or who lives within the boundaries of the Las Vegas grant, has an interest in the remaining 350,000 acres of land within the grant. This is the communistic feature of the Las Vegas grant, which distinguishes it from the other land grants scattered over New Mexico, which were originally authorized by the Mexican government in the early days of the present century, and have since been confirmed by the Congress of the United States.

The vast territory included in the Las Vegas grant belongs to the people who live or own property within its boundaries, and every dollar that is realized from the sale of the lands that are now unoccupied must be used for the benefit of all the people living within the boundaries of the grant. In other words, the community is endowed with a fund, the size of which no one can now estimate. The endowment consists of nearly half a million acres of land. This much is tangible. The value of the land, however, is problematical. With the development of the territory, the value of these lands should go far into the millions of dollars. Within the grant are great mountains, within which no man knows what wealth is concealed. It is known that they contain great quantities of the finest of building material, marble and granite. What stores of precious ores they may conceal no one can hazard a guess. Regardless, however, of what may be buried in the depths of the earth, the mountains are covered by timber which in the near future will add untold wealth to the inhabitants of the Las Vegas grant. In the days before the title to the grant was finally determined and there was no one to interfere, many of these mountains were ruthlessly shorn of their timber. When the ownership of the land was settled and it was placed under the control of a board of trustees created by the Legislature of New Mexico, the destruction of the forests ceased. Within a generation these forests will have been restored and their ultimate value can scarcely be estimated.

The Las Vegas grant is divided by the Gallinas River and this stream is also the dividing line between the town of Las Vegas, the old town which was founded and is now inhabited largely by Mexicans and the city of East Las Vegas, which is the product of the American colonization which has pushed westward since the days of '48.

West from the Gallinas River lie the mountains, while to the east stretch for unbroken miles the meadows from which the town of Las Vegas took its name. This meadow or tableland is generally known by its Spanish name—the Mesa. The Las Vegas mesa is from 150 to 200 feet above the level of the city and the city itself is 500 feet above the level of the sea. The land is gently sloping, scarred at intervals by deep arroyos, through which waters flow. The value of this great mesa is as uncertain as that of the mountains west of the Gallinas River. Its value depends largely upon the success of the farming methods which are being tried throughout the arid districts of the west and southwest. If, by the farming methods, it is shown that the mesa can be successfully cultivated, its value, it is conservatively estimated, should increase to at least \$15 or \$20 per acre. If farming fails, it is still worth at least \$1.50 per acre for grazing purposes. In view of these uncertainties, one knows with what sum the town of Las Vegas is endowed, but it is certain that the aggregate value of these meadows and mountains must mount up to the millions.

The decision has been reached as to how the money realized from the sale of these lands shall be expended. The money entrusted with the disposition of the land and the use of the fund have not been confronted with this question as yet, for all the money that has been obtained through the sale of lands up to the present time has been used to defray the expenses of litigation, surveys and other necessary work connected with the management of the grant. Most of these necessary expenditures have now been met, however, and in the future the money accruing from the sale of the lands must be expended for the benefit of the people residing within the boundaries of the grant. How this will be done is a matter of the board of trustees is prepared to say. It is probably going toward the improvement of the schools within the grant. In other words the fund is to be used for the common benefit of all the people within the boundaries of the grant. Thus every resident of the territory, theoretically, will receive his share of the money derived from the sale of the common lands. The title to all these lands is now vested by United States patent in the town of Las Vegas, but the latter does not mean the old Mexican town of Las Vegas, nor the new American city of East Las Vegas. The term Las Vegas used in this connection means all the territory included within the Las Vegas grant.

There are numerous land grants in New Mexico, but

none of them has the common ownership feature which distinguishes the Las Vegas grant, and it was only after long years of litigation that the United States government was induced to recognize this feature of the Las Vegas grant. Although the grant was made in 1835 by the Mexican government and was duly confirmed by act of the United States Congress in 1860, it has only been within the last five years that the ownership of the vast tracts of land included in the grant, has been definitely settled. Previous to that time, the matter was in litigation for years, and this fact practically closed the lands to settlement, as there was no way for a settler to secure title to his lands. During all that time settlers simply took possession of such lands as they could use. With the decision that the land belonged to the people within the grant and the appointment of a board of trustees to take charge of the property the question of titles was settled in a comparatively easy manner. The board decided that a deed conveying a clear title should be given to every person who had been in undisputed possession of any piece of property, comprising not more than 160 acres, for a period of ten years. To persons claiming more than 160 acres, this rule did not apply, and some of these claims are still in litigation. While there are many claims and contests yet to be settled, there has been comparatively little trouble over titles, when the uncertain conditions that prevailed up to within the last few years are considered.

The history of the Las Vegas grant, which promises to be such a rich heritage to those who reside within its borders, dates from March 21, 1835, when Joan De Dios Maese, Manuel Duran, Miguel Archuleta, and José Antonio Casano, for themselves and in the name of twenty-five other men, petitioned the government of Mexico to grant them the territory now included in the Las Vegas grant for the "purpose of planting a moderate crop, to have also the corresponding commons for pasture and watering places." On March 23, the petition was granted and possession of the lands designated was granted not only to the petitioners, but "to all who are found unprovided with land for farming."

On April 6, 1835, José de Jesus Ulibarri y Duran, constitutional justice, apportioned the lands to the twenty-five individuals mentioned in the petition and to others who presented themselves to him. According to the official report of the justice, "each individual received a gratuitous piece of land, according to his means, with the understanding that none of the lands so distributed should remain uncultivated."

All this land was later claimed by the descendants of one Luis Maria Baca, who claimed title under an earlier grant made in 1821. This dispute was settled by Congress in 1860, when the second grant was confirmed and the heirs of Baca were permitted to select, instead of the land claimed, an equal quantity of land, not mineral, in the Territory of New Mexico.

For more than two decades following this action, there was a dispute as to the ownership of the unoccupied lands within the Las Vegas grant, but this dispute was first brought to an issue in 1887 when Moses Milhiser and others brought suit against José Leon Padilla and other residents of the county of San Miguel, which is included within the grant, seeking an injunction to restrain the defendants from making any use of the lands within the grant. The theory of the plaintiffs was that they and other heirs of the persons named in the original grant, owned exclusive right to each and every part of the lands within the grant. The case came up before Chief Justice Long of the Territorial court in 1893, and he held that the language of the original grant clearly showed that the original petitioners were to receive only such lands within the grant as they could cultivate, and that the remainder of the lands were to be given to persons who wished lands for farming purposes. Acting on this theory he vested the title to all the lands within the grant in the town of Las Vegas, the latter term being used to designate the grant as a whole.

This case was not carried to a higher court, so the decision did not finally settle the question of the title to the grant. Subsequently various other suits were brought to determine the question. Several of these reached the United States Supreme Court, but all were dismissed on technical grounds, without settling the main question.

Finally, about five years ago the matter was taken up by the citizens of the city of Las Vegas. Representatives of the citizens went before the Secretary of the Interior, and after presenting all the facts and showing that all decisions of the courts, so far as they had gone, had indorsed the earlier decree of Judge Long, they induced the Secretary to issue a patent conveying the title to all the lands within the grant to the town of Las Vegas, the latter term still being used to designate the grant as a body politic. This settled the question of the ownership of the vast territory which had so far remained unsettled.

The next step was to secure the passage of an act by the Legislature of New Mexico in 1903, to provide for the management of the grant. This act provided for the sale of the lands within the grant through the district court and a board of trustees, from whom purchasers obtain full warranty deeds. This board of trustees is composed of the leading men of the county.

The first question that confronted the board was as to whether these great stretches of land should be sold at present prices or should be held awaiting the inevitable rise in value. The board decided that the best way to hasten the rise in values was to encourage immigration and the settlement of the lands, and therefore voted to place the lands on the market for whatever price they would bring.

With this point settled, plans are now being made which, it is believed, will convert the endless mesa stretching for miles east from Las Vegas, into a prosperous farming community. Towns are being laid out miles from where any human being now lives, and the

promoters of these plans are looking toward the crowded North and East for the settlers to people these towns and the surrounding territory.

The grant board has made a contract with a northern land company, which has agreed to dispose of 60,000 acres of land on the mesa at \$1.50 an acre. The company has made a cash payment of \$10,000, and agrees to forfeit this sum if it has not placed seventy-two actual settlers on the land within a year. Negotiations are now under way for the building of a town on the mesa by a band of Dowlites and other communities are being planned. Work is to begin soon upon a huge hotel which will be erected on the mesa where homeseekers may make their headquarters while selecting the lands upon which they will make their homes.

The conversion of the desolate mesa into a fertile district, dotted with towns and farmhouses is the dream of the citizens of Las Vegas, and if that dream is ever realized, the future of the city of Las Vegas is assured.

The success of this immigration movement, which may add millions of dollars to the fund which is to be used for the common good of the inhabitants of the grant, depends largely upon the success of the dry-farming methods, which have not been tested here as they have in other parts of the West and Southwest. It is the intention of the northern farmers who are buying the lands on the mesa to utilize the Campbell dry-farming methods, which have proved successful in other arid districts. Many farmers have raised successful crops on the mesa without irrigation and without resorting to dry-farming methods. Wheat, oats, corn, beans, peas and all kinds of vegetables, as well as kafir corn, milo maize, sorghum and winter wheat are some of the dry-farming crops which, it is claimed, can be successfully raised. It is also claimed that small fruit and berries can easily be raised on the mesa.

One hears dry farming discussed on every hand in this city and the surrounding country. It crops out in the conversations of business men, professional men, workmen and farmers, for it is generally agreed that upon the success of the present experiments depends to a large extent the future of the city of Las Vegas and the surrounding territory. The general tone is optimistic. While there are doubters and scoffers, the people as a whole are enthusiastic over the prospects and are confident that within a few years the great barren wastes which now stretch for miles in three directions from the city will be transformed into a populous and prosperous farming community.

Regardless, however, of the success or failure of this movement, the people living within the confines of the Las Vegas Grant are assured of an endowment fund which must run far up into the millions. This fund, obtained without taxation, will be used to improve their schools and to give them as a people many advantages which other communities must tax themselves heavily to provide. As the country is developed and the tide of immigration sets more strongly in this direction, the lands will rise in value and the sum that will be available for these purposes, will naturally grow as the country grows.

D. F. BIGGS.

#### SHE FROZE HIM.

"I love you so!"

Clear and silvery sounded the fresh young voice of Birdie McGinnis from the telephone booth, and the aisle manager halted with a start.

"Well!" he muttered, and, peering through the glass panel of the door, he saw one of his prettiest and most capable saleswomen bending over the receiver.

"My honey, my own," she went on passionately, "be mine always. I'll be true to only you. Tonight will you take me out for supper? My love for you is deeper than—"

Brusquely the aisle manager pulled open the door.

"Look here," he said, "that telephone is for business purposes exclusively. Never, under any circumstances, under any condition of heart hunger, is it to be used for love-making during business hours. Miss McGinnis, I'm surprised at you."

Pretty Birdie McGinnis flashed on the man a pair of blue eyes as clear and cold as ice.

"Excuse me, sir," she said. "I was merely ordering some new music for Department G."

#### IT IS SAID:

Vegetarians never dream.  
German soldiers carry Bibles.  
The red-haired are immune to tropical fever.  
More herring are eaten than any other kind of fish.  
The sun raises from the sea 164 cubic miles of water a day.

Excessive beer drinking is undermining the German constitution.

The death rate among prisoners is less than half the general death rate.

The total brain weight of the world's 81,400,000,000 inhabitants is 1,922,712 tons.

In the two seconds that it takes a man to light a cigar he is carried thirty-six miles around the sun.

#### SERGE FROM XERGA.

"An odd thing about fabrics," said a cloth merchant, "is that their names are all intensely significant. Muslin, for instance, is so called because it originated in the Asiatic town Mosul.

"Serge was invented in Xerga by the Spaniards. Calico is a product of Calcutta. Alpaca is woven from the wool of the alpaca, a kind of llama. Cambric comes from Cambrai.

"Shall I go on? Damask hails originally from Damascus, balse is from Bajac, dimity is from Dametta, gauze is from Gaza, and so forth almost indefinitely."



# Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.



NEW YORK WORLD.



PENROSE "DECIDES" TO STAND ON A ROOSEVELT PLATFORM  
PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

CHANGE OF GUARDS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



WASHINGTON POST.



THE HOUSE HUMBERS.  
Bryan—That house looks good to me if the present occupant really expects to give it up.  
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.



Spreading!

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.



HOUSECLEANING DAYS.

WASHINGTON STAR.



## The Jewish Pentecost.

CELEBRATION OF THE GIVING OF  
THE MOSAIC LAW.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Jews of Los Angeles, in common with their co-religionists all over the world, are today celebrating the ancient feast of Pentecost, while Christians are keeping the same feast on the same day under the name of Whitsunday. It is one of the most joyous festivals of the Jewish ecclesiastical year, and celebrates the giving of the Mosaic law on Mount Sinai, during the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert, 1400 years before Christ. The word Pentecost comes from the Greek, meaning fiftieth day, for it was fifty days, or seven weeks, after the first Jewish passover in Egypt that Moses ascended Mt. Sinai and received from Jehovah the Ten Commandments.

True to the old Hebrew chronology, the Jews have never since observed this feast of the giving of the law on the fiftieth day after the Jewish Passover, the latter corresponding to the Christian Easter. While the old Jewish Pentecost descended to the Christian Church, it is being kept today by millions of Christians, still the latter base their pentecost festival upon an entirely different historic event, i. e., the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles fifty days after the first Christian Easter. Among Christians the old Jewish name of Pentecost early gave place to that of Whitsunday (White Sunday) because it was the great Christian baptism day, on which the candidates for baptism approached the font clothed in white robes.

Pentecost this year began last night, Saturday, May 18, and continues over Sunday until the appearance of the first three stars tonight—this date corresponding to the sixth of the Jewish month Sivan. Jews, mainly of the Orthodox wing, extend Pentecost over two days. Among the Jews themselves this festival is called Shebuth, or Feast of Weeks, in the Hebrew scriptures it is also known as the harvest feast and day of first fruits. It is really the survival of a primitive harvest festival, for, when the temple of Solomon was standing, it was on Pentecost that two loaves of bread, made of the first fruits of the wheat harvest, were offered as a thanksgiving sacrifice to Jehovah.

In the matter of personal piety, the Orthodox Jew prepares for the coming of this happy feast day by undergoing a ceremonial or ritual bath, as is also the custom in the near approach of other great Jewish festivals. Jewish communities, or ghettos, are generally provided with a public bath house for all ceremonial washings, but whether such be at hand or not, the pious Jew must take his ritual bath, if not in the public bath house, then in his own house. This always happens on the day preceding the feast. To neglect the ritual washing demanded by the Jewish code is a serious offence in Jewish eyes, for to the Sons of Israel cleanliness is next to godliness. All ceremonial washings are hedged with minute legal prescriptions, and every ablution is accompanied by a benediction or a prayer. If he neglects the Orthodox, pious stamp, the Jew will partake nothing but milk foods during Pentecost, but the Reform Jews pay no attention to the old laws requiring such dietary observances. As an outward sign of their rejecting Jewish homes and synagogues are usually decorated with flowers and greens. In some of the European ghettos trees are set up at the synagogue doors, while the worshippers within offer up prayer for bountiful fruitfulness at the close of the feast.

Religious services begin on the evening of the day preceding the feast, and since Pentecost this year extends over Sunday, the rare spectacle is presented of the worshiping on the weekly Christian holy day, as well as on their own Sabbath, or Saturday. While it is among the Orthodox that the old-time Pentecost is still preserved in full vigor, as in other parts of the world, the Reformed Jews present to us many notable features in their worship and religious customs, among these is their way of celebrating Pentecost, they have turned the old Orthodox feast into an anniversary day! Confirmation has been for ages a strictly Christian rite, but the Reformed American Jews have adopted it as a rite most suitable for observance on the Feast of Weeks. As a preliminary, the youthful candidates undergo a thorough study in Bible study and Jewish history under the guidance of a rabbi. When Pentecost arrives, when they are to receive themselves the yoke of the law as full-grown members of the Covenant, they gather together in the synagogue and submit to a searching public examination in Jewish facts of Jewish lore, when they often display a surprising grasp of things as would tend to surprise an ordinary Christian Sunday-school scholar quite as much as it is called, is ablaze with glory and filled with worshippers of all ages, among whom the young and their parents are the happiest. After the public catechizing is finished, the children form in procession and march past the holy ark at the east end of the synagogue, resplendent with electric lights. Just as they pass in front of the ark the rabbi lays his hands upon their heads, whereby the children become members of the synagogue. Then follow congratulations and loving embraces.

In the twentieth century do we find the Jews deliberately adopting a Christian ordinance as a feature of Pentecost—the laying on of hands? This imposition of hands has been used from time immemorial in the ordination of rabbis, but never before as corresponding to Christian confirmation.

and fraught with so much beauty and spiritual significance. The Orthodox feast of weeks, or Pentecost, is a mere ritual remembrance of the old biblical feast, while Reformed Judaism has made of it one that is not only instructive and beautiful even in Gentile eyes, but intensely practical in its moral bearing and teaching. In the Orthodox synagogues on Pentecost all male heads are covered. Here may be seen the tall silk hat of the banker, while next to him is the derby of the ordinary business man, or the skull cap of the aged patriarch. Over the shoulders of all is seen the prayer shawl, with its stripes and sacred fringes.

In the reformed "temple," on the other hand, every head is uncovered, prayer shawls are wanting, while over the whole assembly breathes the air of modernity—a scene of beauty indeed, but with it all the evidence of a definite break with the past and its curious old rabbinic customs.

ALFRED K. GLOVER.

## Making Garden.

A CITY MAN'S EXPERIENCE WHILE  
TRYING COUNTRY LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

"EVERYBODY'S beginning to make garden," remarked the red-headed man in the corner as the train sped through a country town in Illinois. "It makes a fellow want to jump off the car, pull on a pair of overalls and an old hat and dig, dig, dig. I wonder why it is that a man always has that feeling, and I wonder why it is that it pulls hardest on the one who can't possibly respond to it."

"It's probably because the man who can't do it, or thinks he can't, is the one who needs it most," said the man by the window, who also had the air of one longing for the unattainable. "Whether it's the annual revival of primitive instincts, the call of nature to get next to earth, or just a protest of the body against sedentary life, a fellow ought to drop everything else and scot for the tall grass. It pays, I tell you, it pays."

"Huh!" grunted the lean and hungry Cassius from Chicago, "did you ever try it?"

"No," admitted the man by the window feebly; "no, I never did. Circumstances in my case have always been such that I couldn't; just couldn't, you know."

"I thought so," said Cassius triumphantly. "I thought so. Let me give you a pointer, old man. Whenever Nature, or whatever it is, beckons you to come into the garden, Maud, just invite the old lady to chase herself around the block. You might compromise by going fishing, but keep out of the garden, my boy; keep out of the garden. Get your ingers and radishes from the low-browed alien at the front door, and leave the raisin' of 'em to the man who is permanently attached to the hoe."

"You speak as one having authority," put in the red-headed man. "Did you ever try it yourself?"

"Did I? Well, say, I'm one of the chumps that just can't help it. I get the fever early every spring, and I get it so bad I go plumb daffy. I'm gettin' it now, and I'm morally certain that before another three weeks I'll be doin' some fool thing that I'll be sorry about for the rest of the year. I can't help it myself, but I can be a solemn warning to other people. Why, say, let me tell you what I did last spring. I came home one day about this time, and I says to my wife:

"'Mollie, I feel it a-comin'.'"

"'Oh, Dick,' she says, 'you're not going to do it again, are you?'"

"'Yes, Mollie,' I says, 'it's in my bones, and I've sure got to go out and throw another fit.'"

"'And we're just beginning to get so nicely settled, too,' she says with a sigh. But she's a patient and long-suffering woman, and she didn't make any further protest when I told her, a few days later, that I'd found an ideal place for us out in Elysian Heights, which the name is as flat as a pancake and about as elevated as a cigar box. The house was one of these pasteboard affairs that have all kinds of pretty little glimmeracks on the outside and 'all the modern conveniences' inside, and my wife agreed that it was a dream, but she said it in a way that made it sound ambiguous. Anyway I rented it, and we pulled our household goods up by the roots and started them toward nature and the simple life. I went out that night filled with my annual dose of visions of the delights of a home in the country. From the station I walked up the road humming: 'In the gloaming, oh my darling, and looking for the welcoming lights in the windows. But there wasn't any lights. I searched through dark and empty rooms until I found my wife on the floor of the kitchen, in tears."

"'What you sitting down there for, Mollie?' I asked in surprise."

"'Nothin' else to sit on,' she blubbers."

"'Where's the furniture?'"

"'I—I don't know,' she says with a wail."

"'Well, cheer up, my dear,' I says; 'let's light up and have some supper.'"

"'Can't,' says she, uncheered, 'nothing to light an' nothing to eat. Gas man didn't come and provisions on moving wagon. No place near to get anything, and—oh, Dick,' she sobs, 'it's raining.'"

"That's just what it was doing, gentlemen, coming down in sheets, and all that night we were forced to stay in that empty house in the dark, without a bite to eat and not even a newspaper to sleep on. Next morning I found shelter for my wife at a neighbor's, and went in search of our 'lars and peanuts,' as a classical friend of mine used to say. I found them stuck in the mud three miles away, and it was two days before they got the stuff to the house."

"That was our introduction to our country home."

However, we did get settled finally, and then I tackled the garden. It was green things we wanted, and in spite of several like experiences it was green things that wanted them. I tore up about half an acre of bare back yard while the fever was at its height, sowed two or three bushels of lettuce and onions and radishes and such truck, raised as fine a crop o' blisters on both hands as you ever saw, and then went to bed with a lame back that laid me up for a week. As soon as I could I crawled out to see how my garden was progressing. There were no signs of life. Every day for another week I got down on my knees and searched the ground as I had never searched the scriptures. Still nothin' doing. Then I called in expert counsel.

"'That clay won't grow dog fennel,' was his verdict, 'lessen you mix a lot o' good black sile with it. Reckon it'll take 'bout ten loads fer that piece o' ground, an' I guas I kin fix it fer ye fer 'bout \$3 a load.'"

"I was stung, but I got the dirt and tried again. In a very few days little green sprouts began to shoot above the ground, and I was tickled to death until I noticed they wasn't stickin' very close to the beautiful straight rows I'd laid out and that the lettuce beds and the radish beds seemed to be producin' pretty much the same thing. I never could get familiar with the appearance of vegetables in infancy, so I again called in the expert to find out what I was getting in my prize packages."

"'Aw, them's jest weeds,' he says contemptuously."

"Well, I cleared out the weeds day after day, and after awhile the real things began to bob up serenely but leisurely, not, however, as I had planted them. In the lettuce beds, for instance, there would be two or three plants and then there would be nothing at all for two or three feet down the row; then a couple more heads and then a big blank space, and so on all over the garden. But I nursed what I had tenderly; hoed, and raked, and weeded and watered until you'd imagined I was takin' care of a \$10,000 orchard. It didn't look as though I'd be able to supply the table, as I'd fondly figured on doing, but I had a few messes in sight, and that was better than I'd ever done before. So I was patting myself on the back when I came home one evening and found my wife waiting for me on the front porch with a look on her face that had all the signs of great sorrow, but back of it, I have reason to believe, there was great joy."

"'Oh, Dick,' she says, 'something awful's happened!'"

"'What is it, Mollie?' I asked in alarm. 'Anybody dead? Anybody hurt? House catch fire? Don't stand there like a dummy. What's happened?'"

"'Oh,' she says, 'I'm so sorry, but I was busy writing a letter to sister Julia, and I was in the library telling her about the new dress I was going to have for the Jones's party, and—'

"'For heaven's sake, Mollie, cut that out and tell me what's the trouble,' I says, getting out o' patience."

"'Why, Dick,' she says, 'while I was writing the letter and not thinking about anything else, and not looking out at all, you know, Dick, else I might have done something, why, some awful hogs got into the garden and—'

"I didn't wait to hear any more, gentlemen, I made quick tracks for the back yard. Mollie had described it correctly. It was awful. The garden looked like a freight train had jumped the track and ran through it. All my beautiful beds were torn up, all the work of weeks was spoiled. I was wild with rage. I think I said more cuss words in three minutes than a stevedore could have got out of his system in a week. But there was elation mixed with my wrath, for the hogs were still there, still at their work of destruction and paying not the slightest attention to me. Picking up a stick, I charged; and then I kept on charging. 'Round and 'round the garden I chased them infernal porkers, throwing clubs and stones and language at them until the neighborhood thought a revolution had broken out and came out and hung over the fence to see the fun. I didn't notice them, though. I was busy. Vengeance was mine, by jingo! and I was going to have it or bust a hame string. There is nothing on earth so elusive as a pig, but finally I got the bunch in a corner where I could pelt them good and make every eighth or tenth lick count. I was having the greatest time of my life when the worm turned. With a vicious snort the biggest hog came at me. I tried to dodge, but I wasn't quick enough. Square between the legs he took me, and when I came down I was clear out o' commission. It took two doctors and three old women an hour to revive my interest in earthly affairs, and the very next day I moved back to town."

"'Nevertheless,' remarked the man by the window, 'I'm going out tomorrow and look for a home in the country.'"

"'So'm I,' said Cassius, 'and if you want me to I'll show you the finest place—'

CASPER S. YOST.

## SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT BABIES.

"You mothers," said a college girl disdainfully, "have the silliest superstitions about your babies. For my graduating thesis I am compiling the baby superstitions of the world's mothers. They're the most ludicrous things. Listen."

"In Russia they think a baby and a kitten can't thrive in the same house. They kill the kitten as soon as the baby comes."

"In Spain they won't let a baby under three see its reflection in a mirror. Otherwise they think it will grow up vain, proud and cruel."

"In Roumania babies all wear blue ribbons around the left ankle to ward off evil spirits."

"In Hungary they think that if you dress a girl baby in red she will turn out bad."

"In India it is good luck for a baby to fall out of bed."

"Irish babies keep strands of women's hair in their cradles to protect them from sickness."



## Our American Pompeii.

### WONDERFUL ARCHAEOLOGIC DEVELOPMENTS IN ARIZONA.

FEUDAL CASTLE OF MYSTERIOUS CHIEF "MORNING GREEN"—CITY OF THREE RECTANGULAR COMPOUNDS SURROUNDED BY HIGH WALLS—ONE COMPOUND JUST EXCAVATED—CONTAINS CASTLES, SIX CHAPELS AND NUMEROUS OTHER BUILDINGS—MYSTERIOUS SKELETON WITH DAGGER OVER HIS HEART.

#### From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—"It will be an American Pompeii for sightseers." Thus spoke, yesterday, Dr. J. W. Fewkes, the archaeologist, of his recent find in the Gila Valley—a find generally regarded here, as the greatest of the kind yet made beneath American soil. Although he set to work in the Arizona desert only as recently as October 24, Dr. Fewkes already has these items to his credit, to wit:

A great prehistoric city laid out, centuries ago, according to a general plan seemingly more oriental than American in that its separate districts are rectangular compounds surrounded by defensive walls overlooked by bastions.

One large compound, already excavated, and surrounded by nearly a mile of solid wall inclosing:

A great main building, possibly the feudal castle of the rulers of the settlement.

Six connected chapels for religious worship.

A second large building containing eight rooms.

their conversion to Christianity. He had also dug from the earth the prehistoric city of Sikyatki, in the Hopi country of Arizona. Later he had conducted successful expeditions in the West Indies, where he had found many lost treasures of the Caribs. Arriving at Casa Grande, he talked with sages of the Pima tribe nearby. After that he determined to divide his appropriation, using one portion for the preservation of the great ruin already above ground and the remainder for excavations thereabout.

#### Uncovering the Great Wall.

"When I arrived in the field there was visible in this region only Casa Grande itself surrounded by a mass of mounds covered with mesquite and cactus, inhabited by rattlers and bordered by a desert waste," said Dr. Fewkes. He was just in from the Southwest, and his face was bronzed by the desert glare.

"I commenced digging October 24, and employed only Indian workmen, from the Pima Reservation, four miles away. I started them at a point west of the old ruin, and they soon uncovered a wall of masonry running 420 feet almost due north and south, varying in height from two and one-half to eight feet. Probably this entire wall was once at least eight feet high throughout. At its north end it turned eastward, and we dug out 223 feet of the same kind of masonry extending in that direction. Then it extended southward for 420 feet, and finally westward 215 feet. The entire wall when uncovered on both sides formed a rectangular enclosure with the long sides each about 420 feet in length and the short sides 223 and 214 feet long. There wasn't an exact right angle in any corner, but the primitive masons did the best

sun into the medicine bowls in the kivas—as in use in practice among the Hopis.

"Beyond the row of kivas and at the northwest corner of the wall I found a bastion tower rising 15 feet above the wall—a structure not unlike the bastions now erected at the corners of prison walls. Within the walls of this tower I picked up a big medicine bowl of clay and a fragment of copper, also other common objects including spherical stones such as some of the southwestern tribes used to kick about the arrows to cause the rain to fall. In the tower were also fragments of blue, green and black paint and white gypsum, used probably for painting the body.

"We next dug eastward along the north wall and found several other rooms there. At the junction of these and the row of kivas there had been another row of walls, and the floors had been moved about three feet at various times. In these rooms were several ancient planting hoes of ironwood, shaped like broad swords sharpened to a blade at the ends. An old Pima woman who one day watched us dig told me that she had seen her grandparents kneel and, holding the hoes' handles, scrape the ground with the pointed ends held downward with the left hand. The historic tribes of this region used implements of this shape made of the iron introduced by the Spaniards.

"Along the eastern wall we opened up a big building containing eight rooms in which could still be seen the chinks of plaster on the walls. I replaced the roof which had fallen in; also the two posts, which had supported it and the side beams, as well. In the compound we opened up forty-three rooms. West of



Exterior at corner of wall.



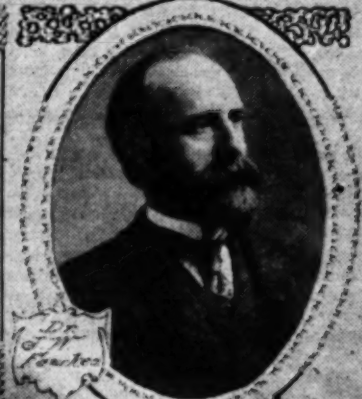
Inside of compound, before excavation.



Compound from outside wall.



View before excavation.



Dr. J. W. Fewkes.



Casa Grande from east side of compound.

Other structures making an aggregate of forty-three rooms.

#### The Mystery of Casa Grande.

For centuries there has stood out in the desert wastes of the Gila Valley a great, lone ruin which the early Spanish explorers termed Casa Grande, or the Great House. It is reached by an easy ride across the desert from Florence, Ariz. The Santa Fé Railroad now comes within a dozen miles of it; the Southern Pacific within eighteen. It appears in the distance like the remnant of some ancient feudal castle. It has long been the sphinx riddle of ethnologists and archaeologists, and since before the white man first trod its desert environments its secret has been shared only by the drifting sands that have covered all about it and by the silent Gila in the valley below. "It is said that the adventurous Spaniard, Coronado, saw it in 1540 when he journeyed up from Mexico in search of the seven cities of Cibola. At any rate the records of his expedition mention his passing the 'Red House' and the walls of Casa Grande are of a reddish tinge. In 1692 the Spanish missionary, Father Kino, while journeying up from Sonora to found missions and conduct meetings among the natives saw it, as did Mange, his secretary, two years later. In 1775 Father Font, another good Catholic upon the same errand, dwelt for awhile in one of its rooms, and in 1846 it was rediscovered by Lieuts. Emory and Johnston, Indian fighters of our army.

It was subsequently studied by the ethnologists Bandler, Cushing and Mindeff and no less a one than the great Alexander von Humboldt speculated upon its mysteries. Congress made appropriations for its protection this year, last year and fifteen years ago. It was by virtue of last year's appropriation that Prof. W. H. Holmes, chief of the Smithsonian's Bureau of Ethnology, sent Dr. Fewkes into the field last autumn.

Dr. Fewkes had already to his credit a record for archaeological achievement. He had excavated Awatobi, one of the celebrated Seven Cities of Tusayan, whose people had been burned and massacred because of

they could without modern engineering implements. They endeavored to extend the long sides due north and south, and came within three degrees of it when they built the western one.

"The material used was a cement of clay and pebbles, and the effect on the surface after we uncovered it was a pinkish-reddish stucco or pebble dash. We not only removed all of the mounds which had entirely covered the wall, but we plowed all around it and graded it down, leaving a terrace with a drain ditch at the bottom; I also had a mason add an adobe base covered with cement to prevent surrounding the entire four sides. The entire 3700 feet of wall—almost a mile—was thus protected. Then I put my Indian boys to work inside, and they dug out all of the earth there, above the original ground level. We now commenced to discover things of even greater interest.

#### A Row of Six Chapels.

"The inclosure spread out in the form of a rectangle about twice as long as broad, the long sides extending north and south, as suggested. A little north of the center and nearer to the western wall than to the eastern one, stood the original Casa Grande, thus inclosed. Now just north of Casa Grande there extended north and south a mound 133 feet long. Opening this, we found six kivas, or ceremonial chambers. Yes, you might call them chapels, as they were used for religious purposes. They were built end to end, and some had walls a yard thick. We found the roofs and floors which we put in place, and after taking away all of the intruding earth, I made a plaza in front, such as the later peoples of this region danced in before their kivas.

#### Found Cigarettes, Centuries Old.

"In these kivas I found many cigarettes made of reeds filled with tobacco and each having a little blanket wrapped about the middle for a holder. I also found in these rooms peculiarly patented medicine bowls of quartz, and these were probably taken outside by the priests who with them reflected the sacred rays of the

this last building there was another, twenty-two feet wide.

#### Skeleton of Sacred Eagle.

"Nearby was uncovered an old eagle's cage and not only the complete skeleton of the eagle but once been its tenant, but the bones of rabbit which it had been fed. Undoubtedly this bird was of the sacred eagles kept by these people. The still keep them for their feathers, which they use in their ceremonial paraphernalia.

"In the southwest corner of the compound was another cluster of rooms lying directly below the stage road from Casa Grande to Florence, which years has crossed the buried inclosure without suspicion of what lay beneath on the part of the people who piled it. In these chambers I found what will prove to be the biggest Indian jar ever found in America. It is about as large as a barrel, is of earthenware, and was probably used by these people as a drinking-water vessel.

"Four human skeletons were found in the latter group. They were in an extended position and across the breast of one lay a very much corroded dagger of deer bone.

"I also repaired the old main building—Casa Grande proper. This contains eleven rooms altogether, the middle portion being three and the side portions two stories high. It is sixty feet long by forty feet wide and the highest pinnacle is twenty-five feet above ground. The foundation walls are four feet thick and extend down seven feet, the entire space between being filled in solidly with adobe. A frame roof was put on the structure some years ago by act of Congress.

"This building seems to have been the holy of holies in the entire settlement. The chief may have lived there. It is often spoken of in tradition as the house. It was once the center of a great village, the kiva row adjoining on the north and the group described, on the south.



## The Legend and the Turquoise Necklace.

According to a legend which I learned from the great chief who lived in Casa Grande, a name which I translate to mean "Morning Green," he had two daughters, Van and Natchi. He was a great power in making the winds and rain. The place all about his house was renowned for its turquoise, and one day the sun sent a peacock to take them away.

Chief Morning Green saw this brilliantly-colored bird approaching his castle, and he sent his daughter to observe its doings. She baked it some food of corn and took out some to feed it, but it paid no heed. She went back and prepared other food for it, but could not get it with none of her cooking. Finally she noted that it was eating the little green turquoises which lay about on the ground, and after observing this awhile she took from her throat her own beautiful necklace of valuable turquoises and flung it to the peacock. This it swallowed at once, and flew away with it to the sun, and this is why there are no longer any turquoises at Casa Grande and why the "sun people" to the east have plenty.

"This compound that I have excavated is, I find, only one of three lying side by side, here by Casa Grande. I think it represents the last of the three occupied by these people. I believe it to have been a central place for ceremonies and marketing, storage and protection, where the great tribe of people scattered over the surrounding plains had their various gatherings.

"Who were these lost people? Well, it would seem that they were ancestors of the Pimas and relatives of the Hohokam and Zuni. I found in the ruins shells carved into traps and birds, like those shaped by these latter people. I found also cloth nicely woven—some like work or embroidery—and there were also many bones, charred by fire.

## A Feudal Castle.

Chief Morning Green seems to have lived in a feudal

## Girard College.

## NOTED INSTITUTION WILL CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY TOMORROW.

By a Special Contributor.

ON May 20, 1907, the students of Girard College, Philadelphia, will celebrate the 127th anniversary of the birth of its founder, Stephen Girard. The college itself is the only institution of its kind in America, and probably in the world.

Stephen Girard, mariner, merchant, banker and philanthropist, was in 1775 the youthful captain of a trading vessel plying between New Orleans and New York, and through the merest accident of a fog which drove him to the port of Philadelphia, he became a resident of that city. Here, first as a merchant—whose vessels sailed to Asiatic as well as to European ports, and then as a banker, he amassed a fortune colossal for those days. With no heirs to leave it to—his only child, a daughter, died in infancy, and his wife, hopelessly insane for many years, died many years before her husband—he endowed the institution which commemorates his name.

Though a Frenchman by birth—a native of the city of Bordeaux—Girard took the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania in 1778, and ever after showed the greatest devotion to the cause of his adopted country. And throughout the stirring times of the building of the new republic, he came to its rescue with financial aid when it was on the verge of bankruptcy. He died December 26, 1831, sincerely lamented by the whole city. In 1850 his body was removed to the college, where it now rests.

A man always of great reserve concerning his early life, it is only through hints in his letters and papers

One peculiarity of Girard College is worth mentioning. Though there is a beautiful chapel on the grounds, no ecclesiastic is ever permitted to pass through the college gates. According to the founder's will, "no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college." His reasons follow. He does not mean to cast reflection upon such persons, but wants to keep the tender minds of the orphans free from the excitement which clashing doctrines are so apt to produce. He does wish, however, that "the college shall take pains to instill the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures and a love of truth, sobriety and industry."

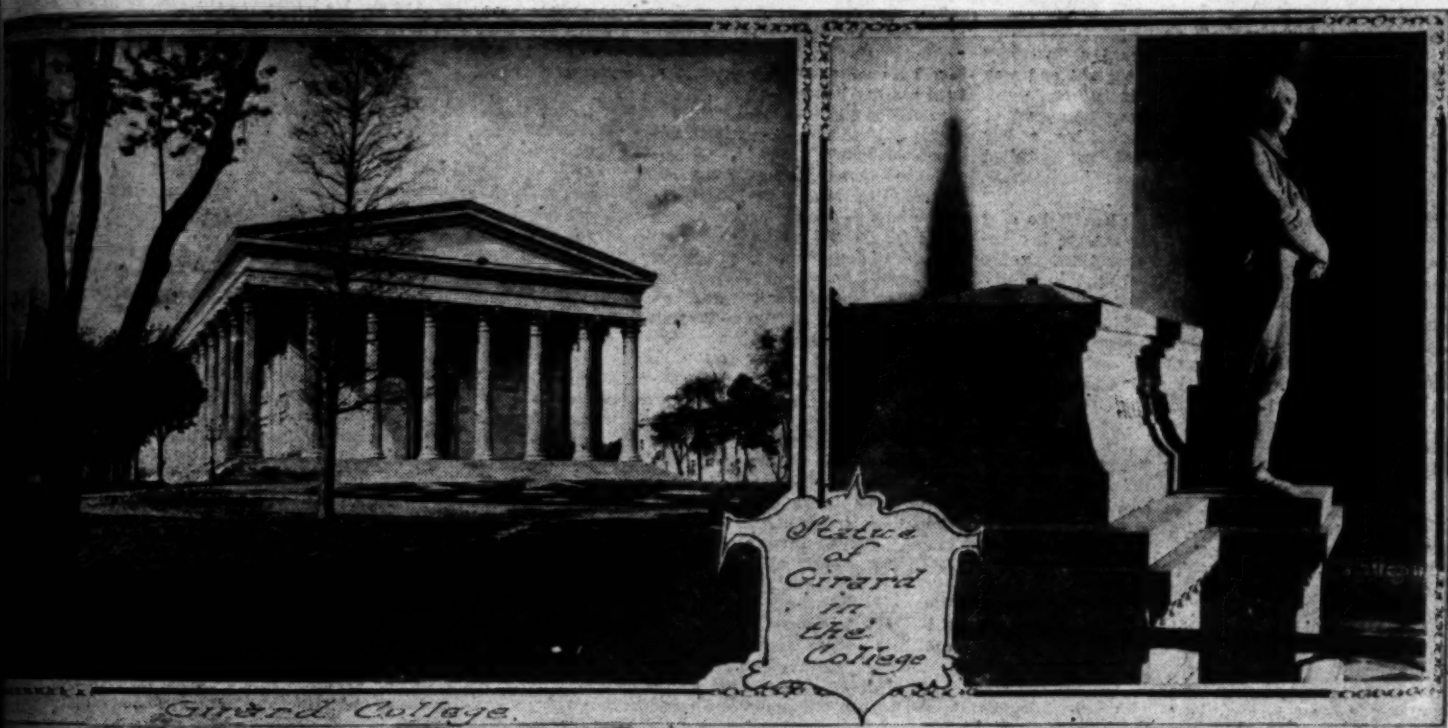
The college offers its advantages to "poor white male orphans"—the mother may be living—who live, first, in Philadelphia; second, in any part of Pennsylvania; third, to those born in New York City; fourth, to those born in the city of New Orleans. At present there are over 1500 students in the college. After entrance the college has the entire care of the student until he is 21, and exercises all the functions of parent, preacher and teacher.

EMMA LEWIS.

## DON'TS FOR TOURISTS.

Don't, if you go abroad this summer, take huge trunks with you. Foreigners' luggage is but half the size of ours, and Americans are condemned abroad for their cruelly heavy boxes, which have been known to cripple porters for life. Two small trunks are far more convenient than one monster.

Don't give in tips on the voyage more than you can afford. You need give no steward more than \$2.50—the regulation fee for the two men, one in the dining-room



and his place was a castle used by his people as a place in case of danger. Each of the other compounds is of rectangular shape. If so directed, I shall excavate them also, and when I have finished will be an American Pompeii for sightseers. The place will be preserved for the people who occupied it. The architecture more Mexican than the others. Compared with some ruins of Arizona and New Mexico, it is very ancient. Who can say how old it is? I can say now is that it is not so old as the ruins of Syria. It is only since I have brought this far that I have commenced to appreciate the magnitude of it all. But one point I wish to bring out is just now upon the threshold of a new archaeological combination of preservation and repair with excavation. Under the new Lacey law helter-skelter excavation is prohibited in this country, by individuals or institutions. The old idea that striking movable relics were the only important things to be had from ruins must now give way to the idea that the walls which contained these things should be preserved, repaired and protected that future generations can behold the architecture as well as the customs and modes of life of prehistoric peoples. In the great culture area of the southwest there should be preserved intact a typical ruin—excavated, protected and repaired. Each should be under the surveillance of a custodian and provided with a guide equipped with details to tourists. And somewhere adjacent should be a little museum containing the excavated

that we can arrive at the impulses that led to the founding of this magnificent charity. From these hints we learn that his early life in Bordeaux was not a happy one, and that the memory of an unhappy boyhood made him tender-hearted toward all boys whose lives were saddened by the loss of a parent.

The buildings, which now belong to the college, stand in a plot of ground that at the time it was set aside for the purpose (1831) was far from the center of the city's activities. Today, the college is in the heart of one of Philadelphia's most busy districts—a fact that the founder could scarcely have foreseen.

Girard left explicit directions as to the use the \$6,000,000 of his bequest was to be put to, every detail of which directions has been faithfully carried out by the board of Directors of City Trusts, the trustees of the fund.

According to the directions, a high stone wall entirely incloses the plot of forty-five acres. Within this wall are the buildings of the institution, each built as the needs of the college required it. The building proper of Girard College is, according to Girard's will, entirely fireproof walls, floors and roofs being built wholly of white marble. This structure is an example of pure Grecian architecture, and for beauty of proportions and simplicity of design, has no superior in our country. It contains a fine library, museum, directors' rooms and classrooms. The buildings adjoining the college are known by numbers—Nos. 1 and 2 are on the east; Nos. 3 and 4, on the west. These four were originally built with the college, but since then, others have been added, to the number of ten.

Every modern equipment known to educators is found within the walls of these fine buildings, and every opportunity is offered here for fitting boys for any sphere in life. The best instructors, "chosen on account of their merit, and not through favor or intrigue"—so says the will—are appointed, and the result is that Girard College sends out each year men well fitted for their chosen careers, and she numbers among her sons men who have left their impress on our nation's life.

and one in the stateroom, who are your principal attendants.

Don't leave your evening clothes at home. Evening dress is invariably worn at the theater in London, while at the fashionable restaurants men not in evening dress are refused admittance. Furthermore, it is deemed extremely slovenly not to dress for dinner.

Don't think, when you dine at the Ritz or the Carlton, that you are getting the best French cooking. That is gotten in the small, quiet and expensive Paris restaurants—Pallard's, the Café Anglais, the Café Riche.

Don't forget a cabin trunk. It is the only kind admitted into the stateroom, as it will slip under the berth.

Don't omit afternoon tea; for, with luncheon at 1 and dinner at 8, it is a necessity abroad.

Don't forget to put your shoes outside your door every night. You'll find them beautifully polished in the morning.

Don't, if you're a man, buy men's things anywhere but London. Boots, coats, cigarettes, guns, pipes, linen—London leads the world.

Don't, if you're a woman, buy women's things anywhere but Paris. Jewels, gowns, hats, furs, cosmetics, lingerie—Paris has the best.

Don't forget you are only allowed to bring home duty-free \$100 worth of purchases.

Don't smuggle.

## POOR FELLOW!

Tea time at the Colony Club.

"My husband," said a little thing with golden postiches—postiches are those new sausage-shaped curls—"my husband is a self-made man."

"Mine—"

And the speaker's grim lips relaxed in a smile.

"—mine was made to order."

Above the tinkle of the tea things sounded the hearty applause.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

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## The Chase.

STORY OF A MAN WHO DARED  
TO FACE HIS DUTY.

By a Special Contributor.

"LOUISE, let me present Mr. Brent. Jim, Miss Chandler is a very dear friend of mine."

Jim Brent's slouchy figure straightened and his eyes lighted. A slim cool hand rested in his for an instant. Little Mrs. Darling bustled about and resettled everybody cosily at the card table. "Darling" they called her, and said she was rightly named.

"It's 'Vingt et Un,' Jim. Indeed you must play. We need you. It's much more fun with five. Now we are going to have a beautiful time. The box is there, Louise. Will you give Mr. Brent some chips?"

"We saved them for you," said Louise, pushing piles of red, white and blue counters across the table. "We all started with just so many—and look!" She showed him her small remaining pile of chips with a mock pathetic gesture. She was prepared to be very kind to him. She had been told how he was driven away from home years ago, of the hardness and neglect of his family, of his reputation as "the black sheep," and that in spite of all this there was in him much that was good and much even that was fine and needing only encouragement and sympathy for its freer flowering.

Mrs. Darling had asked him out for cards, carefully refraining from mentioning Louise. For he avoided strangers and shrank especially from women. Even now he tried to stay out of the game, but was drawn into it in spite of himself by Mrs. Darling's irresistible maneuvers. He would not allow a redistribution of the chips, seeming to prefer to slip into the game, if come he must, with as little disturbance as possible. Louise gaily staked her last piece.

"No more cards," she said, "I stand pat."

The game went on. The dealer turned a "natural" and Louise lost. She was learning the game and was full of its excitement. She fell back in her chair and laughed straight into Jim Brent's eyes. The appeal of her vivacity, of the sweet femininity about her, of her ready friendliness with him—"an outcast," as he called himself—clutched at his heart, and something within him rose up and responded.

"Won't you take this hundred, please," he said quickly. He fumbled in getting the pieces to her because of his embarrassment, but she took them at once and talked on so easily that he forgot about it and came out of himself in a wonderful way.

When he said good-night to Mrs. Darling at the door, he gave her hand an extra little pressure.

"Thank you," he said rather incoherently.

He found the dark night full of laughing eyes, of friendly words, of cool slim fingers that slipped softly into his. He turned abruptly from the town with its lights and gaieties, and when he felt hard wet sand under his feet, he settled down into a swinging stride that took him five miles up the beach and back before he was ready to go to his rooms. At 2 o'clock that night his mirror reflected a set, quiet face.

"Well, that's settled," he said steadily to the eyes looking back at him. "You won't see her again. You're a fool and it won't do. You don't go near the house while she stays—do you hear?"

The next morning he was making his way along, head down and hands in his pockets, when a merry voice greeted him:

"Do please speak to your friends! You are the very person I was dying to see. Walk with me a moment. Now listen. Louise Chandler is crazy to go out on the bay in a rowboat. She'll be going with some of these ridiculous landmen and getting herself drowned if something isn't done at once. Won't you take her out and save both our lives? I'm nearly sick with worry. This afternoon at 4 then. I'd trust you anywhere; you know that. Thank you so much. No, I can't talk any longer—errands in here. Good-by."

She was gone, leaving him in a whirl of irresolute thought. It was impossible to refuse. Mrs. Darling had been almost the only one who had received him with kindness or even with recognition on his return to his home after those long years of absence. His mother and father were dead, and his brother and sister agreed in ignoring him. He must do this for Mrs. Darling. Then—that should be all. Her faith in him was very sweet. He hugged it to him with a glow at his heart.

At 4 o'clock he steadied the bobbing cork of a boat and held out his hand to Louise Chandler.

"Oh, what a duck of a little white boat!" she exclaimed. Then those cool, slim fingers again. He drew in his breath sharply.

"Are you afraid?" he asked when she was seated. "We're going to bob about considerably, but there's no danger if you like it." He was leaning over an oar-lock.

"I love it," said the girl solemnly, "and I couldn't be afraid with you, for Darling dear has told me what a magnificent sailor you are."

He looked at her sharply. He was not used to superlatives—except from Mrs. Darling. And he had the quick sensitiveness that goes with extreme reticence. Her eyes were steady and kind. The suspicion died out of his face.

"I'm afraid she put it a little strong," he smiled, settling down to his long stroke at the oars, "but I'm pretty much at home in a boat."

"Have you sailed all over the world, Mr. Brent?" she asked. She sat easily in the cushioned stern, one white hand trailing over the edge to catch the bits of spray that flew up, as unconcerned over the tossing of the

boat as if she had been a sea bird riding a long swelling wave.

"Well, not quite," he answered, his teeth showing in a white flash as he smiled.

"Won't you tell me where? I should love to hear about it."

"Well," slowly, "I've been down around the Horn a time or two, most of the islands out there," he nodded toward the open sea, "China, India—"

"Oh, have you been in India?" she broke in. "But how can you bear to give it up—those blue seas and enchanted islands, and all those fair queer lands?"

"Well, you see, they're not as enchanted as you think, perhaps. They're queer enough, God knows, but they're mighty dirty and bad. And you get tired of it all after a little. The lands are fair enough. It's the crazy people that spoil it. But then," he went on again after a moment, "we do that over here just as bad. People are a bad lot, I guess. We manage, among us, to spoil things pretty thoroughly—all 'the enchantment' there is." He wondered dimly what made him talk to this girl like this. She straightened in her seat and drew a deep breath.

"Isn't it glorious?" she said. "If I could be a sailor, I'm sure I'd never give it up." Then more slowly, "You are right about people, I think. We do spoil a lot of things, but then we do a good many worth-while things, and even a few brave and noble ones." She smiled in a whimsical little way she had.

"Yes," he said absently, watching the bright fluffs of hair that blew distractingly about her face. Then he jerked himself together sternly. What had he to do with bewitching curls or high-bred mouths or luminous eyes? His face hardened into the old lines that had left it for a little.

"I don't know," he recanted somewhat sullenly, "most of us do a mighty sight more evil than good. If you could be a man that's down once, you'd see."

The girl was gone. In her place was a young goddess with stern, level eyes.

"Mr. Brent, you know as well as I do that the man who puts hard, unkind feeling into the world gets hard, unkind feeling back. And one doesn't need to do that." Her eyes softened, and with a charming gesture she held out her hand to him.

"But don't let's quarrel," she said. "I should like so much to have you for a friend, and I won't scold often, I promise you."

When he left her at Mrs. Darling's door, she had promised to ride with him the next day. He had a horse that he wanted her to try, he said. To his infatuation for the girl who allured him there was now added a sense of dependence upon the woman who could all in one breath "warn, comfort and command." It was a finer thing than he had known before. It was a desperate need of his life. He no longer tried to resist it or to avoid her. There were many rides, many walks, many long talks in the days that followed. Jim Brent was always impetuous, always did thoroughly the thing in hand, and he managed to see a great deal of her.

They had ridden out one day to the crest of a hill that commanded a noble view of the sea. They had dismounted, the horses were tied near, and they were sitting under some great pines.

"Yes," he said a little absently in answer to her exclamations of joy at the beauty before them, "it's very grand." Then after a moment with his face turned resolutely toward the sea:

"We were talking yesterday about making mistakes. What was that verse you said about getting up and going right on again, and letting the chase take up your life? I like that verse."

She repeated the lines slowly:

"It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And, baffled, get up and begin again—  
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all."

"Yes, I know," he said, and made an elaborate roadway in the thick mat of pine needles where he lay at her feet before he spoke again. His hand, sweeping the needles aside, touched the edge of her skirt. He started, held it there a moment in an unmistakable caress, and then turned a little away as he went on.

"But what if you have made a big mistake that holds you down and you can't leave it because—you are in honor bound?" After a moment of silence, "What do you do then?" His voice was perfectly steady, but there was a quality in it that held her tense as if she had reached some great crisis of her life.

"If one is 'in honor bound,'" she said slowly, "then it can be only a question of courage and—" her eyes seemed to be searching the horizon for some other word to give him. "And to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered," she finished.

"And not be embittered," he repeated.

They sat so in silence for some time. He was seeing a vision of Paradise, but before the Gate flamed the sword of the denying angel. He might not enter.

After a little, his eyes cleared with some sudden thought.

"Will you do something for me?" he asked. "I'm building a house, as an investment, on a lot of mine down there," he pointed to the little city lying like a checkerboard below them. "You can see it over there. Do you see? With the red roof. This way a little. Yes, there. There is some trouble with the inside arrangement. It needs a woman's ideas. If you would go—" he hesitated.

"Yes," she said, a little surprised at the sudden turn, "We'll go now."

He brought the horses, and they rode down by the winding road from the hills to the sea. The carpenters looked curiously at the trim lady in her riding dress, and significant smiles flew back and forth among them when the two had passed. Louise had recovered her shaking poise and now threw herself readily into the fascinating problems of house construction. Led on by adroit questions, she even fell to planning the arrange-

ment and furnishings of the rooms. As she sat there it with growing abandon, Jim Brent became more and more aware of the fact that she was seeing visions of the rooms as she filled them in imagination with curtains, great chairs, roomy tables, glowing books, pictures—and that in the midst of it all he was dreaming of her. He placed the vision of her definitely there by the mantel in a soft white gown as he had seen her once and thought her more beautiful than all the angels of heaven—

"Yes, I think so," he said abstractedly to some question of hers as he turned away a little that he might hold the vision steady. It was hard to manage such conversation. This was his hour and the only one he told himself. This time he fancied her opposite him at the wide table in the room she had talked of at the library. The sun he pictured streaming in through the windows. It fell across her hair in a way he knew. There were books all about them—his favorites and hers, some of the familiar titles and bindings known before his eyes. Suddenly he seemed to see a little work basket that his mother used when he was a little boy—it was there at her elbow with a soft pink something trailing out of it. There was a piano where she had said it should stand. The whole world seemed lit of light and color and music, of high thoughts and gentle noble deeds, of joy and "long sliding days" of happiness—

"Mr. Brent, we must go. Darling will be expecting me." His strange absent manner had startled her. He stood very erect in her young dignity, her eyes finding her resentment of his rudeness.

The vision was gone. But his love for her was within him in a scorching flood. He stretched out his hands to her, and then, without a word, he turned away.

They rode home in a silence which he did not intend to break. "It can be only a question of courage," he was repeating the words under his breath. Courage! He was perhaps many other things, but he was not a coward. He left her at the gate of Mrs. Darling's fashionable yard. There was no chance for many words, and he was glad, for he could not trust himself to say "Courage," he gripped the stern feel of it between his teeth. He looked very tall standing so, his hat set on his head, his hands on his hips, the bridges over his eyes held out his hand. "Good-bye," he said gently.

When Mrs. Darling tried to telephone Jim Brent the next day, she was told that he had gone away. She inquired in some surprise as to his return, that she had that they did not know—that he had given up his rooms. After a few days she went to his brother's house, he was polite but uninterested, and knew nothing of his whereabouts. As weeks passed by, she made such a connection with the brother was obliged in common decency to make a possible search. There were no clues. No trace could be found. Letters, even those containing money for certain investments, were never called for and no communications were left for forwarding. Jim Brent was gone.

II.

The stage swung around a curve and confronted a high, worn mountain wagon occupying the entire width of the road. On the right, rose a sheer wall of rock, the left left a precipice. The stage driver, a man of sinister expression, threw on the brakes and pulled in his horses. He was restrained from the use of his choicest profanity only by the presence of a lady passenger—the younger of whom sat beside him and had been for an hour showing a flattering interest in the recital of the most exciting adventures of a long and varied career. He rose to his feet, the reins falling like a snake-festoon from his hand.

"I say there," he yelled at the man in the mountain wagon. "Dammie if the blame, infernal fool ain't asleep," he muttered under his breath, "saying horse—"

He interrupted himself to shout again: "Get out there, you d—," he sputtered confusedly into silence, and then broke out again: "Get out of the seat and get your fool wagon back out o' the way o' West Fork stage carryin' the U. S. mail."

The man was out by this time, loosening the reins of the harness. There was a child of about four years in the seat, who watched proceedings in round-eyed interest. The man had not been asleep, but completely oblivious of his surroundings. He had not heard the bells of the approaching stage, the clatter of the horses on the rocky road, or the steady staccato ring of the leaders' hooves. He had started violently as the stage swung into sight around the curve. From his high seat beside the driver, he had seen one bewildered flash, and her face had gone white.

Two men jumped out of the stage and went to the hand. The man had worked rapidly and the horses unhitched from the wagon. "They won't be said laconically in answer to questioning. The three men now pushed the wagon around the curve of Horseshoe Bend and disappeared behind the high wall of rock at its farther end. Another man who had come on to help, led the horses just behind.

The stage driver laid the reins carefully across his knees and rolled a cigarette. It was very quiet in the cañon. The still sunny air held the fragrance of sage and spruces. Far below on the rocks the water of the mountain stream boiled and whirled and splashed. Lead horses grew restless. One of them was only partially broken. He shifted uneasily and shook his head coltishly. The wheel horses were patient rocks. The driver had lighted his cigarette and now gathered up the reins, but waited until the leader settled down again before throwing of the reins and giving the word to go.

"Mustn't spoil 'em by lettin' 'em think they're goin' whenever they feel like goin'," he said, looking at the girl beside him. She did not answer. She sat straight ahead, and seemed not to have heard him as they reached the farther end of the Bend, the stage ward him.



[1907.]

"I know the man, and I want to see him."

"But I will!" he assured her. But he was puzzled. "High-toned" he felt her face to be. "High-bred" some people might have called it. It was a little flushed and looked very sweet and fair in its frame of ivory and rose to the brim of the wide hat and tie of the man ahead there. He was plainly a rough mountaineer in heavy, coarse clothing.

"Well, I'll be eternally darned!" mumbled the driver to his cigarette.

As the stage drew up beside the wagon in one of the "placers" of the mountains, the passengers who had been helping the man climbed back to their seats. The girl leaned from her high seat and held out her hand to the man. She had taken off her gloves. Her hands were white and slim.

"You live here?" she asked quickly.

"He replied steadily, 'my wife and I—and the child.' He had seen her. He had his answer ready.

"You are happy up here? It is very beautiful."

"I am not—too much 'embittered,' I hope." His eyes were grave and a little hungry, she thought. But he looked up at her bravely.

"I am glad to have known a man!" she said. "Good-bye!" she gave him her hand again. The child climbed up the wagon seat and called as if frightened.

The stage lurched forward. A passenger who looked on with curiosity saw the man put on his hat and bend over the straps of the harness.

HENRIETTE SAMUELS.

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA.

"It is—The other evening Clara and I brought home a new soap bubble water, and we all blew soap bubbles. Papa blew his soap bubbles and filled them with smoke, and as the light shone on them they were very beautiful opaline colors. Papa would then let us catch them in our hand, and when they were so close to the touch; the mixture of the soap and water had a singularly pleasant effect."

"Human life. We are blown upon the world; we are blown upon the summer air a little while, completely showing off our grace of form and our dainty colors; then we vanish with a little puff, leaving behind but a memory—and sometimes not that. I suppose that at those solemn times when we are in the depths of the night and reflect, there is one of us who is not willing to confess that he is only a soap bubble, and as little worth the making as a soap bubble."

"Remember those days of twenty-one years ago, and a young man clings about them. Susy, with her manly charms and her iridescent mind, was as lovable as any we made that day—and as transient. As we passed, in her youth and in the nothing of her is left but a heartbreak and a memory. That long-vanished day came vividly back to me weeks ago, when, for the first time in twenty years, I found myself again amusing a child with soap bubbles.—[From "Susy's Biography" by Mark Twain's Autobiography, in North American Review.]

## HIT OR MISS.

## AFTER THE COLLISION.

"I beg your pardon. Did I hurt your head?"

"No, only my rat."

## HOW MANY IS THAT?

"You heard the story of the section boss? He was on the road, and he says:

"Many of 'em are there down there?"

"That's the answer.

"Half of 'em come up here and help me."

## NOT A MONKEY RANCH.

"Driving across the country met with an accident, and, walking to a house not far distant, I saw a monkey ranch."

"The naughty reply, 'you have made a mistake. This is a chicken ranch.'"

## IN ARIZONA SCHOOLS.

## A SCIENTIFIC DEFINITION.

"What is an isthmus?"

"It's something that hasn't been cut yet."

## RAPIDITY OF NERVE ACTION.

"I wrote a third-grade boy," it don't take me time to answer back. When you tell me to wait, I hear it with the nerves in my ears, and I jump back to do it quick, because you will tell me to wait."

## HE HAD SEEN THEM.

"In geography had been studying the characteristics of the different races, but when asked for a description of the South Sea Islanders, there was no response."

"Now!" exclaimed the teacher, "you can tell me something about them. Do they dress or are they naked?"

"The quick reply from a boy in the class was, 'They don't wear nothing around them but the what babies wear when they get naked.'"

C. M. W.

## The Kid's Big Brother.

## AN INCIDENT IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

By a Special Contributor.

WILLIE MADDEN picked up the bowl of brown sugar, and, giving the oilcloth-covered table a wipe with the sleeve of his jacket, hobbled into the pantry.

The pantry was empty. Miss Arthurs, the nurse, was busy back in the ward, turning down small beds for smaller occupants, hunting out "nighties" for the babies, changing hot pillows for cool ones, and providing that final drink of water which is forever associated with bedtime, and which helps to postpone, if only for a moment, the inevitable turning down of the light.

Willie Madden loitered for a moment in the pantry, finishing a bowl of bread and milk which he found there, and filling his pockets with lumps from the sugar bowl. Then he limped back again. The ward was growing quiet now. Over in a corner behind a screen, the "Hunkie" baby was getting its bran bath, while on the red-covered center table three nursing bottles reposed in a basin of hot water, substitute mothers for as many waiting infants.

Willie Madden, autocrat of the ward, sat down on the side of his small bed and leaned his crutch against a chair, his broken leg extended stiffly before him.

Willie Madden was not sleepy. "Nice hour to go to bed," he grumbled to a boy on the other side. "Six o'clock ain't no bedtime. Last edition's just out."

"It ain't so bad when you can walk around and get tired," said the next boy, who wore a plaster cast around his small body, and whose legs and arms tossed restlessly. "I guess I won't never be tired again. I'm goin' to sit up next week, though."

Willie Madden debated for a moment. Then he reached for his trousers and fumbled in the pockets.

"Here," he said, carelessly tossing over a lump of sugar, "take that to make you feel better."

The boy in the plaster jacket took it eagerly, holding it in his thin fingers and nibbling at it to make it last. Miss Arthurs gave the last dose of medicine, and looking the cupboard, went wearily out, her keys jingling in her hand. A moment later the night nurse stopped at the door, her rubber-heeled shoes making no sound, and smiled a good-night to the children.

Willie propped himself on his elbow and conversed in a low tone with the boy in the plaster jacket.

"Say," he said, "that night nurse looks like a lady in the Sunday supplement. I don't know her name, but I was readin' about her to the kid. She's got two kids of her own, and they both has ponies."

"Gee!" said the other boy appreciatively. "Who's the kid?"

"Listen," said Willie Madden. Down in the street below a thin voice was calling the 6 o'clock edition. Sometimes it was drowned under the roar and clang of passing cars, to rise triumphant the next minute in a hush.

"That's the kid. Aw, he's a baby. Never do anything 'less I'm around. 'Fraid of his shadder. When I get better I'm goin' to work fer myself. What's the use o' taggin' a kid brother around?"

The query received no answer. The boy in the plaster jacket had dropped into the sudden sleep of childhood. After a long wait the gong in the engine-house near by struck nine; Willie Madden sat up and looked around. The ward was perfectly quiet. Sarah Ann Johnson had rolled into the middle of her bed, obliterating the black doll, and the "Hunkie" baby still held its empty bottle.

The boy cautiously crept out of bed and reached for his crutches. It was evident that some dark conspiracy was on foot, for he limped noiselessly to the corridor and looked carefully up and down. There was no one in sight, and save for a strong odor of turpentine in the air and an occasional stifled cough from the next ward, there was no evidence of life.

Willie Madden's next motions were mysterious. He crept over to the pantry, with its rows of locked cupboard and refrigerator doors. Some one came quickly down the hall, and the boy slipped behind a door and stood quiet, his heart thumping in his ears. The steps passed on and again everything was quiet. Willie Madden emerged from his hiding place, and, stooping with difficulty, his splinted leg out before him, he groped under the long red table cover which reached almost to the floor.

When he straightened again he held in his hand three large, thick slices of bread plentifully sprinkled with brown sugar, which he proceeded to button inside his jacket. Still with the same caution, he went back to the ward. There was no vacillation in his movements. An observer, had there been one, would have seen established routine in his actions, for without a spare gesture he picked from the nurses' table the little wicker basket which carried empty bottles to the pharmacy to be refilled, and carried it to his bed.

His next proceeding was curious. From under his mattress he produced an orange, somewhat flattened from its place of concealment, and a ball of cord, much knotted and of every shade and thickness. In a moment he had fastened the string to the handle of the basket, had dumped in the sugared bread and the orange, and was ready for the last act in the drama.

The night nurse came along the corridor and stopped at the door. "What's wrong, William?" she called softly. "Gettin' a drink," he answered mendaciously.

He watched her out of sight, then slipped to the window and unhooked the screen. "Hst!" he called into the darkness.

"Hst!" came sibilantly from below.

The basket disappeared over the window ledge. It swung slowly down into the void, its progress marked by the various hues of the cord, until at a knot of lavender and green the conspirator stopped. The cord jerked for a moment—the nibbling of a hungry fish at the bait. Then the basket swung clear and was hauled up swiftly. Rather to the surprise of the boy above, it was not empty. At the bottom was a soft, sticky gum drop, once lemon-yellow, now a darkish brown. Willie Madden drew the screen shut, snapped the catch and popped the gum drop into his mouth with what seemed a single comprehensive gesture. Then, the basket in his hand, he turned around. In the middle of the ward stood one of the doctors and the night nurse. Both were frowning ferociously, both were looking at the basket.

"Well?" said Willie Madden defiantly, when the silence became oppressive.

"Well?" said the doctor, "this looks uncommonly like stealing, my friend. What was in that basket?"

"Bread and butter—and sugar," he said honestly. He had heard somewhere that there are times when the truth is a good thing. Anyhow, what use to say that he was merely amusing himself, when they had only to look out to see the kid eating his supper just below the window?

"Is that all?" asked the nurse searchingly.

"An orange," he admitted.

The nurse turned to the doctor. "The Fruit and Flower Mission sent oranges today. It was probably his own."

"Who's waiting below there?" The doctor's voice was even more savage than before. It was too dark to see his eyes.

"The kid—my brother."

The doctor spoke a word or two to the nurse, turned on his heel and went out. Willie Madden watched him shrinkingly.

"What'll he do to him?" he asked tremulously. "He ain't done nothin'. I did the pinchin'."

The nurse was still severe. "Wait and see," she said, holding tight to the boy's shoulder. "It's a serious thing to pass bread and butter, and sugar out of a hospital window at night."

There was not a sound in the ward except the heavy breathing of the sleeping children. Once Sarah Ann Johnson moaned restlessly and Willie Madden started in terror, white and choking. He thought it was the "kid" crying, and his heart nearly stopped beating from fright and uncertainty. Then he steeled himself, and bracing his crutch against the bed he stood erect and said defiantly:

"Well, if it's a reform school they'll have to send the kid, for he ain't got nobody to look out for him but me! Say, how would you feel to know that your kid was hungry when you was just stuffed with good things? You couldn't eat much yourself, could you? It 'd kinda choke you, wouldn't it? Well, that's the way I feel every time I take a bite, for I know the kid is half-starved because I'm not there to look after him."

The nurse moved a little nearer to Willie Madden, but she remained silent. He almost hated her, she seemed so cold and hard and relentless. He was glad that he wasn't her kid, and that the other kid wasn't hers. Well, nothing mattered much now unless they would let him go with the kid.

There was sound of steps out in the corridor. There was more than one person, and the boy braced himself again to meet the shock. Probably it was a policeman, maybe two of them, but where was the kid all this time?

The room spun around for a second, and Willie Madden was obliged to cling to the little white bed for support. He had never felt this way before. Someway he had always been able to laugh at any situation, especially if it only affected him, but this was different, for now the kid was involved, his little kid who depended upon him for any emergency, and whom he had never failed.

A few seconds later the doctor came in, pushing before him a small, badly frightened boy, who displayed much resistance and who still held in his hand a piece of bread and butter. The doctor felt around in his coat pocket, and pulled out with difficulty a similar piece.

"Here," he said gravely, presenting it. "You were leaving this behind."

Willie Madden was puzzled. He slid from the nurse's restraining hand and hobbled over to the disconsolate newcomer.

"Don't you be scared," he said impressively. "You ain't done nothin'!"

"The order-book, please," said the doctor soberly. He wrote for a moment, then passed it to the nurse, who read it aloud to the astonished boys.

"New patient, otherwise the Kid. Bath and bed, with liberal diet. The Brothers Madden will go to the Fresh Air Home tomorrow."

Willie Madden drew a breath of relief, then turned away. He tip-tapped over the bed next his, where lay the boy who had helped to undress him, and awakened him ruthlessly.

"Here," he said, "you crawl into the bed over there next to Sarah Ann. This here bed's for me little brother."

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

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## A BITTER ONE.

He drew forth his check-book reluctantly.

"It costs more," he growled, "to get divorced than to get married."

"But," said the small, ugly lawyer with the big head, "it's worth more, isn't it?"

They laughed together bitterly.



## Ojos Terribles.

LEYENDA QUE PARECE UN CUENTO  
O CUENTO QUE PARECE LEYENDA?

Colaboración Especial.

**H**ABER, Huberto, échale la leña al fuego, le dije yo para animarle, puesto que aquella noche se hallaba de muy mal humor. Mis compañeros secundáronme en mi petición y con buenas razones obligamos al dócil muchacho a que se preparase a relatarnos alguna nueva como bonita historia. Después de ligero pensar, toser dos ó tres veces, pasarse la mano por la frente y bostezar á discreción, habló de esta manera:

La leyenda que á referirles voy, no recuerdo bien si la oí cuando yo niño, si la leí en una revista ó si en una colección publicada por un famoso "cuentista" nacido en un lugar de Iberia de cuyo nombre no puedo acordarme, y que no le hace al caso. Vamos pues al grano.

"En una propiedad de cierto marqués de España, se trataba un día de dar caza á un venado que merodeaba las cuerdas de la hacienda, y el hijo mayor del marqués estableció una partida con ese objeto como para probar su puntería, pues era la primera vez que intentaba cazar.

"Es el caso que el venado fué herido, estaba herido; no había la menor duda de ello: podía verse las huellas de sangre sobre los matorrales de la montaña, que al saltarlos habíalos manchado. El joven cazador habíase estrenado con un conocimiento que los demás poseían muy de vez en cuando. Durante cuarenta años en las montañas, dijo el montero mayor, nunca he visto un golpe mejor. Pero por San Crispín, evitese que el condenado pase por el lado de esos robles verdes! Suelten los perros! Soplen los cuernos con todas sus fuerzas y claven las espuelas en los hijares de sus caballos. No ven que la bestia se dirige hacia la fuente de los álamos? Si logra llegar antes que calga muerta debemos contarla como perdida. El eco era contestado por el eco, repercutiéndose en las cuevas de Moncayo, el clamor de los cuernos, el ladrillo de los perros, los gritos de los criados persiguiendo la presa con nuevo ardor, el confuso sonido de las pisadas de los hombres, caballos y perros, pues todos se apresuraban en cumplir las órdenes del señor Ifígo, el montero y cazador en jefe del Marqués de Almenar. Todos toman dirección hacia el lugar señalado por él como hacia aquel por donde era supuesto podrían cortar la retirada del venado.

"Todas las precauciones tomadas fueron, sin embargo, nulas. Cuando la manada de perros llegaron á toda velocidad al robledal, el venado, jadeante y echando espuma por la boca, había ya cruzado como un relámpago, y se había internado entre los matorrales cercanos á una senda que conducía á la fuente.

"Paren, paren todos, gritó Ifígo; es la voluntad de cielos que se escape el animal. Los cazadores se detuvieron, callaron los cuernos, y los perros, refrenados por las voces del montero, regresaron aunque de mala gana.

"En ese mismo momento el herido de la fiesta, Fernando de Argensola, hijo mayor de Almenar, se juntó al grupo de cazadores.

"Qué pasa aquí? preguntó muy enojado al jefe de la cuadrilla, y tal era su cólera que muy á las claras se podía ver en su rostro y en sus ojos. Qué es lo que haces, idiota? agregó. No ves que el animal está herido? Es el primero que ha caído bajo mi ballesta y tu renuncias á perseguirlo y dejas que vaya á morir en el bosque! Debes saber que vine á cazar al venado y no á dar alimento á los lobos.

"Señor, murmuró Ifígo entre dientes, es imposible llevar la caza adelante.

"Imposible! Por qué?

"Porque esta senda conduce á la fuente de los álamos en cuyas aguas mora un espíritu maligno; y aquel que se atreve á turbar su tranquilidad paga por ello muy caro. La bestia habrá por este tiempo alcanzado la orilla, y Ud. no podrá ir allí sin volver con alguna terrible desgracia sobre su cabeza. Los cazadores son los reyes de Moncayo, pero reyes que pagan tributo. Todo animal que huye hacia la misteriosa fuente, es animal perdido.

"Animal perdido! exclamó el joven. Mejor perdería las tierras de mi padre; preferiría que Satanás cargase conmigo y con todos los míos antes que permitir se me escape el venado—el primero que ha sido herido por mi arma, en mi primer día de caza!

"Lo ven! Lo ven! Podemos verlo desde aquí. Sus piernas flaquean, su carrera es perezosa. Déjenme ir. Déjenme ir! Retira tu mano de mis riendas ó te arrojo al suelo. Quien sabe sino logre alcanzarlo antes que llegue á la fuente? y si eso sucediere, cargué el espíritu malo con sus aguas y habitantes! Haber, Relámpago, haber mi caballo! Si consigues llevarme hasta ella, haré incrustar mis diamantes en tu cabeza de oro.

"Hombre y caballo se lanzaron como envueltos en un torbellino.

"Ifígo le siguió con los ojos hasta cuando hubo desaparecido entre la espesura. Lanzó luego una mirada en su derredor. Como él, guardaban todos un silencio profundo, llenos de terror. Señores, dijo al fin, Uds. han visto lo que ha pasado. Luché contra los deseos de mi amo hasta que estuve á punto de ser arrojado á las patas de su caballo. Cumplí mi deber. Contra el diablo no habrá valor que resista! El cazador con su ballesta podrá venir hasta tan lejos, pero solamente el sacerdote con su agua bendita podrá ir más lejos.

"Días después, Ifígo, viendo á su amo muy pensativo le dijo:

"Ud. está pálido; camina silencioso y triste. Qué le ha hechizado con su empozada magia. Ud. no vá más á la montaña precedido por los perros, y su cuerno tampoco suena. Todas las mañanas, tomando su ba-

llesta sale Ud. sólo, y entregado á los pensamientos que le están consumiendo se dirige hacia la espesura y permanece allí hasta la puesta del sol. Apenas las sombras de la noche invaden la faz de la tierra, Ud. vuelve al Castillo, pálido y afligido, y en vano busco al venado que espero lo traerá Ud. muerto. Porqué pasa Ud. las tediosas horas tan alejado de los que más le amamos?

Mientras Ifígo hablaba así, Fernando, absorto en su pensamiento, maquinalmente tajaba con su daga montañera, el banco de ébano en que estaba sentado. Después de un largo intervalo en que el silencio era interrumpido por el sonido que producía su daga al herir el banco, el joven, dirigiéndose á su sirviente, como si no le hubiera oído una palabra de lo que le había dicho, habló de esta manera: "Ifígo, tú que conoces todas las cavernas de Moncayo, que has vivido siempre en sus cercanías persiguiendo las bestias salvajes, tú que más de una vez en tus excursiones de caza has alcanzado hasta la cumbre misma, dime, viste alguna vez, siquiera por casualidad á una mujer que vive entre las rocas?"

"Una mujer!" gritó el viejo aterrorizado, y mirando fijamente á su amo.

"Sí, contestó el joven. Me ha sucedido una cosa muy extraña, muy extraña. Pensé guardar el asunto en secreto por siempre, pero veo que me es imposible el hacerlo así. Me quema el corazón y ello se me conoce en el rostro. Te diré pues, la verdad de todo. Tú me puedes asistir en descubrir el misterio que encierra ese sér, que, á mi parecer, existe para mí sólo, porque nadie mas parece saber nada respecto de ella, nadie más la ha visto, nadie más es capaz de darme información alguna acerca de ella.

"El montero, sin abrir los labios y sin separar un momento sus anchos y abiertos ojos del rostro de su amo, acercó su asiento al de él. El joven, habiéndose repuesto prosiguió como sigue: Desde el día en que apesar de tus malas predicciones, fui á la fuente de los álamos en persecución del venado, y pasé por cerca de sus aguas sintiéndome poseído por un deseo de soledad. Tú no conoces el lugar. Imagínate: la fuente extendida en el agujero de la roca, escurriéndose el agua, vertiendo gota á gota sobre las verdes hojas flotantes que crecen al rededor de la orilla do se halla la fuente. Segun caen ellas, las gotas brillan como bolillas de oro, y como pasan por el aire son acompañadas por notas de música deliciosa. Se unen y luego se deslizan por sobre el césped, y murmurando, murmurando producen un sonido semejante al zumbido de las abejas al posarse sobre una flor. Sigue desliziéndose por sobre un arenoso canal, formando un riachuelo, cascando sobre los obstáculos que se le oponen, arrojándolos hacia atrás, saltan, corren como riéndose, burlándose, hasta que desaguan en un lago. Ya en el lago pasan con un indescriptible murmullo—suspiros, palabras, nombres, canciones. Con el murmurar de la corriente que cae dentro del lago, no se lo que olgo, me siento con fiebre y melancolía, sobre la roca, al pie de la cual descansa el agua del misterioso lago. Fórmase allí un lugar profundo cuya superficie es balanceada aun por la brisa de la tarde.

"Todo es allí pavoroso. La soledad con sus miles de irreconocibles sonidos, reina en todo su derredor, cubriendo el espíritu de una inefable melancolía. De las sombras de las hojas silvestres de los álamos, de los agujeros de las rocas, del agua del lago, los espíritus invisibles de la naturaleza parecen hablarte, reconocer en uno un sér humano poseído del espíritu inmortal del hombre.

"Cuando tú me ves, temprano en las mañanas, tomar mi ballesta y encaminarme hacia la fuente, no creas que me dirijo en busca del venado. No. Voy á sentarme al borde del lago, á mirar dentro de sus aguas—por qué? No lo sé. Es una manía. El día que llegué allí montado en Relámpago, creí ver en sus profundidades una cosa extraña—muy extraña—los ojos de una mujer.

"Talvez era algún rayo furtivo del sol que había penetrado en el agua; talvez era una de aquellas florescillas que flotan en medio de las profundas aguas en las que nacen, y cuyo cáliz parece de esmeralda. No sabré decirte. Como quiera que sea, me pareció encontrar una mirada, mirada que sembró en mi corazón un deseo vehemente, absurdo, que no podría realizarse: deseo de hallar una mujer que tenga ojos semejantes á aquellos que miré.

"Dominado de este deseo heme concretado día á día, al mismo lugar. Al fin, una noche, creí sería un sueño; pero no, era una realidad, porque le hablé á ella varias veces, tan bien como te estoy hablando á ti—una noche encontré sentada en mi sitio, y cubierta con una túnica que ondeaba bajo el agua flotando luego en su superficie, una mujer, hermosísima fuera de ponderación. Su cabello eran hebras de oro, brillaban sus pestañas cual destellos de luz, y bajo las cuales inquietamente miraban los ojos que durante tanto tiempo habían morado en mi memoria, los ojos de un color inconcebible, ojos que eran—

"Verdes! gritó Ifígo con voz lena del más grande terror, y levantándose de su asiento.

"Fernando, á su turno, quedó atónito, oyéndole pronunciar delante de él lo que tenía en su mente. Con un sentimiento mezclado de placer y ansiedad preguntóle: La conoces tú?

"Oh, no! gritó el montero. El cielo me defienda de conocerla! Pero mi padre, cuando me prohibió ir al lago, me dijo mas de una vez que el espíritu, fantasma, demonio ó mujer, que habita sus aguas, tiene ojos de tal color. Le suplico á Ud. por todo aquello que más querido le sea en la tierra, no vaya nunca más á la fuente de los álamos. Un día ó otro caerá víctima de la malicia de ella, y expiará con la muerte la falta de haber perturbado las aguas de la fuente.

"Por lo que más amo, murmuró el joven con amarga sonrisa.

"Sí, prosiguió el montero, por sus antepasados, por sus padres, por las lágrimas de aquella que el cielo le destine ser su esposa, por el amor de su sirviente que vió nacer á Ud—

"Sabes tú lo que más amo en el mundo? Pues lo que abandoné amor de padre, los brazos de mi madre que me dió el ser y los cuidados de todos los años aquellos ojos.... Como puedo, entonces, prometer que los he de buscar?"

"Fernando pronunció estas palabras con tal fuerza que las lágrimas que brotaron de los ojos de su sirviente siguieron su curso, rodando silenciosas por sus mejillas aprovechándose de ello, con voz llena de trémulo clamó: Hágase la voluntad del cielo!

"Pasaron días. A la caída de una tarde, hallándose sentado en su sitio favorito sobre la roca, Fernando despertó y al abrir sus ojos lo primero que vio fueron los ojos verdes de la mujer á quien adoraba, pendiente sobre los suyos, tristes y soñolientos. No pudo más y habló así:

"Quien eres tú? De donde vienes? Desde cuándo Cada día vengo aquí á encontrarte y todavía no me has colado en el que viniste aquí, ni los atrevidos deberías conducirte en tu litera. Separa por un momento ese misterioso velo en el que te hallas envuelto, cual la obscuridad de la noche. Yo te amo, me lo sé, ó no, yo seré tuyo, tuyo para siempre!

"El sol habíase hundido detrás de la montaña y las sombras iban avanzando con rápidas vertiginosas brisa suspiraba entre las hojas de los álamos al pie de la fuente, y la neblina elevándose de la espesura del lago, comenzaba á envolverse al rededor de las rocas se hallaban en su margen. Sobre una de esas rocas parecía próxima á hundirse en el abismo del agua, el joven enamorado—temblando, reflejándose en las aguas del lago, arrojado á los pies de su misteriosa amante, inquiriéndola en vano el secreto de su procedencia.

"Ella era bella—bella y pálida, cual una estatua de mármol. Un bucle de sus cabellos caía sobre su frente y resbalaba entre los pliegues de su velo cual una gota del sol abriéndose vía por entre las espesas nubes debajo de sus brillantes pestañas miraban sus ojos esmeraldas incrustadas en una montaña de oro.

"Cuando el joven había cesado de hablar abrió los labios como para emitir algún sonido; pero no salió solamente se escapó de ellos, un suspiro débil, jumbroso, como el de una oleadita quebrantada y soplo del viento, extinguiéndose entre los árboles.

"No me respondes, dijo Fernando, viendo que sus palabras no producían efecto. Quieres acaso que te diga que de ti he oído decir? Oh no! Escúchame, quiero saber si tu me amas. Quiero saber si puedes amarme una mujer ó un espíritu—

"Y si lo fuera, qué harías, replicó la mujer.

"El joven vaciló por un momento. Un momento inundó su frente. Dilatáronse sus ojos y con una tensidad fueronse á fijar sobre la mujer. Frente a la fosforescente brillantez de los ojos que trasparecían sus suyos, y en el transporte de su amor, gritó: fueras tú, así te amaría tanto como te amo ahora, destino amarte á ti aun más allá de los límites de la vida, si más allá hay otra vida.

"Fernando, dijo la misteriosa, con una voz que yo te amo aun más de lo que tú me amas á ti. Prueba de lo cual es que, un espíritu puro, cuando en amar á un sér mortal. Yo no soy una mujer de aquellas de la tierra, pero una, propia para ti, muy superior á todos los demás hombres. Ve en las profundidades de este lago, como sus aguas transparentes, transparente. Hablo con sus murmullos duermo en sus ondas. Yo no castigo al que me perturba la fuente donde yo moro; antes bien me recompensa por ser un sér mortal incapaz de comprender la perfección vulgar, y capaz de comprender mi misterio y misterioso.

"Mientras ella hablaba de ese modo, el joven, en la contemplación de su aturridora belleza, se dejó por un irresistible poder, avanzó más y más hacia el borde de la roca. El espíritu de los ojos verdes guio: Ves la límpida profundidad del lago, y con sus largas hojas verdes que se mecen en las ondas, ¿no me miras á otro? En esa mansión, tal como en la tuya, como tu jamás la has soñado en tu vida, así como me miras más podrá ofrecerte. Ven! El lago flota tristemente á nuestro rededor, viéndonos como en un pabellón de lino; los árboles llaman con sus incomprensibles voces, y el viento entre los árboles el himno del amor; ves—

"Las sombras de la noche hacían su fiesta en la luna se reflejaba en la superficie del lago, la luna desvanecía por la mansa brisa, y los fulgores verdes centelleaban en la oscuridad cual las revoloteando sobre pantanosas aguas.

"Ven! Ven! Aquellas palabras suenas en el oído de Fernando como una conjuración. "Ven!" la hermosa figura lo llama al borde del abismo, y ella aparecía como suspendida en el aire. Fernando ella le ofrecía un beso—un beso! Fernando se inclinó hacia ella—otro; sintió sus delicados brazos de su cuello, y sobre sus labios una presión dulce de hielo; vacilante avanzó y.... se precipitó al del lago, produciendo un sonido triste y profundo.

"El agua se levantó en chorros espumosos, después sobre él, cerró sus círculos de plata, y se dobló, dilatándose hasta que se extinguieron sus orilla."

—RAFAEL E. GARCÍA

### PERHAPS IT DID.

He looked up from his journal with a start. "The old, old story," he said. "He's a chap gone and killed himself because he was unhappy."

She tittered.

"And did that make his home any happier?"

"Or doesn't the paper say?"



# Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

## Don't Take Away Their Pins.

H. HARRIMAN," said a New York broker, talked luminously the other day of the decline in the value of securities. He said we must be careful not to legislate too harshly against the country's interests, or the prosperity of these interests, with it the country's prosperity, would be impaired. He illustrated his meaning with a story. There was a school teacher, he said, who exclaimed impatiently one day:

"Johnny Jones, what are you fumbling with there?" Johnny hung his head and was silent. But the teller of the class spoke up:

"It's a pin he's got, ma'am."

"Well, take it from him," said the teacher, "and bring it to me."

"That was done, and then, in a mollified voice, the teacher said:

"Now, Johnny Jones, get up and recite your history."

Johnny did not obey. He blushed, hung his head and sat still.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "rise, I tell you."

"Then the little fellow blurted out distressfully:

"I can't, ma'am. That there pin you took is what's in my trousers up."

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## Why the Scotch Can't Hear.

ELIZABETH MARBURY, of the board of governors of New York's sumptuous woman's club, the Metropolitan, was discussing the question of the club's liquor license.

"It's rather a matter of indifference to us," she said, "whether we get a license or not. Women, you know, are given to drinking. They are too careful of their reputations. They desire to remain slim and fresh, and as you know, tends to make us coarse and stale."

"If we had a license, I think we should sell little. It would not be with us as with a farmer I once met."

"Living in the Scottish Highlands one summer, I was at a farmhouse for a cup of milk, and the view from the door was so lovely that I said to the farmer:

"What a superb place to live in!"

"Yes," he answered, in conventional Scots, "it's a' fine place, but wad ye like, ma'am, to hae to walk fuf-fuf-fuf like time ye wanted a bit glass o' whuskey?"

"Well," said I, "why don't you get a demijohn of whisky and keep it in the house?"

"He shook his head sadly.

"Why," he said, "won't keep."

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## Living Anchor.

SEALBY, of the Cretic, was talking about the ignorance of the average tourist.

"I once overheard a tourist," he said, "ask her husband to take her daughter was.

"At the blunt end of the ship," the husband answered, "I can't, though," Capt. Sealby continued, "was the ignorance of a couple of landmen who went to the promenade had for anchor a lot of stones tied to a rope."

"When the time came, the skipper called to his assistant:

"Anchor!"

"The assistant heaved the anchor overboard, but in the meantime the stones sank to the bottom, and the ship floated."

"Then," said the man, after watching the bag a while, "the anchor won't sink. What's to be done?"

"The skipper, capably, 'take this pole and push it down.'"

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## Students.

AM ARCHER, the noted English critic, said at one of the meetings of the Reformed Spelling Society in New York:

"I have been rather surprised, here in the States, to find a general ignorance of what we spelling reformers are doing. Our aims are not at all understood. We have no idea of going to such ludicrous lengths as many people think."

"The average man's idea of reformed spelling is that it is like the two young ladies' idea of natural history."

"Part of the animal does the chop come from?" asked a young lady. "Is it the leg?"

"Not at all," said the other, laughing. "The chop is the jaw bone. It is, of course, the jaw bone."

"I have heard of animals licking their chops?"

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## Spelling Season.

THE Department of Agriculture, with prospects of success is trying to beat the Japanese trust by raising camphor groves in Florida.

In Huntington that celebrated and unusual combination of camphor leaves, Mr. Hood, the farmer, told a seasonable agricultural story, a story that appealed to all suburbanites.

"One spring morning," he began, "a suburbanite looked suspiciously over his hedge and said to his neighbor:

"Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole there?"

"The neighbor laughed—a harsh, bitter laugh.

"He said, 'I'm just replanting some of my nasturtium seeds, that's all.'"

"Nasturtium seeds?" shouted the first man angrily. "It looks more like one of my Buff Leghorn hens."

"Oh, that's all right," the other retorted. "The seeds are inside."

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## Sympathy.

UPTON SINCLAIR, in an address before a body of Chicago Socialists, said of charity:

"The average charity, the charity of the rich, seems rather futile to me. The rich oppress the poor enormously, then they help them slightly. It is like the young lady angler.

"Why," said a man to this young lady, 'do you always carry a bottle of liniment with you on your fishing excursions?'

She sighed.

"I am so sorry," she said plaintively, 'for the poor little fish. And so, when I take one off the hook, I always rub its cut mouth with some liniment.'

## The Human Shield.

THE advent of Memorial Day caused Admiral Dewey, at a recent dinner, to praise the bravery of the American troops during the Civil War.

"Both sides alike were brave," he said, "North and South, soldiers and sailors. And the bravery of the raw recruits was a thing to be seen to be believed."

"There used to be circulated, though, a good story about a Connecticut recruit. This young man, after he had gotten initiated, fought heroically; but in his first engagement he was very nervous."

"A chum of his was in the line ahead of him, and when the bullets began to fly, the chum began to dodge."

"Thereupon the recruit shouted excitedly:

"Hey, Jim, don't duck. I'm behind ye."

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## Good Business Methods.

A MUSICAL critic was congratulating Caruso, the great tenor, on the fact that his rates next season will be doubled.

"Yes," said the artist, "I am a good man of affairs. I can make a bargain. I am like the druggist they tell of in Rome."

"This druggist had a shop on the Corso, and his excellent business methods are making him rich."

"One afternoon a lady, returning from the Piazza, got out of her carriage, entered the shop, and bought of the druggist a bottle of liniment."

"It will be 85 centesimi," said the man—"75 for the liniment, and 10 for the bottle."

"The lady frowned.

"But," she said, "I paid nothing for the bottle the last time I got liniment here."

"In that case," said the druggist, "it will be 95 centesimi."

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## The Gloved Gambler.

EUGENE HIGGINS, whose yacht, "Varuna," lay in the harbor of Nice, was entertaining at dinner at Cairo's, in Monte Carlo, a party of Americans.

The talk turning to play at the Casino, Mr. Higgins described an incident that he had witnessed the night before.

"In one of the gold rooms," he said, "a gentleman in lavender gloves was playing in wonderful luck, winning nearly every stake. As a great stack of plaques—you know those beautiful, big goldpieces called plaques—was pushed to him by the croupier, I heard a young lady whisper in his ear:

"It is very odd, monsieur, to wear gloves at play. What do you do it for? Luck?"

"The fortunate player smiled grimly.

"Not at all," he replied. "I promised my wife on her death-bed never again to touch a card."

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## Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A BALTIMORE man had until recently a dinky in his employ—about as shiftless and worthless a dinky, says he, as ever he came across.

One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called Sam into his office and told him to look for another job.

"Will you give me a letter of recommendation?" asked Sam, piteously.

Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the Baltimore man's heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the negro.

His effort resulted as follows: "This man, Sam Harkins, has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."

[Harper's Weekly.]

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## Prodged His Memory.

D. R. URBAN was always late to dinner. He arrived home on a certain evening, as usual, twenty minutes behindhand. His wife was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Fortune. Greeting the guests with effusive cordiality he said:

"If I had known this pleasure was in store for me, I should certainly have arranged my business so as to be at home earlier."

"Why, Harry," sighed his wife; "I told you."

"I beg your pardon, love; but you are certainly mistaken this time. You probably forgot to mention it."

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On the whole, I'm glad you did. It is a delightful surprise."

Mrs. Urban was a spirited woman. This unjust accusation came near overthrowing her courtesy. Her lips parted, then shut decisively; but a slight frown lingered on her forehead.

Little Tommy read her face. He knew all about his father's poor memory, and he felt it his duty both to refresh it and to defend his mother.

"Why, papa," he piped up, "don't you recollect? Mama told you to be sure to come home early tonight because the Fortunes were going to be here, and you said, 'Oh, the devil!'"

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## A Weighty Diplomat.

HEN BEVERLY TUCKER, Minister to the Court of St. James, was presented to Queen Victoria she indicated that he be seated, by that slight motion of her plump hand which all England obeyed. Tucker was portly and heavy, and the only available chair was fragile and small. He appeared not to notice the invitation.

A moment later it was repeated, for even at that first interview began the Queen's liking for Minister Tucker which ripened into such an intimate friendship as no other American ever enjoyed with Her Majesty. Still, the weakness of things terrestrial was more potent than the finger of Victoria, and Tucker again ignored the command. Then the Queen put, it in words, when Tucker, with a profound bow, replied:

"Your Majesty, I never sit in the presence of royalty."

"I accept the compliment at your hands," replied the Queen, "and now you must accept comfort at mine."

"Comfort!" exclaimed Mr. Tucker. "Why, I should break both my back and Your Majesty's chair if I attempted to sit on it!"—[Philadelphia Record.]

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## The Figures Too High.

IT was a little out-of-the-way church the first Sunday in May, just after the "foot-washing" had been observed, which is a custom followed by that particular religious sect of people, that the preacher announced that the congregation would join in singing hymn No. 23, "My soul, be on thy guard; ten thousand foes," etc.

Jones, a red-faced, broad-shouldered giant, tried to put on a lot of energy and sing tenor, for this was a special occasion, and he seemed to be the whole church, since he was musical director, and the only choir he had, as well as janitor and deacon; in fact, he did everything but preach. Jones rose up and in stentorian tones began to sing in a pitch too high. When he got to the second line ("Ten thousand foes," etc.) it was necessary for his voice to rise beyond his capacity, and he broke down. The congregation began to titter, and a brother in the front row said:

"Pears to me like you're a leetle bit too high."

An old gentleman in his shirt sleeves, over in the amen corner, rose up with a judicial air and drawled out:

"S'pose we just try five thousand."—[Judge's Library.]

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## Substitutes.

"WE haven't any deviled crabs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs."

"Umph! I presume if you were out of mock-turtle soup you'd suggest some very nice mock oranges?" retorted the diner.

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter, calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."—[Harper's Weekly.]

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## The Ready Actor.

H. SOTHERN, a few days before he set out on his stupendous London venture, talked at a farewell dinner about stage presence of mind.

"When a dilemma unexpectedly crops up," he said, "I manage, in an awkward way, to master it somehow; but I never acquit myself with the brilliance that marks the typical anecdotes of stage presence of mind."

"They tell of a really remarkable case that happened in Cincinnati. It was a melodrama. The hero, in the second act, stood in the bow of a ship, soliloquizing about love, while the waves rolled and rocked on all sides."

"The waves were made in this way: Blue canvas was spread loosely over the stage, and under the canvas some twenty or thirty supers lay on their backs, kicking and rolling and beating about with their arms."

"But it happened that at this performance there was a large hole in the canvas. Through the hole, as the actor talked passionately about love, the head of a super suddenly protruded. The head looked about in a wild, scared way, and quick as thought the actor shouted:

"Man overboard!"

"Then, when the head disappeared, he said sadly:

"Alas! the perils of the deep. Another poor soul gone to his last reward."

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## She Couldn't Help It.

ONE of the brightest and nicest little patients in the surgical ward of one of the city hospitals lay on her bed moaning with pain. She had just come to consciousness after a slight operation, and, though only 5 years old, was exhibiting heroic nerve.

Yet she couldn't keep from occasional low cries escaping her. She was the sort of child who hates above all things to give trouble, and when one of the nurses stopped before her and, as she thought, looked a bit reproachfully down at her, she explained, between the paroxysms, with a pitiful smile:

"Oh, Miss Smith, I can't help it, I can't help it! I'm not used to operations."—[Boston Post.]

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## As a tool, I give notice now that I the controversy or threatens them with publishing their almost exclusively to



# The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

## PLAN OF IMPROVEMENTS.

### NUMEROUS CONSIDERATIONS THAT CALL FOR THE EXPERT.

By Ernest Branton.

THE position being fixed upon for the house, the next step is to prepare a working plan, and this is of equal importance whether the grounds are extensive or quite limited. To strike out the rude and simple outlines of an arrangement for the various accessories and conveniences of a country residence requires a mind thoroughly imbued with the principles of taste and conversant with the application of art to the development of beauty; and, although we admit that every individual best knows what will meet his ideas of comfort and convenience in the abstract, there are few who can tell all the details or satisfactorily introduce and fit all the disjointed parts so as to produce a complete whole.

As it is wisdom on the part of those who are about building a house to enlist the services of a competent architect, so it is essential to consult with a landscape artist in the preparation of a plan for the improvement of the grounds; as to what trees to plant and where to plant them; the proper introduction and construction of roads and walks; locating and erecting barns, stables,



COCOS ROMANZOFFIANA.

glass houses and other buildings; selecting and preparing the soil for vegetable and fruit gardens; making lawns, and the numerous details that are involved in perfecting all the indispensable, useful and ornamental adjuncts to a suburban house and grounds.

All plans should be definite and simple as possible and not overloaded with mechanical embellishments, as an excess in this respect generally indicates a deficiency in more important particulars. They should be accompanied with ample references, where each tree and the most important shrubs should be distinctly named and referred to numbers on the plan. Intelligent reasons should be given for everything proposed, both with reference to immediate and to future effect, with clear instructions and suggestions with regard to the operations proposed, and the relative order in which they should be conducted. It may be taken as a rule that no proprietor should undertake improvements until he sees clearly the objects and intentions of the design or plan; and if this information cannot be conveyed by inspection and explanation, it is a strong presumptive evidence of defect, either in the design or in the explanation, or in both.

#### Landscape Designs.

In transferring designs to the ground, the most correct and speedy method is to divide the plan into squares by lines drawn on it in both directions, the side of the square being of any length that will best serve the purposes of accuracy. Squares of sixty feet for the side will be found a convenient length; but in intricate designs, such as those for flower gardens, squares of thirty feet, or even shorter, may be necessary. The ground, or space to be operated upon, is to be divided into squares of the same size, and a stake set firmly at each point of intersection of the lines, and numbered to correspond with the numbers on the plan. A still more distinctive method is to use numbers for one direction and letters for the other; each stake will then be marked with a number and a letter. The plan and grounds being thus prepared, the placing of a tree, or the laying down of a walk, or any other object, can be executed with the greatest facility. It also enables the work to be commenced at any point, and a short practice will enable

any one, by looking at its position in the square on the plan, to place a tree in its relative position in the square on the ground, without having recourse to exact measurements. A plan carefully prepared with references, and accurate to a scale, may thus be transferred to the ground by any person capable of reading letters and figures.

#### The Tonka Bean.

The Tonka bean is the seed of a tropical tree of Guiana, called *Dipterix odorata*, which reaches to a height of sixty or eighty feet. The bean has a strong odor, somewhat resembling that of cloves, and is due to the principle called coumarine, a fragrant principle found in the dried leaves of the vernal grass, *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, and in the leaves of the yellow melilot, *Mellilotus officinalis*. The Tonka bean has been used to scent snuff, hence it is called the snuff bean. It is sometimes employed to adulterate vanilla. It imparts to true vanilla a sharp, rank odor and taste, which some persons think indicate "strength," but it detracts from the genuine vanilla flavor.

#### Old Against New.

Where old trees abound it is difficult to prepare or keep a good lawn or introduce new shrubs or flowers unless they are thinned. The roots of the trees prevent thorough renovation of the soil and the shade of their branches interferes with the growth of plants. There is a steady antagonism between the old and the new, both with regard to individual growth and landscape effect, until either the one or the other predominates. It is no matter of doubt or uncertainty, but a settled question with all who have any experience in remodeling or adapting old groves to modern improvements, that it is measurably better to commence on a treeless, naked field; as a judicious selection and intermixture of fast-growing trees, properly planted in good soil, will in a few years serve all useful purposes, produce such effects as are contemplated, and give far more satisfaction than can be derived from the accidental position and growth of natural forests, at least so far as relates to improvements in the immediate vicinity of a rural residence.

#### Killing Deciduous Trees.

The killing of a tree by ringing is understood by many gardeners, but the proper time to do this is not so well known. It has to be just as the foliage of the tree has fully expanded in spring. The reason why this is the proper time is because during the summer season trees are storing up sap, which has been perfected by the leaves. This is the office of the foliage. When the leaves fall there is this sap in all parts of the tree, including the roots. As soon as spring opens the sap is supplied to the leaves, bringing them to perfection, and when they are at this stage, fully unfolded, all the perfected sap is virtually exhausted.

By ringing the tree then it stops communication between the severed parts, no more true sap can descend to the roots and, though the leaves may remain green even to the close of the season, there will be no fresh ones made the spring following. If the ringing has been done at the exact time there will be no sprouting below the ringed part as well as none above, as no true sap will have been furnished by the new leaves, and all the tree had stored up before will have been used up.

The ringing may be done at any point desired. If the whole tree is to be killed, do it near the ground. A strip of bark of a width of from four to six inches will suffice. The killing of poison vines and all objectionable plants can be accomplished by chopping them down at the same time in spring, when the leaves first fully expand. If all sap has been drawn out by the tops before they were chopped off there will be no more shoots made. Otherwise, there will be a few, which must be chopped off as soon as seen, for no plant can long exist that has no leaves.

#### Hedges of Purple Beech.

Hedges of beech are met with occasionally in the Eastern United States, but they are not as common as they are in Europe. Yet in the way of a screen as well as for beauty nothing answers in the way that the beech does. The common European beech holds its leaves all winter even though they die in the fall, and because of this such a hedge is one of the best to act as a windbreak, and in spring, when its leaves are well unfolded, it forms one of the most pleasing hedges on a place.

The blood-leaved beech makes a beautiful picture when its new foliage is well matured in spring. As is well known, the color intensifies for many weeks until it reaches its darkest stage, after which it lessens through the rest of the season; but even at the last, when autumn comes, it is still a purple-leaved beech. A hedge of purple beech is a sight calling many to see it when in its perfection of new growth in late spring. Seedlings of the purple beech are better to use than the Rivers' variety. The seedlings are bushy growers, while the Rivers' is not. The latter is known to be apt to make but few branches comparatively. It is a first rate as a tree, but as a hedge it lacks the business required. Seedlings from the blood-leaved beech do not all possess the dark color of the parent, but vary from a light to a dark purple. As seedlings are set in nursery rows for a few years until they are of a suitable size for hedging, it gives an opportunity to select a uniform dark color, that the whole hedge may look alike. Beeches are best set in spring and at all times should be had into good roots and be severely pruned to insure success with them.

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## The City Beautiful—Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

### FIESTA FLOWER FESTIVAL.

#### EVIDENCE THAT THE LOS ANGELES PUBLIC NEEDS EDUCATION.

The semi-annual flower show of the Southern California Horticultural Society was this year held just at the beginning of the Fiesta festivities, as so many attractions were billed for the Shriners' week that it was deemed necessary to catch the public before they became intoxicated with too many spectacular displays. The percentage of strangers was greater than in the attendance of any previous flower show, the number of residents present was not above the average. Throughout the four exhibitions held by this society, the writer has watched very closely to see who attended and also to mark the absentees. The conclusion has been reached that the apparent love of flowers in our people is largely a fad, to be paraded upon occasion. So many effusive individuals who have talked with the writer about plants, extending over a score of years, never visit a flower show to see what is the latest or best, yet this is the only means of finding out, for no one can conveniently visit all our growers' establishments.

By marking the visitors attentively one will find that nearly all the flower-show frequenters are attracted by a mass of color and many pause just inside the gates to note where the most "flashy" display may be seen and then away to it as fast as they may with the compass the distance. Such persons seem

actually to rob the pupil of his or her inspiration for the practical affairs of the home, the farm, the shop, or other work in which at least 90 per cent. must engage.

The broader plans coming into our schools have been largely thrust upon the school men by men of affairs, as in our cities and by legislators. The success of combining industrial, technical and scientific studies with the general studies, thus brought about, often under suggestions from school men, shows that the philosophy of many of the older educators was wrong. At first the mechanic arts were brought to a pedagogic basis; then agriculture slowly but surely was brought to teachable form; and last, home economics were successfully brought into the domain of the school. There are now no administrators of these colleges who are so conservative as not to have risen to a belief that agriculture has been reduced to teachable form; but some still have little faith in the possibility of teaching domestic subjects.

#### Commercial Coffee.

The Department of Agriculture for a quarter of a century made yearly distributions of coffee plants, sending them to the warmest localities in the United States, but the returns have not been of a nature to warrant further continuance of the distribution of these plants so far as relates to the object in view of establishing a profitable industry.

It is true that several years ago a small quantity of ripened berries were produced on coffee plants growing near the Manatee River, but it was understood that these plants were in a very well sheltered position, and

endwise. The nuts are sorted into sizes and the machine is adjusted to suit the different sizes.

#### Appearance of Our Parks.

Just at this season of the year our visitors may see our parks in a season to compare favorably with those in the less-favored Eastern States. "Back East" they are just emerging from the blighting effects of winter's ice and snow and the change from leafless tree and plains devoid of vegetation, to palm and banana laden parks is a very pleasing one. At no time of the year could the contrast be greater or more to our credit, for at this season our whole land is mantled with a carpet of green studded thickly with floral gems of every hue.

### TREES ARE VALUABLE NOW

But they will be still more valuable in the near future.

When the forests are denuded, the owner of a few acres of trees will be a rich man.

We plant the trees; nature does the rest.

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#### WINSEL'S GARDEN CALENDAR

MAY.

VEGETABLE GARDEN—Plant Burbank Potatoes, Tomato, Pepper, Eggplant, Cauliflower, Rhubarb; sow melon, cucumber, squash, sweet corn, peas, beans, etc.

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TREES AND PLANTS—Fruit trees of all kinds can be planted now. We have a full line. Write for special list or call at our yard, corner of East Third and Crocker streets, where you will find ornamental trees.

LAWN SEED our specialty. We have only best grades of Blue Grass and Clover Seed. Lawn Fertilizer, Poultry Supplies.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE, containing directions how and when to plant in Southern California, free for the asking.

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to the fact that rare and costly novelties are rarely exhibited in small numbers and that masses must be of comparatively common sorts. These are other points observed lead one to believe that the need education along the lines which flower exhibitions alone can give unless the process is slow, uncertain and unsatisfactory in results. The reasons shows of more or less scientific rank are kept before the public even if the net returns cover expenses. Some missionary work must be done along these lines just as it is in regard to civic improvement and all great movements for the uplifting of the race.

#### Kindred Subjects

Our very best philosophy of education is now in the minds of those teachers who are successfully combining pedagogic form and weaving into our scheme the essentials of education in the home and home making. When the older philosopher of the problems of technical education it said: "The man first and the specialist afterward." We must give the man a general college course and then his technical work in a graduate course. The limited technical education to college men is a democracy of education for the few in the land. If that philosophy had been persisted in, we would have been the most un-American of peoples.

The consistency with which this mistaken policy was followed almost wholly to the fact that school men have been most tenaciously to the educational philosophy of the schools where they were taught. Among the most important things done in American life stands the consistency with which our educators go into a community and disregard the local interests immediately dear to the parents and pupils, placing the emphasis too nearly all on the remote, as on the language of becoming President, or on the language of the future, who knew far less than we, failing to give information about the things with which he was dealing. But far worse, this course tends

received additional protection during the severest weather in the winter. Subsequently these trees were frozen to the ground by a cold of unusual severity for that locality. It is quite certain that coffee cannot become a profitable crop where a lowering of temperature down to or below the point of freezing occurs almost every winter. Although the freezing point may not be reached, yet occasional low temperatures in the fall or early winter months retards the ripening of the fruit, even when the plant is apparently uninjured. A tropical climate means something more than mere exemption from frost.

Experienced coffee growers state that the culture is not commercially profitable in a climate where the thermometer falls below 50 deg. Fahr. at any time during the year. The plant will survive a much lower temperature than the above, but this estimate refers to the value of the crop, for it will grow without harm in parts of Southern California and is not considered too tender for planting in many sections, but as a commercial commodity it is improbable that we will ever market any. Prof. N. P. Pierce has procured several hardy species of little value as crop producers and may produce a hybrid that would have an economic value on this Coast, but no assurance of such results can be made at this time. The so-called coffee berry, native to California, is a species of buckthorn (Rhamnus) and in no wise related to the real coffee or having any of its qualities.

#### Pecans for Streets.

The pecan makes an excellent street tree. There is one growing on a side street about a block west of the Riverside City Park. The tree is about sixteen years old and has a diameter of about eighteen inches and is fully forty feet high. The owner is very proud of it and thinks it is an excellent street tree. There are a number of varieties of pecans whose nuts produce whole meats. In Texas and Louisiana there are large establishments which turn out tons of them every year. They have a special machine which squeezes the nut



# Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STANDARD-BRED POULTRY AND THE PEOPLE WHO GROW IT.

## UP SANTA BARBARA WAY.

### A VISIT AMONG THE POULTRY AND SQUAB RAISERS.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE.—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

THE writer recently made a short trip to Santa Barbara, with side stops at various stations along the line. The trip was one of pleasure—a sort of outing away from the turmoil of newspaper work, in which the good American hen was not forgotten. At various places poultry plants were visited, all of which evinced an air of prosperity, and showed that the industry is attracting both capital and people. At Carpinteria there is being created a large plant capable of supplying the Potter Hotel at Santa Barbara with squabs, broilers, fryers, roasters as well as guaranteed fresh eggs; there is also another plant of some pretensions breeding White Wyandottes in quantity calculated to meet the ever-increasing demand for poultry product in the Channel City. In Santa Barbara proper there are a number of quite large plants. On one of these there are something like 1500 head of laying hens. Here equipment is complete,—the plant enjoying a manufacturing department driven by a gasoline engine, which

plump carcass at an early age, while the hens are good layers of light brown eggs. Many breeders are taking them up hereabouts, and the writer expects to see big entries of this breed at the coming shows next winter.

#### Feeding Suggestions from the Government.

The twenty-second annual report of the Bureau of Animal Industry (U. S. Department of Agriculture) contains a number of pages of special interest to poultrymen from the pen of G. Arthur Bell, covering all the salient points essential to its successful prosecution. Taking his subject at its inception, our author guides the reader through every stage from the classification of breeds and their utility points to the furnished product, to the ultimate end the sale of breeding stock, market poultry or simply eggs. As can well be imagined this is rather a wide range of the subject, but every phase is well and intelligently covered, rendering the book valuable alike to the expert breeder and the novice.

Passing over the questions of location, houses, breeds, artificial incubation and brooding, we come to the subject of dry feeding, about which we have had not a little to say in this department, there is presented some suggestions and practices which are not without interest to Southern California poultrymen who have discarded the mash foods. In the way of dry rations there are two recommended, the first consisting of 200 pounds cracked corn, 360 pounds of wheat and 130 pounds of oats. This is an all-grain formula, which is to be scattered in the litter early in the morning and again at about 11:30 a.m., to induce healthy exercise. In addition, Mr. Bell advises a hopper containing a dry mash

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On May 6th the right and title to The Live Stock Tribune transferred from The Kruckeberg Press Corporation to the Stock Tribune Co. with MRS. A. HARTLEY, late publisher of The California Cultivator, as editor.  
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Won all first premiums at 1908 Los Angeles Poultry Show. Show, Cocks 1, 2, 3, 4. Cockerels 1, 2. Hens 1, 2, 3, 4. Pairs 1, 2. Silver cups. White Wyandotte Club best pen. Assn. Cup for Best Male. H. Hoopes Cup for best display. Now looking orders for eggs. Send 3-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue to Anna L. Pinkerton, box 11, Inglewood, Cal.

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### A Wonderful, Certain Cure for Catarrh

Not An Internal Disease

Mr. Ormsby in placing his Douche Tablets before the public does so, feeling that he is offering a positive cure.

Mr. Ormsby was a chronic sufferer of CATARRH TWENTY YEARS. He has been compelled at times to more than twenty handkerchiefs a week, so great was the discharge from his nose. He suffered greatly from a deranged stomach, caused by nasal catarrh which left him a coated tongue and very offensive breath, as well as inflamed eyes and severe attacks of neuritis.

He faithfully used many SO CALLED CATARRHIC and has been treated by number of eminent throat specialists throughout the country with the securing relief.

He finally was compelled to resign a very high position in the City of Boston, Mass., and advised to change to a warmer climate, because of the fact that catarrhal condition reached the stage when he was continually blood-shot, his nose very congested, throat so inflamed and painful that he could not speak above a whisper.

After coming to Los Angeles he treated with a clin for a number of months, without relief, and given up all hope of ever finding it.

When on returning to his place of business months ago, just after leaving a barber shop, where had a dozen or more very hot towels placed over his face and nose to try and relieve the congestion and pain, suffering with his face as red from the hot application on his entrance to his store the condition of his catarrhal condition reached the stage when he was continually blood-shot, his nose very congested, throat so inflamed and painful that he could not speak above a whisper.

The old German physician inquired the cause of his inflamed face and Mr. Ormsby related to him that he had been suffering for years with catarrh and of his effort to secure relief.

The old physician a few days later came into his by's store and handed him a small box containing with instructions to dissolve in hot water and pour into nostrils and use as gargle.

After using the douche and receiving instant relief, Ormsby continued the treatment for three months and day considers himself absolutely CURED.

Mr. Ormsby has purchased the formula, and is manufacturing the powder in tablet form and will supply a glass nasal douche to assist you in your treatment, together with twenty-five tablets for one dollar. (It does not smart and irritate, but it soothes and soothes in three ounces of warm water and use as a nasal douche and throat gargle.)

The glass nasal douche with twenty-five of the will be mailed to you upon receipt of one dollar to be obtained at our office, at which time we will give a free demonstration and show the original following unsolicited testimonials which are but a few of the many we receive.

Los Angeles, Cal. Dear Sir:

For several years I have suffered from catarrh which caused headache, also a weak nose. I was always congested and felt like gagging in the morning. I have tried a number of catarrh remedies, but to no avail until I tried your Nasal Douche Tablets. I believe, completely cured me, and my nose has been in my first time in years, feel fine. I cannot say in my praises of your Catarrh Cure, and in return you authority to publish my letter if you so desire.

Yours respectfully,

ROBT. A. BROWN

1615 Morton Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, reaches to general debility. It requires steady, positive cure with Ormsby's Nasal Douche Tablets. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, restores the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

ORMSBY'S NASAL CATARRH TABLETS positively cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad. Try them, it will cost you nothing to do so; one visit to a physician would cost you more, whereas one dollar spent with us will give you a quick, radical, permanent cure.

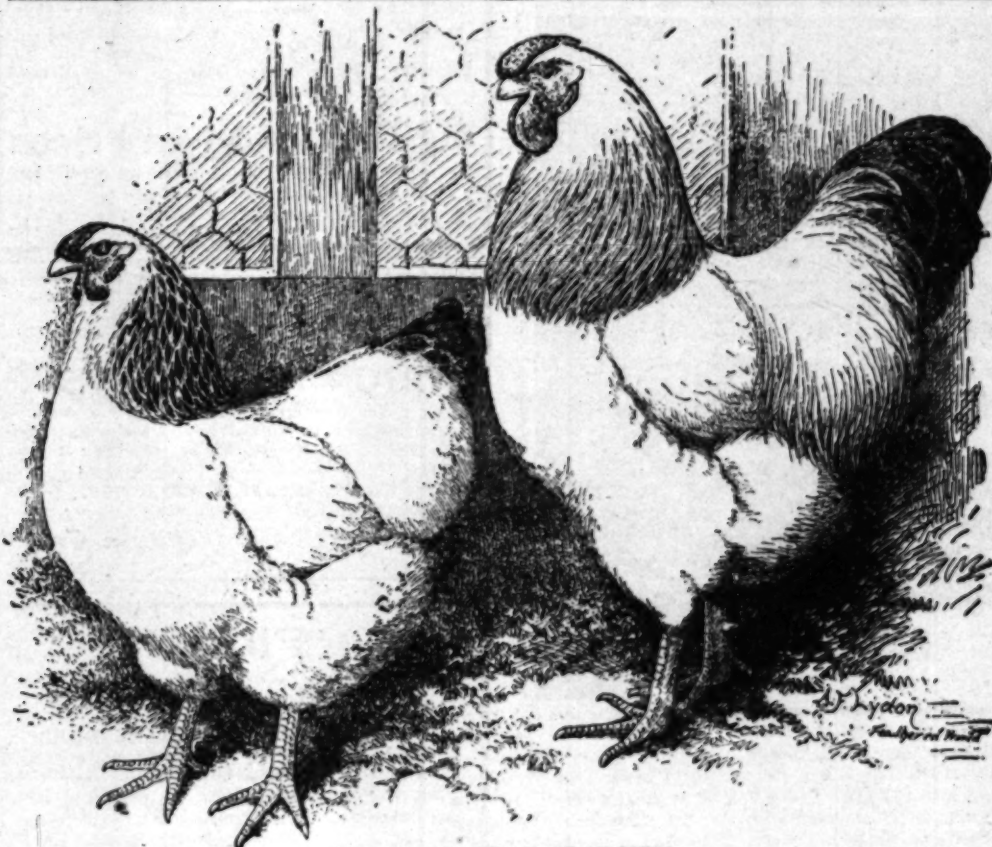
The glass nasal douche with twenty-five of the tablets dissolves in three ounces of water making a nasal douche the nose well and leave enough for a nasal douche with twenty-five of the tablets will CURE so that you will be welcomed by your friends.

At your druggist's or J. H. ORMSBY, of

### Garment Cutting, Designing

And ladies tailoring  
Rosenbleet's College, Los Angeles

### Model-Fitting Patterns Cut to Measure



PAIR OF COLUMBIAN WYANDOTTES.

furnishes the motive power for grinding and mixing the feed, cutting green bone, pumping the water, and carrying on all the essentials in the economic management of the establishment. The product is marketed direct through one of the leading grocers of the town, the hen fruit commanding a premium of 5 cents per dozen over the market price, and the poultry products (dressed birds) an equally fancy price from the wealthy classes. It was the writer's pleasure to scrutinize the receipts and expenditures of this plant, which showed a net income for the year 1906 (with about a thousand laying hens) of about \$85 per month—the sum varying from \$50 to \$150 per month, according to season and condition of the market. For the first four months of the present year the net receipts have run from \$120 to \$205 per month, with not quite 1500 head of laying hens. It is the intention of the management to increase this number to 2000 head during the coming season. This is as it should be, and only again illustrates the truth of the statement so often made in these columns, viz., that if one is to make a living out of the chicken business for the support of a family, at least a thousand head of laying hens are necessary.

#### The Columbian Wyandotte.

No breed of recent introduction has elicited more attention or stimulated a stronger following than the Columbian Wyandotte. Especially is it a strong favorite in the southwest, due in some measure to its close resemblance to the Light Brahma in color of plumage, but devoid of the heavy feathering of that breed. In economic importance it is the equal of any member of the Wyandotte family, producing a quick growing and

compounded as follows:

Thirty-two parts cornmeal, 30 parts meat (animal) meal, 30 parts ground alfalfa, 2 parts oyster shell, 1 part grit, 1 part charcoal.

This hopper is opened about an hour after the noon feed of grain ration and the fowl given free access to the same for the remainder of the day.

Of all grains fed alone wheat is deemed the safest and best, closely followed by corn, the latter, however, to be fed sparingly to fowl in confinement, as it is apt to be too fattening. For this reason it is more desirable in a cold climate during the winter months. Oats are a good grain for laying hens, but should be fed hulled. When obtainable at a reasonable price they should be fed quite liberally. In the way of wet mash, the book gives eight different formulas, calculated to meet the condition of varying markets over a wide geographical area.

#### An Interesting Experiment.

At the last meeting of the Petaluma Poultry Association the committee having in charge the experiment of verifying the economic value of the Hogan system of determining the good laying hens under the direction of the California Experiment Station, made an interesting report as to the progress. The experiment is being carried on with four pens or colonies of hens, two of which are presumed to be poor layers and two good, each containing forty birds, one poor and good pen supplied by the Poultry Association, and one poor and one good pen by the Experiment Station.

The experiment is to run for one year from January 1, though the record was begun on December 21. Fol-



to the report from December 21 to April 19.  
Nos. 7 and 9 are supposed to be good. Nos. 8 and  
10. Nos. 7 and 8 were furnished by the asso-  
ciation. Nos. 9 and 10 by the station:

Assn.	Station	Assn.	Station
No. 7.	No. 9.	No. 8.	No. 10.
66	143	3	22
209	237	103	106
466	366	292	273
598	517	421	500
429	384	330	350
1768	1647	1149	1251

for good pens ..... 3415  
for poor pens ..... 2400  
of good pens ..... 1015

The hens are all fed on the same rations. The morn-  
ing feed is a crumbly mash consisting of three parts  
corn, one part bran, one part shorts, one part corn  
meal, one part meat meal, and a little salt and pepper.  
The afternoon ration is composed of wheat, rolled barley and  
corn, mixed in varying proportions according to  
the season. The flocks were supplied with green stuff by  
alternately turned upon a grass plot.

#### Runner Ducks.

The original home of these ducks was in India, but  
they were extensively grown in England and were intro-  
duced to the United States about twelve years ago, and  
are now for themselves a high position on the eastern  
coast. Their wonderful laying qualities, together  
with the delicate flavor and richness of their eggs, make  
them much sought after for the breakfast table.

These birds are very quick-motioned, and it is pos-  
sible for them to move very rapidly, being very strong  
and well set back, with erect carriage. There is no  
indication of the awkward waddle of the common duck.  
They are called Indian Runners.

They are gray or fawn, and white. The drake  
has a darker cap and cheek markings presenting an at-  
tractive appearance, neck perfectly white, breast, back  
and body light gray or fawn, primary and secondary  
feathers should be perfectly white. Legs and toes an or-  
ange color. The head and bill should have a wedge-  
shaped appearance, with eyes set high in the head, neck  
and trim. Body is long, narrow and racy-looking.  
There is the slightest indication of keel. They are very  
alert in every motion.

Their peculiar markings and racy appearance make  
them very attractive, and to see them is to admire them.  
The best of all is their egg-producing qualities,  
surpassing anything yet produced.

The standard weight for a mature duck is four  
pounds for a mature drake four and a half pounds. If  
selected by careful selection and breeding they  
very easily made to weigh six to seven pounds,  
they are the Leghorn of the duck family, and  
are kept very trim and neat, and close to the  
body weights.

Runners mature very rapidly, reaching mar-  
ket in nine weeks. We find them easy keepers.  
They require much less food than Pekings would un-  
der similar conditions, the Runners laying continually  
while Pekings do not.

Runners require no water except for drinking pur-  
poses. They are great foragers and find no small part of  
their food over their range in the form of grubs and  
insects which they delight in hunting in the grass and  
soil. While they do best when given free range, they  
are successfully handled in limited quarters, a  
fence being sufficient to enclose them.

#### From the Yards.

That are to be killed should be kept without  
food enough to insure a complete emptying of their  
crop. This will take from twelve to twenty-four hours.  
If in their crops soon ferments, becomes sour  
and stock is unfit for use.

The best method of candling eggs is by hand, and  
employs quite a number of persons in this  
country. One man can candle from twenty-five to  
thirty in a day, or between 800 and 900 dozen.  
It is always done in what is known as a dark  
room. It is impossible for a ray of light to pene-  
trate from the box on which the eggs are candled.  
The candle has a great value as a poultry food. The  
meal contains more than 18 per cent. of  
protein, and wheat bran contains a little more than  
10 per cent. of protein, and clover meal from 6 to 7 per cent. As  
to the most costly and most valuable part of any  
ration it follows that alfalfa meal is more valuable  
than any single vegetable feed, pound for pound.  
The Making Poultry Pay, there are four re-  
asons for making whitewash that will not rub off. One  
is as follows: Slake lime in an old tub or half  
barrel with sufficient water to make a wash of the desired  
thickness, adding a little water at a time. Then add  
a solution of crude carbolic acid to every bucket  
of wash. Apply with an old broom or force pump. Put  
the wash into the cracks.

#### Changes Ownership.

The May issue The Live Stock Tribune passes  
into the possession of The Kruckeberg Press to  
be published by The Live Stock Tribune Company, with Mrs. A.  
Kruckeberg and Vivian Tressler as manager. Be-  
cause originally in San Diego, with Dr. S. L. Roberts  
as editor, and removed to Los Angeles in 1900.  
This paragraph, it has not only attained  
the position of a newspaper, but also a following  
which places it as the leader of its class in the  
policy will remain unchanged under the  
management, hence breeders and fanciers will find  
it as in the past a sturdy and fearless  
advocate of "standard bred poultry and more of it."

## Love and a Cat.

### HOW PICKHAM UNDERWENT A SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART.

By a Special Contributor.

PICKHAM entered his bachelor apartments with a  
sigh of satisfaction; it had been a hard day at the  
office and he was particularly glad to get away by  
himself. He turned on the electric light, hung up his  
overcoat and hat, while visions of his cushioned easy  
chair beckoned him delightfully. There it stood, wooing  
him to its arms, and in it—Pickham's expression  
changed, there, on its sacred cushion, lay a huge Mal-  
tese cat!

Pickham disliked cats. "Scat!" he said, sharply, with a  
fierce gesture. The cat opened its sleepy eyes and stared  
at him, rolled over on its back and, after apparently  
trying to stand on its head, went to sleep again.

It was simple enough to call the janitor, but Pick-  
ham felt that it would be a little absurd. Surely, he  
ought to be able to drive a cat out of his room without  
calling for help! He went softly up to the chair and  
reaching down took a gingerly hold on two corners of  
the loose cushion seat, raised the corners and slid the  
cat to the floor. "Scat!" he said again.

The cat deigned one glance at Pickham, stood up on  
all fours, gave a tremendous hunch to its back, and  
such a gaze that Pickham shivered, and stretched itself  
full length on its side on the big Turkish rug, while the  
end of its tail flapped lazily for a few seconds before it  
dropped flat. The cat was asleep.

Pickham rammed his hands into his pockets and  
glared down at the cat. Regarded simply as a cat, the  
animal was not objectionable. Its fur was smooth and  
silky; it had a plump, well-fed, prosperous air, more-  
over; in its present position Pickham calculated that it  
was over a yard long. He would rather have taken up a  
baby than the cat—and he was not partial to babies.

He turned the chair cushion over, to avoid possible  
hairs, and sat down. The cat was doing no harm, at  
least; and the simplest solution of the problem seemed  
to be to wait for the cat to wake up, when it might be  
lured into the corridor. Pickham gazed down at the  
cat—it was a magnificent specimen—and something  
seemed to stir within him at the suggestion of compan-  
ionship.

Pickham was in his thirties, and had spent the last  
fifteen years in building up a profitable business; it had  
been an absorbing occupation, and neither cats nor  
women had taken his attention from it. Now, as he  
looked at the contented cat, stretched out upon the rug,  
he suddenly began to feel domestic.

A nice girl on the other side of the rug, with the cat  
between them—it really might be worth while. Pick-  
ham felt a sudden pang of loneliness. He glanced about  
his comfortable bachelor quarters, and they struck him  
for the first time as rather dreary. The furniture  
seemed angular and heavy; the effect was akin to an in-  
terior decorator's exhibit in a shop window. He won-  
dered how it would seem to have a work basket on the  
severe library table, or a woman's cloak that hung  
on a peg in the dining-room where he took his meals,  
just back of its owner, who sat opposite to him. He re-  
membered that one rainy day he had come upon the  
owner hurrying along without an umbrella and had es-  
corted her under his to the dining-room. He flushed a  
little, thinking how he had taken it all as a matter of  
course. Since then she had never slipped into her seat  
at breakfast without a little blush and a shy "good-  
morning." Pickham suddenly reflected that he would  
miss that "good morning."

Just here something rubbed against Pickham's trou-  
sers leg. He glanced down. The cat had waked up at  
last, and was evidently trying to attract his attention.

Pickham's feeling toward the cat being a good deal  
softened, he said: "Poor pussy!" and hopefully opened  
the hall door. The cat did not budge; it merely lay  
back its head and cried "Mew!" with a somewhat stren-  
uous pitch. Pickham left the door open and walked  
slowly back to the cat, who sat down, curved its tail  
around its forepaws and gazed steadily and expectantly  
at Pickham. It had all the repose and dignity of an  
assured social position, and Pickham almost blushed to  
think that he should have said "Scat!" to such a gentle-  
manly animal. Nevertheless it was plain that the cat  
was not to be trifled with, and as Pickham gazed down  
at it irresolutely, the cat stood up, gave Pickham a  
severe glance, and again cried "Mew!"—this time with  
sharp imperiousness; and not deigning further remarks,  
walked over to the closet door.

A light dawned upon Pickham; he opened the closet  
door and took a jar of milk from the little refrigerator,  
and pouring a saucerful, set it down by the cat, who  
lapped it up expeditiously. When the last drop was  
gone, the cat purred contentedly, and as Pickham  
stooped to take up the saucer the cat rolled over on its  
back and, stretching out its head, imitated, as plainly  
as a cat could, that it would like to be petted. "Poor  
pussy!" said Pickham again, venturing, somewhat timor-  
ously, to scratch its neck.

"Why, kitty!"

Pickham jumped up hastily and glanced at the still  
open door. A young woman was standing there, beam-  
ing with satisfaction, and he recognized his vis-a-vis at  
the boarding-house table. The cat, meanwhile, had  
made his way sedately across the room and was now  
rubbing himself against the girl's skirt.

"Please excuse me!" cried the girl, stooping down to  
stroke the cat, "but I was so surprised! I've had such a  
hunt for him! You bad cat!" The cat merely rubbed  
a little harder, purring vigorously. "He must have  
sneaked in with the janitor," went on the girl, "and you

have been so kind to him! You've given him a great  
saucer of milk. Some men would have driven him out  
at once—but I never could like a man who wasn't fond  
of cats!"

"I—I—" stammered Pickham. "It's rather a remar-  
able cat, don't you think? So—er—self-possessed."

The girl's eyes twinkled, yet she answered soberly:  
"Kitty's been a great pet; he's never been struck and he  
just purrs when I scold him; so I dare say it isn't easy  
to frighten him. I don't believe he'd mind 'Scat' a bit."

"No," replied Pickham. "I—that is—"

"Come, kitty!" said the girl with a little blush, as if  
she felt that it was time to withdraw. "Good evening,  
and thank you," she said, and the door closed behind  
her. After a moment of indecision, Pickham opened the  
door and hurried down the corridor.

"Pardon me," he said, overtaking the girl, "but I  
wanted to tell you that I haven't cared for cats until  
this evening. Your cat converted me, I think. I don't  
want to be a backslider; I'd like to be better acquainted  
with—with your cat."

The girl regarded Pickham steadily, while the cat  
nosed ingratiatingly at Pickham's boots.

"I thought," remarked the girl, meditatively, "that I  
heard some one say 'Scat!' earlier in the evening, but  
perhaps it was the janitor, or I was dreaming."

Pickham flushed, but he stood his ground. "I said  
'Scat!' And now I'm asking the privilege of a better  
acquaintance. Doesn't that show what a nice girl—a  
nice cat—can do for a man?"

The girl reflected. "If it is necessary to your hap-  
piness your perseverance in well-doing—to know Marmaduke  
Stanford better, you may call upon him at suite 46,  
upper floor. He lives there with my mother and my-  
self—my name is Stanford," she added.

"Thank you!" said Pickham, heartily. "I shall cer-  
tainly call."

"On the cat," amended Miss Stanford.

"Certainly," agreed Pickham, cheerfully. "On the  
cat."

Marmaduke, who had been looking somewhat bored,  
sidled over to the wall, pretending to have found a  
mousehole. "Good-night," said Miss Stanford. "Come,  
kitty!" Marmaduke dawdled after her down the cor-  
ridor, while Pickham watched until the white, waving  
tip of the cat's tail disappeared in the dusk.

Once back in his room, Pickham walked thoughtfully  
to the telephone and called up the fashionable florist.  
"Two dozen Catherine Mermets," he ordered. "Send  
them to 1148 South Ninety-first street, suite 46. Name?  
Oh—er—Stanford. Good—hold on! Have you got any  
catnip? Yes, catnip! C-a-t-n-i-p! Fresh? All right,  
send a—couple of pounds with those roses—yes! a  
couple of pounds! That's what I said. Good-by. To  
think," mused Pickham, "that I almost forgot the cat!"

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.

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#### THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

The question of the gender of the American eagle is  
now interesting the active mind of Mrs. Lillie Devereux  
Blake. Mrs. Blake said to a Mothers' Club meeting:  
"The American eagle—that great bird which sur-  
mounts our national insignia—that great bird, ladies,  
is of the feminine gender. It is a fact, ladies—an or-  
nithological fact. The sex of the bird is absolutely in-  
dicated by the white tuft of feathers on its head and  
breast. I will also tell you another ornithological fact.  
The female eagle is larger and stronger than the male."

We note as an instance of great minds running in  
the same channel that James Russell Lowell also regarded  
the American eagle as of the feminine gender.

In the early days of the Thirty-first Congress, 1849,  
Howell Cobb of Georgia was elected as Speaker of the  
Lower House over Robert C. Winthrop of Massachu-  
setts, the Whig candidate, by two votes. The result  
would have been a tie if John Gorham Palfrey, Harvard  
graduate, ex-minister, successor to Edward Everett in  
the Brattle Square pulpit, and elected as a Boston Whig,  
had not voted against his townsman. In the heat of his  
indignation, Lowell wrote:

No, Hez he? He hain't, though? Wut? Voted 'agin'  
him?

Of the bird of our country could ketch him SHE'D skin  
him;

It seems though, I see HER with wrath in each quill,  
Like a chancery lawyer, a filin' HER bill,  
An' grindin' HER talents ex sharp ex all nater,  
Fo pounce like a writ on the back o' the traitor.

If the ornithologists don't agree with James Russell  
Lowell and Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, of course they  
must be wrong. Poetry and romance must always hold  
their own against prosaic facts!—[Brooklyn Eagle.

#### A DARKY'S ANSWER.

A New Yorker who had attended the opening of the  
Jamestown Exposition on April 26, was strolling along  
City Hall avenue, in Norfolk, the following evening. He  
had become impressed with the fact that Norfolk is  
booming. On every hand large and substantial build-  
ings greeted his eye.

"I wonder how many people there are in this burg?"  
he murmured to himself. Soon he came upon an aged  
darky. The New Yorker stopped him and said: "How  
many people live in Norfolk?"

The darky looked at the stranger a few moments and  
then replied thoughtfully, "Well, cap'n, dere's 'sposed  
to be 'bout fifty thousand peoples hyeah, countin' de  
white folks."—[Brooklyn Eagle.

#### PRACTICE GROWING.

Young doctor (watching his only patient, his tailor's  
son, go by the window)—How that youngster does  
grow!

Servant (sarcastically)—Yes, our practice is certainly  
getting bigger.—[Tit-Bits.



# Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

## FIELD NOTES.

### The Coming Olive Crop.

IN a letter just received from the vice-president of the Los Angeles Olive Growers' Association it is claimed that the black scale is making its appearance in a few of the 140,000 bearing trees of the association's orchard near San Fernando. The letter requests the sending of scutellista to that grove. I visited this olive plantation last fall and found the scutellista plentiful in the very few infected trees thereon, and the flies will no doubt appear later in the season with their accustomed success. This magnificent olive orchard promises a bumper crop this year, and unless some very unfavorable circumstance intervenes we may look for literally rivers of oil flowing from crusher to the 25,000-gallon glass tanks of the mill. Last season the crop was extremely light. It is a strange fact that the more oil produced by such an institution as this association the more favorable the market for its products. There is a bright future for the olive business when conducted as it now is by this association.

### Just Home from Fiesta.

ONE of my good Riverside friends has just published an estimate of the coming orange crop. He sees over 38,000 carloads on the trees next winter, or nearly 14,000,000 boxes. This gentleman's brand of thirst destroyer is what has made Riverside famous, and I cannot account for his "seeing double" in this estimate. Another of my Riverside associates, Dr. Reed, is on record for 40,000 carloads to be produced annually in the near future. The valley of the Bois Brule bottoms lay at my feet across from the Illinois bluffs all my boyhood days, and while not a native of the State that always requires a demonstration, I have imbibed some of its spirit. Just imagine the lumber that will be required to "shook" that fruit out of California. From whence will the cars come to handle it? My observation is that thousands of the thriftiest orange trees are doing very little toward the production of such a heavy output as is predicted, yet my Riverside friends are of the conservative type—at least in everything but forecasting orange crops.

### Wormy Weather.

REPORTS of the ravages of cutworms and caterpillars still continue serious. One prominent grower says: "The work of these worms in our valley is of greater extent than ever before. In the citrus groves the damage to both ripe and unripe fruit will be very considerable. The very general planting of cover crops in the groves made excellent breeding grounds for the caterpillars, and the plowing under of this green material drives the worms into the citrus trees for their food supply. The alfalfa growers have had to sacrifice a crop or two this season to the same pest. The owner of twenty acres of one-year-old Valencia orange trees which have had clean cultivation placed collars of cotton around the trunks of his fine trees to keep down the invading army of these worms coming in countless numbers from adjoining fields. A little later he called upon me for advice, as the worms had begun girdling the trees below the cotton bands. I advised the use of tanglefoot above the ground, and I am told that this, with the vigorous use of a smoother, or clod crusher drawn over the ground, has saved the grove."

These reports are not confined to one locality. On the contrary the damage seems to be of widespread character, especially to the alfalfa fields and the gardens. A garden in the suburbs of Los Angeles was entirely devastated in one night by an invasion of these insects. The weather has been most favorable to the continuance and intensity of this work. As the life of these worms is very insecure when the weather is hot and dry the farmers are wishing for a "spell" of this kind to abate the pests. While some of the sufferers are attempting to abate the work by the use of poisons the invasions are so sudden and so overwhelming in some cases as to render abortive any attempt at control.

### The Citrus Experiment Station.

IT is reassuring, to those who wish to see the best of service in horticultural matters, to know that Mr. J. W. Mills has been retained in direct charge of the citrus experiment station at Riverside. Mr. Mills is gradually increasing his usefulness and popularity in this field, and I am pleased to note that the university has raised his salary to a fair point. It is very common for the patient workers of the Mills class to go along for years practically unpaid until some more discriminating institution, usually in another State, offers something above the pay of ordinary, irresponsible farm labor. We have evidence that the station with which Mr. Mills is connected is being established upon a good basis, and that its future usefulness is assured. When the citrus station and the pathological laboratory were first discussed I did not favor their apparition—in fact did not favor the citrus station at all, and opposed it till the exigencies of legislative enactment compelled the withdrawal of all opposition in order to get anything. As soon as the act was passed including the citrus station with the pathological laboratory it is not only advisable, but right for every one to join in the effort to make the Riverside Institution a pronounced success. Those who attended the Riverside Citrus Institute last winter realize the strength of the forces that are backing this enterprise, and I commend the efforts now being made

there as heartily as if the station had been my own pet measure. Messrs. Rumsey, Reed and a score of other leaders throughout the south are worthy of enthusiastic support in any undertaking they may foster, and if any one thinks such men are not fighters for what they think is advisable just cross them in the halls of the Capitol. The Riverside station has the foundation of a fine orange ranch already made in the planting this spring of hundreds of trees under the protection of Mount Rubidoux.

### Peach Blight Here.

PROF. R. E. SMITH of the Whittier Pathological Station is the authority for the statement that the peach blight has made its appearance in San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties. This is the first announcement we have had of the invasion of this fungous disease in Southern California, though it has been hanging upon the boundaries for a year or two. I saw many orchards at Hanford badly affected last December, and hoped the disease would fail to show up in our section for some years at least. Prof. Smith says of this trouble:

"The grower who is unfamiliar with the disease may readily distinguish it from our only other serious fungus trouble of the peach, the curl leaf. In cases of blight the young bearing twigs are found spotted with discolored dead spots and the buds are killed in the same manner. The leaves fall from the tree or never develop, and in bad cases the tree becomes almost entirely defoliated except in the twigs at the extreme top, where a few tufts of leaves remain. In wet weather gum exudes from the dead spots on the twigs, and all the growth which should bear the crop becomes badly affected, dying or dead, and a large part of the crop is lost. A few years of blight will almost entirely kill the tree."

### Suburban Troubles.

TO BE driven out of one's sleeping apartment by a little "un-be-knowns" so small that it may be seen fairly with the microscope only, seems a ridiculous experience. I was called to visit a fine mansion fit to grace the 140-foot-wide street upon which it stood. The family had just moved into their new home, and the first few nights' experience with mites had well-nigh taken away the pleasure of the new residence. One of the bedrooms was fitted with an elegant set of mahogany that cost as much as a cottage, yet the furniture was pulled away from the wall and the room deserted on account of the small visitors which had preempted the sleeping-room. The mites were crawling all over the furniture and were especially numerous upon the wall and picture molding. They had bitten several members of the family so severely that the case was alarming. After a vain search of an hour for the origin of the invasion, the owner of the house remarked that two pigeons had nested over the window of the infested room while the building was under construction. He had torn out the nest two or three days before to get the birds out of the way, and had thrown the nest out in the yard. This told the story of the infection. The nest was filled over a sheet of white paper, and myriads of bird lice were found on the paper.

This is an unusual occurrence, a remarkable invasion of parasitic insects and a confirmation of the fact that these small creatures when deprived of their natural host will bite human beings and become an unbearable nuisance. There are several hundred species of bird lice, and so important economically that they have been thoroughly classified by entomologists. Almost every kind of bird and beast are infested with these creatures. Science has described and classified the lice that infest only other insects, especially those of bees and wasps. The whole order may be known from the true mite, the latter having eight legs in the adult state and the former six legs. With the exception of lice that affect domestic fowls this order is of little importance to our people. Not so with the mites, however, for they affect the orange crop, cover the fruit of the lemon in one section, at least. They attack the almond and many other deciduous trees, destroy our scutellista. Yet California is practically exempt from mites that make summer life scarcely worth the living in the East where harvest mites, ticks and other arachnids abound in such profusion. Yet these creatures are most interesting, for "life is so high a perfection of being that in this respect the least fly or mite is a more noble being than a star."

### The Kumquat.

THIS is the smallest of the citrus fruits, and has not heretofore been planted very extensively for commercial purposes in this country. It is supposed to have originated in Cochinchina, and is quite extensively grown at the present time in Japan, also in the districts of Fuchau, Chusan and Ningpo, China. In Japan it is called Kin-kan, which means Gold Orange; Kumquat is Chinese for the same meaning. Botanists now know it as Citrus Japonica, although it has in the past been listed under various names by horticultural historians. The tree attains a height of ten to twelve feet, with a spread of top nearly equal to the height. It is very symmetrical in growth and produces an abundance of handsome fruits annually. The blossoms come during the summer and the fruit ripens during the late fall and winter.

This fruit has been introduced, in a limited way, in the markets of this country and, where properly handled, has brought very fancy prices. In packing the fruit, always clip little bunches of fruit with foliage attached

and pack it in strawberry baskets. In northern markets it seems to sell better where the foliage is retained in with the fruit, as Kumquats are often used for decoration, and the leaves add greatly to their beauty. This is an advantage from the shipper's standpoint, as the leaves help fill up the baskets and make a larger volume than if the fruit is clipped off and packed in itself.

In China and Japan, Kumquats have been grown almost exclusively on Citrus trifoliata stock, to which they seem admirably adapted. We have propagated them in a limited way on sour orange and sweet orange stocks, but they do not seem to prove very successful on these stocks. At the present time we are propagating them on both Citrus trifoliata and rough lemon stocks, and while they do better on the trifoliata with us, there are some sections in which the trifoliata is not desired, to which lemon stock seems to be admirably adapted. The Kumquat grows well on both stocks.—[G. A. Tamm, Florida.]

### Pure Food Board Named.

SECRETARY WILSON has created, by executive order, the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, a board, which will administer the national pure food law, consists of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, chairman; Dr. Frederick L. Denison, who is commissioned as associate chemist, and George R. McCabe, Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture.

Secretary Wilson has found it practically impossible to take the required time to go into details in the administration of the pure food law. The amount of the administrative work in this connection, it has been rapidly increasing, and to keep up with it he has found it would take all his time.

President Roosevelt heartily assented to the plan of placing the administration of the laws in the hands of a board. Hereafter, the board will conduct all business connected with the pure food law.—[Fruit Grower.]

### Alfalfa Land for Trees.

ALFALFA land is, without doubt, one of the best in which to plant a garden or orchard. Some difficulty in preparing the ground so as to grow the alfalfa roots. A sharp plow and a steady team, a careful man at the handles are first needed in turning under the crowns and making a clean surface every root. A plant with roots uncut or with only partially turned under will keep on growing, will cause lots of hard handwork to kill them out of the orchard or garden. In short, alfalfa plant is one of the hardest "weeds" to kill that we have. Pulling is the best time for beginning this work. It is turned under the roots will be pretty well under the spring. The ground should be left unharmed until spring, and then use a good slant to the teeth of a avoid bringing the crowns to the surface.—[J. H. Farmer.]

### Grain Pest.

THE destruction of wheat by "green bugs" in Southwest has been so great that the reports of a panic on the Chicago Board of Trade during the week of April. B. W. Snow and other authorities who have been traveling in Missouri, Kansas and Texas, reported that the damage was only extensive, but positive. Mr. Snow, who is known as a crop expert, sent the following from Kansas: "Today I drove from Kingfisher to Wagoner, a distance of forty miles. I found the best wheat destroyed. For thirty miles the wheat destroyed was complete. The last three days show complete collapse. The north limit of complete loss within sixty miles of the Kansas State line. Only a few of oats is left."

### QUICK JUSTICE IN NEW JERSEY.

On Thursday last at Wenonah, N. J., a lawless, depraved negro made an attack upon a school teacher. Friday he was sentenced to imprisonment for twelve years and to the payment of \$1000 fine. There was no lynching nor thought of it, nor any excitement. There was simply an instantaneous determination that the law should be executed in order, which in the circumstances must be done immediately. That determination was followed in a way according with the best traditions of the State.—[New York Tribune.]

# TREES

The season is advancing but our weather makes it practical to plant several weeks still. Red rock prices of everything now in this line, including Grapevines and Rose Bushes.

CITRUS STOCK.  
No better time than now to plant. Our stock of varieties is still complete.

New Catalogue superbly illustrated, contains information, mailed for ten cents.

Write for Illustrated Booklet on Burbank's latest FANCHER CREEK NURSERY, Inc., Geo. C. Reeding, Pres. and Mgr., 1225 J Street.



## Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

### Rotation of Crops.

**W. OENLER**, in "Truck Farming in the South," in discussing rotation of crops, says:

"Neither the areas nor the varieties of crops of the truck farmer are sufficient to enable him always to follow regular courses of rotation; nor should a lack of space ever compel their strict observance, but he should aim:

First—To have a crop which succeeds another as dissimilar in composition and the demand it makes upon the soil as possible.

Second—Never to have plants of the same family succeed each other. For instance, melons should not follow cucumbers, tomatoes should not follow egg plants or potatoes; beans should not succeed peas, or vice versa.

Third—Tuberous plants should not be allowed to follow plants of the same character.

Fourth—Roots should not succeed root crops, as turnips, beets, etc.

Fifth—Deep or tap-rooted plants should succeed other plants of dissimilar growth.

Sixth—To make the heaviest application of manure to crops as require most, as cabbage, onions, etc., and other crops succeed these requiring less, as tomatoes, egg plants, etc., so that the whole farm may be brought to the same degree of fertility."

### Farmer's Garden.

It is a good plan when preparing for a permanent garden, to have the land laid off long and narrow, and to fence the country where it is necessary that the garden be fenced, so as to make it easy to cultivate and to simplify the work of plowing. The permanent plants, such as asparagus, pie plant, and so on, as well as raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, etc., should all be placed at one side of the garden, leaving the other ready for planting vegetables. The garden fenced in the usual way along the sides, and have both ends made up of wide gates. This gives the ends of the rows as good a chance as any part of the garden, leaving no unplowed spots where the weeds have a large space to turn around, but every row is cultivated clear through.

The length of the plot is much greater than the width, the number of gates need not be large and the number of rows will also be small. When the work of the garden is made as convenient as possible, few men will find it much trouble to plow or cultivate the garden when it is needed.

Work will often be done after the team is hitched to go to the field. More cultivating can be done with a team hitched to a cultivator fixed for cultivating than a man can do with a hoe in the garden, and is also much better done, as a rule.—*Truck Farming.*

### Urban Garden.

It introduces us to the hot, dry weather, and while there are usually some showers during the month, they are neither heavy, as a rule, nor acceptable. In May usually catch us when the hay is down and do little good. But May is the introduction of summer, and we may expect the weather to get hot and dryer from now on. Of course, all danger of frost has long since passed, and we can trust the vegetation in the open with the assurance that it will be safe. What we have now to provide is moisture, and all tender plants which have not yet should be well shaded from the direct rays of the sun, and it should be seen to that they are not allowed to dry out. Plants which have been set out and which will be helped by giving them a little of soda, or sulphate of potash, as a top dressing, will likely give them a fresh start. Most of the vegetables may still be started during the month. A late crop, if sown in damp soil or where they are dry, will do well yet. Beans may be sown with any assurance of a crop. Beans require much more water than do peas, and will stand more arid weather. Lima beans are especially fond of hot weather and give the best results in the interior sections. Their requirements in this respect are met. They are in varieties—bush and pole. The latter grow up and will soon cover a trellis. They are heavy and a great favorite for food purposes. There are many varieties of beans grown for their edible seeds, and any of these can now be started. Beets may be sown for table use. The beet was originally a root of the seashore, and delights in soda. For this reason it will do well on alkali land, provided it is not too dry, and if this element is lacking in the soil it may be supplied with common salt or wood ashes, both of which are good fertilizers for beets.

Brussels sprouts deserves more attention in our gardens than the one known as Brussels sprouts. This is a vegetable which produces an elongated stem, often four feet long, with a cabbage-like top. From the axils of the leaves small green cabbages spring. These are exceedingly tender and fine flavored, far surpassing the common Brussels sprouts. The plant is a very hardy one and can be started here, although unless shaded and kept cool, it will not do so well during the hot season. It does not commence until the middle of July, and it is then for planting these in the garden. Potatoes may be set out this month, as conditions are

favorable for them. For some reason there has been a great shortage of potatoes the past two years, and they have commanded high prices. It is a crop easily grown, and gives good returns, and our farmers should be able to keep up with the demand.—[Town and Country Journal.]

### Ptomaines.

**P**OISONING by ptomaines probably is as little understood as any of the common ills that befall man. Only recently has ptomaine poisoning been reduced to anything like scientific knowledge. In our ignorance of the causes and action of this poison we have nursed many popular delusions. For instance, canned goods have long been believed to have been the most prolific source of ptomaine poisoning, while, as a matter of fact, they are about the greatest from this danger. Canned goods generally are prepared from the fresh material, used before there is a chance of decomposition to reach the danger point.

Furthermore, they usually are carefully sterilized. And if the bacteria of ptomaine have been at work gases will have been produced, the ends of the can will be bulged out and the presence of poisoning, or change of it, thereby easily detected.

Throughout the entire scientific world recently special attention has been paid to the subject of ptomaine poisoning for the purpose of preventing and treating it. Prof. S. C. Prescott of the Department of Industrial Biography of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has given to the world lately much valuable information concerning his experiments.

Ptomaines are produced by the combined action of hundreds of minute organisms—the so-called putrefying bacteria—and are found in the foods eaten by all humanity except the vegetarian. Ptomaines therefore are virtually as many in number as the different animal food products.

The word ptomaine is derived from the Greek word for corpse, the first ptomaines having been discovered in bodies. The name was suggested in the early '80's by an Italian scientist. The ancient Hebrews knew the danger from this source, and one of the commandments in Deuteronomy is: "Ye shall not eat anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is within thy gates, that he may eat it." Which was a valuable safeguard for the "chosen people," but a little rough on the other fellow.

Food poisoning may be caused in various ways, the substance most commonly affected being meat, sausage, fish, milk and cheese in which bacterial action produces ptomaine poisoning readily. These bacterial changes usually take place in the flesh before it is cured or cooked.

### Garden of Gethsemane.

**T**HIS is the scene of so many events forever memorable in the history of our race, the battle ground and point of attack alike of the Assyrians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders and Turks.

The walls of Jerusalem with the dome of the Mosque of Omar upon what is believed to have been the site of the temple, form a pleasing background to the picture, while under the walls is the Mohammedan burying ground, whose turban-surmounted tombstones mark the last resting place of the male of this turbulent race, while that of the poor female is simply capped with an insignificant ornament, the whole place bearing a look of neglect and totally devoid of trees.

The time of day usually selected to visit this spot is toward evening, when the red light of the setting sun glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam and the dreary hills are broken into grand masses of purple and vermillion, while the plain below is the valley of Jehosaphat, where is the dry bed of the brook Kidron; here sleep millions of the sons of Israel almost side by side with their enemies, the Moslems, for both believe that the last judgment is to take place here, and in places it is fairly paved with the sepulchers of the Moslem or the simpler slab of the Jewish tombs. And the place of the sad groves which shrouded the agony of Christ is sinking into the shades of night. If we climb to the top of the hill and look eastward we see over the far horizon the mountains of Moab and the valley of the Jordan with the Dead Sea and the desert glowing in the sun's last rays; this completes the indelible impression, a scene that for its association is unequalled in the world.

And the picture is remarkable chiefly for these suggestions of the past, for horticulture is not encouraged in the dominion of the Sultan, and only a small fraction of the arable land is under cultivation, owing to the absence of roads and the pernicious practice of farming out the taxes, which, in its practical workings, is a most ingenious and pitiless system of robbery.

The Garden of Gethsemane has but few trees; we recognize the cypress and the olive, two or three of which are very old, but as we read that Titus cut down all trees about Jerusalem and that a legion encamped at the foot of the Mount of Olives, it would suggest that they were planted by Christian hands to mark the spot, unless, like the sacred olive of the Grecian Acropolis, they may have reproduced themselves; this in spite of the old tree in the picture, the so-called "Tree of the Agony."

The trees themselves remind one of the celebrated cedars of Solomon on Mount Lebanon in the disproportioned hugeness of their venerable trunks and to their foliage above. For ages the pilgrim has knelt and kissed them with tears, carrying thence a few of the

scattered fruit or a portion of the bark to remind him of the spot.

The garden is surrounded by a high stone wall, a broad path leading around its entire area, while the portion containing the trees and flowers is protected by an iron railing with sharp pickets. The interior is subdivided by numerous wooden fences with no apparent reason.

Many plants in pots are employed to set off these spaces with the purpose of frequently changing and insuring a constant bloom. The flowers are chiefly annuals. Daisies and hollyhock are prominent. The whole is extremely formal and devoid of beauty, but presents an abundance of color, which pleases the throngs of pilgrims who cheerfully pay the entrance fee to worship at the various shrines and who frequently form a continuous procession through its walks during the daylight hours.

The olive is still scattered about the Mount of Olives, and a few half-cultivated figs and pomegranates assist in recalling the past. It is through the branches of these trees that the more picturesque views are seen and we think of the time when these terraced hillsides were once clothed with verdure, but now denuded even of their soil; thus has the oppression of the unspeakable Turk peeled the land that once "flowed with milk and honey."—[California Cultivator.]

### Flourishing Colony.

**T**HERE is an Italian colony at Bryan, Tex., which is considered an example of the highest type. There are 3400 Sicilians there who are scattered over a territory of eighteen miles. Those who are willing to clear timber land are given the free use of a farm for two years. The best results from this cleared land have been obtained by those who raised grains the first year and cotton the second. Many of these thrifty people already own their own land, and few of those who rent are saving less than \$500 a year. The little community is so prosperous that after the last harvest \$1100 was raised in a few days to pay off the debt on the church, which had been erected under the direction of a young priest who accompanied the colony on its journey across the Atlantic.—[American Farmer.]

### SOME SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

A man with a mania for answering advertisements has had some interesting experiences. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkards. And he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it."

Then he sent 50 cents to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out: "Just take hold of the tops and lift."

Being young, he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four 1-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read: "Sit down on a pan of dough."

Next advertisement he answered read: "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them, and thus double his money.

Next he sent for twelve useful household articles and got a package of needles.

He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work hard and never spend a cent." That stopped him.

But his brother wrote to find out how to write without a pen and ink. He was told to use a lead pencil.

He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card: "Fish for easy marks as we do."—[Hardware Reporter.]

### RADIUM AND COPPER.

Referring to a story published in a morning paper as to a startling chemical discovery by Sir William Ramsay of University College, London, who is regarded as the foremost living chemist, Dr. H. C. Jones, professor of physical chemistry in the Johns Hopkins University, made the following statement to a reporter for the News:

"It seems to me that whatever discovery Sir William Ramsay may have made should be announced by himself. I have received no information that the element copper has been prepared synthetically from any other chemical elements."

Prof. Jones declined to make any further statement on the subject. It was learned, however, upon inquiry, that the discovery made by Sir William Ramsay has no bearing whatever on the production of copper. What Sir William appears to have found is that by shooting radium vapor through a solution of copper sulphate a small quantity of the three elements—potassium, sodium, and lithium—may be released. The discovery is presumably of importance, though what its significance may be cannot be judged until the particulars of the experiment shall have been set forth by Sir William Ramsay.—[Baltimore News.]

### HOW FANS ROOT IN BOSTON.

"Advance expeditiously to third base!" "Endeavor to drive the horsehide sphere over the fence!" "Hit jact!" Another visitor has been unable to solve Smith's parabolas!" "Scintillating! Scintillating, old fellow! Continue so!" "By Socrates, the putrescence of that umpire is unbearable!"—[Birmingham Age-Herald.]

as a tool, I give notice now that I shall take a hand." the jury an opinion upon the merits of the controversy or threatens them with public censure or attempts to dictate their decision or in any improper way



# Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY BROOK OF THE TIMES STAFF.

## PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

A Health Booklet by a Los Angeles Man.

PROF. EDWARD B. WARMAN—"Yours vigorously" is now one of us, having built an apartment house and settled down. Mr. Warman and the editor differ on some subjects connected with the care of the body—it wouldn't do for two such great men to think exactly alike on any topic—but in the main, Mr. Warman's ideas on health subjects—particularly on his specialty, physical culture—are eminently sound. Moreover, he has a sense of humor, a quality that is rare among reformers of all kinds, who are usually inclined to take life too seriously.

"Get Well; Keep Well" is the title of a booklet, of over a hundred pages, one of the Scientific Physical Training Series of Spalding's Athletic Library. This is the eighth book of the series written by Mr. Warman, one of them, by the way, being entitled "The Care of the Body." The articles in this booklet have appeared previously as syndicated articles, in newspapers. Among topics discussed by the author are correct position, how to rest, eating, drinking, bathing, breathing, exercise, "catching cold," color and sunshine, clothing, and insulation. In his introduction, the author says:

"Can I get health without drugs? You can never get it with drugs. Drugs never cured anybody. Every reliable physician will tell you that. Nature cures. If drugs would cure the acute cases, there would be no chronic ones. Drugs have failed. Medicine is not a science. The doctors, God bless them—the good ones, the noble, self-sacrificing ones. There are very few of them that would give you drugs, if you would take advice instead, but you do not feel that you get your money's worth unless you carry away a prescription or a bottle. But there are doctors and doctors. Some of them represent patience on a monument; some of them put their patients under a monument."

As indications of health, he mentions the following seven symptoms: Correct position of the body, when sitting or standing, correct carriage of the body when walking; diaphragmatic breathing; a clear complexion; a bright eye; a sweet breath; an odorless body.

Prof. Warman says that since learning the value of right living, seventeen years ago, he has not been ill or tired.

The author does not believe in a complicated series of exercises, that nobody ever keeps up. What he calls his "three pet exercises" are "bowing," "sitting movements" and "liver squeezer"—turning or twisting the body slowly and carefully left to right and right to left, keeping the body, otherwise, in an erect position.

When it comes to the subject of eating, the editor, of course, finds something to criticize in Mr. Warman's statements. It would be queer if he didn't. The editor agrees entirely with his opening remarks—"I am more and more convinced as the days go by that it is not so much the question of what you eat as how you eat." Proper mastication is, as he says, the secret of the whole matter. Two meals a day, omitting lunch, is his plan. Let each find out for himself what suits him best. The editor has fully satisfied himself that the no-breakfast plan is the best plan for him. Mr. Warman properly says that the heartiest meal of the day should follow the work and worries of the day. He might have added that it should not follow too close—not within half an hour.

When we come to the amount of food needed, Prof. Warman, like so many other writers on diet, quotes the old, threadbare, discredited figures, that have been fully shown to be two or three times as great as is proper, by careful experiments made at Yale and elsewhere. He quotes Atwater, of the United States Department of Agriculture, as stating that 24½ ounces of water-free food are necessary for a man doing moderate work, of this, 4.2 ounces being protein. This is more than twice as much as is necessary for a man doing hard physical work—that is to say, if the food is thoroughly masticated. As to the protein, it is four times as much as recent disclosures have shown to be best, to maintain physical and mental vigor. Let Prof. Warman endeavor to eat, not 24, but 16 ounces of water-free food daily, chewing it thoroughly, and report to the editor at the end of thirty days. He will be a very tired Warman. His jaws will ache, and his stomach will ache, and his head will ache. It is tiresome and discouraging to see these grossly misleading statements repeated parrot-like in otherwise excellent books on diet. Strange to say, on a later page—page 36—the author goes entirely back on these figures. He says: "It is also well to recognize the fact that we should seek quality rather than quantity. It is said that a working man requires daily about twelve ounces of solids (water free)." What are we to think of this? Twenty-four ounces of water-free food on page 28, and 12 ounces on page 36. Quite a "vigorous" difference this, isn't it, Brother Warman?

As to what to eat, Mr. Warman indorses the "mixed diet"—as the editor has shown the most irrational of all diets—one that is adopted by no other animal except a civilized hog. While mildly commending a nut and fruit diet, the author says: "From a social viewpoint

It is wholly lacking. I can hardly imagine inviting a friend to dine with me and have him sit at a table spread with either raw foods or fruits and nuts." Yes, some people prefer to see a board "groan" with chunks of flesh from a cow that was affected with "lumpy jaw"—a Chicago health officer has declared such food to be wholesome—or of slices of liver, containing, of course, some of the bile, or of kidneys, containing some of the urine that was in them, when the animal died, or an appetizing dish of shrimps or crabs that may have been browsing on the corpse of a sailor man, some time before, or of tripe, the lining of an animal's stomach, or of the diseased liver of a goose, produced by nailing the feet of an animal in a small box, and stuffing it, or of that more plebeian delicacy, the feet of a hog, an animal so naturally filthy that it has been provided with openings in the lower part of the legs, whence a surplus of the scrofulous matter issues, besides those feet have been standing for months in several inches of moist swine excrement. Yes, some people like that sort of thing—when it is properly disguised by an able chef. Others, however, will prefer a table spread with fresh fruits, in season, and dried fruits, and nuts, and salads, and green corn. It is all a matter of taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow.

Of course, no gentleman would think of setting before a guest food that he did not believe that guest would appreciate, and enjoy. As for vegetarianism, the average vegetarian menu is far more complicated than the average "mixed" menu. There is no lack of variety, when meat dishes are discarded. Recently, an eastern butcher suggested that some one should invent a new animal, as the limited line of flesh foods is so monotonous.

The author is right in warning against a free consumption of nuts, because they contain so much oil. Nuts are a winter food. When he says "None of these foods has been tried sufficiently long," he must surely have forgotten that for hundreds of thousands of years—perhaps for millions of years—our remote ancestors, who belonged to the family of anthropoid apes, were feeding on nuts and fruits, and an occasional bird's egg, and this long before any one dreamed of killing and cutting up and devouring a warm-blooded sentient creature. Everything points to the fact that man is by nature frugivorous, although, of course, after thousands of generations of meat eating, he has been able more or less to accommodate himself to that kind of a diet. Scientists, who have thoroughly investigated the subject, are now practically unanimous on this point. Space will not permit a further discussion of this branch of the subject here except to say that it should not be necessary to suggest to any intelligent person that the mere dropping of flesh food from the menu may be a step backward, from a hygienic point of view. That, however, does not affect the question at issue.

Like so many others, Mr. Warman mistakes the meaning of the word "vegetarian." He says:

"The word vegetarianism is a misnomer; hence is misleading. Fruits and nuts are not vegetables, although they are usually classified with the vegetable kingdom. Of course they do not belong to the animal or mineral kingdoms, but rightfully belong in a class by themselves. The classification, as given in the Webster's International Dictionary, is one that distinguishes between the raw and the prepared article, viz.: 'Tomatoes, if eaten raw, are fruit; if cooked, are vegetables.'"

"One who lives exclusively on nuts and fruits should be called a fruitarian. One who lives exclusively on vegetables is a vegetarian. One who lives on fruits, nuts, grains and other vegetables is a non-meatarian. But one who includes butter, milk, cheese or eggs (animal products) in his dietary should not be called a vegetarian. Therefore, a vegetarian in the strictest sense of the term, would be difficult to find."

In his "Folly of Meat Eating," Otto Carqué writes: "The word 'vegetarian' is derived from the Latin word 'vegetare,' which means to 'enliven.' The old Romans used the term 'homovegetus' for a lively, vigorous man, sound in body and in mind. The close resemblance of the two words suggest to the uninformed that the 'vegetarian' is simply a 'vegetable-eater.'"

As to strength and endurance, no flesh-eating athlete—one who lives mainly on flesh—has ever been able to compete, on anything like even terms, with a fruitarian. No lion or tiger could ever begin to do the work that is done regularly by a horse, or an ox of usual weight. Flesh is a stimulating food, and gives much strength for a short time. It is no food for endurance. Those who do the world's work nowadays must be able to endure.

The author recognizes the importance of the organic salts in food, as set forth from time to time in these pages.

In regard to salt, the author appears to be somewhat in doubt. Yet, on a previous page he said, correctly: "It is an absolute fact, demonstrated by scientific investigation, that no inorganic element can in any way be assimilated by the system, and converted into the various tissues and structures of the body." Therefore, table salt—"chloride of sodium"—cannot be utilized by the body, but is a poisonous irritant, that has to be cast forth. Why, then, should there be any doubt about its use?

The author asks: "Who enjoys stale bread?" Well, for one, the editor does, and would never think of eating any other kind. Mr. Warman likes warm bread and biscuit—"so warm that it will melt the butter." He says that, if properly masticated, it is not unhygienic.

(CONTINUED ON 29TH PAGE.)

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# Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE.)

of bread of which you can take a piece, and push between the fingers into a ball, of the consistency of rubber, is exceedingly hard of digestion, and is of digestion even if thoroughly masticated.

In another article of diet in regard to which the professor differs widely in opinion. Mr. Warman says: "Children have an appetite for sugar cane and sugar beets, or grape sugar, as it is called in sweet fruits. They will also, it is true, eat the concentrated cane sugar of commerce, but they do so at the expense of their health. The enormous consumption of concentrated cane sugar—an artificial and unnatural substance—is largely responsible for the prevalence in the United States of dyspepsia—and dentists. Mr. Warman tells the story about sugar being supplied to soldiers in the French and German armies, for emergency rationing. He fails, however, to mention that, after a time, the army found necessary to abandon this practice in the United States. Concentrated cane sugar is exceedingly hard on the gastric mucous membrane, and readily gives rise to gastric catarrh. This was clearly demonstrated with the soldiers of the German army.

In regard to water drinking, Prof. Warman repeats the statement in regard to drinking two quarts of water daily. That depends. If you live chiefly on dry fruits, you need no water at all. If you eat dry and perspire freely, you may need more than two quarts. In regard to ice water, the author properly says that the more you drink of it the more you will want. The great admirer of distilled water. He puts it this way: "Water is an aquarium. Boiled water is a grave-digger. Mineral water is premature old age and rheumatism. Filtered water is a gay deceiver. Distilled water is highly praised by Mr. Warman. Yes, if it is not reasonably sure that it is not altogether too full of 'bugs.' As is well known, the editor is fond of a few thousands of microbes to the mouthful. It comes to billions, however, he draws the line. Itself, is an exceptionally fine culture medium, by the time it has been knocked about into a glass it is usually filled about to the limit with our microscopical enemies.

In regard to cow's milk, the author recognizes the truth that it is a perfect food for the young of the cow. The author regards as a less wholesome beverage coffee. On the other hands, as between coffee, and cocoa (or chocolate) the editor considers weak tea as the least injurious of the three. As human advises sugar, but no milk, with coffee, so human milk or cream, but no sugar, with tea, the editor being that the tannin in the tea has a tendency for albumen. It is therefore assumed that Mr. Tannin finds his affinity in Miss Albumen of milk. He will pay his attention to her and neglect albumen of the stomach. That is a very pretty idea, but how do we know that Mr. Tannin isn't somewhere else?—a flesh eater—and a flirt—and might prefer the milk of the stomach. The author properly says that it does less harm when taken by itself, as it does not mix with 'other' foods. But then, dear Mr. Warman, is not a food.

Is another nut that the editor must crack with you. The editor is fond of nuts, you know. He is a great admirer of coffee, and devotes a large part of the booklet to its praise. On this subject, you will have something to say in the near future, but separate article.

The author's remarks on the subject of bathing are especially in regard to the sun and air bath. In regard to Mr. Warman's generally received advice: "If you want a vigorous rub down, let it be during, not after, the bath. To rub the body after bathing and then to dress immediately, is a sure means of inviting a 'cold,' but it is very and of aim of the bath. If you get over the rubbing you are just as liable to a 'cold' as if you were heated from the bath." In the opinion of the editor, these remarks can only apply to a person who is full of impurities, or whose skin does not, and who therefore is naturally susceptible to colds.

In regard to breathing, Prof. Warman agrees with the school, in condemning abdominal breathing. On this subject, he says: "Abdominal breathing means a strong action of the waist (front, sides and back) at, not below, the waist. Abdominal breathing (moving the lower part of the abdomen) is not abdominal but abominable, results in injury. If you wish to secure correct breathing, lie flat upon your back, place your hands, or other object (or have some one sit upon your back) over the pit of the stomach. Breathe slowly enough to raise the object while the upper part of the chest remains immovable."

The editor is devoted to bicycling, of which the professor is a great admirer—and practitioner. He celebrates his birthday anniversary by riding as many miles as he is years old.

In regard to stair climbing, as a healthful exercise, the editor is in the right way.

In regard to 'catching cold,' Prof. Warman says that, based on his army experience in the Civil War he caught cold, but the first night at home in a warm bed the 'cold' caught him. He properly says that 'catching cold' depends more upon stale air than upon cold air. Also, that the so-called cold being caught, should be starved, not fed. Fasting, he says, is the best thing in the world for a cold.

Regarding sleep, he tells how he says you may go to sleep in two minutes. He advises, as a rule—the more necessary the more busy the life—to take not less than fifteen minutes during the day, of quiet restful sleep. Advice is given as to the treatment of insomnia.

The author makes some interesting remarks on the much neglected subject of color and sunshine. He shows the great importance, as affecting health and comfort, of color in clothes, also the efficiency of adopting yellow or orange-colored clothing, as a covering for the head, or as a lining for the hat, to prevent sunstroke. Red being an exceedingly trying color for the eye, he cautions women against wearing red veils. The value of sunshine in health and sickness is fully recognized.

In regard to underwear, Mr. Warman properly condemns the use of flannel, while commending it as the very best material for overgarments, especially in humid climates. He considers linen to be the best material, and quotes Moses: "They shall be clothed with linen garments and no wool shall come upon them." They shall not gird themselves with anything that causeth sweat." It happens, however, that the "linen" referred to in the Bible is not linen, but ramie. Linen was unknown to the ancient inhabitants of Palestine. It was not until they immigrated into Western Europe that they began to raise flax, and manufacture linen, to take the place of ramie, a fabric that is as greatly superior to linen as linen is superior to cotton. In this the editor writes from experience.

Prof. Warman devotes the last three chapters of the booklet to the subject of insulation, in regard to which he is somewhat of an enthusiast. He therefore advises shoes with rubber soles and heels, or silk hose, or non-conducting insoles, or a layer of rubber between the soles, also glass castors on the bed. He believes the reason why a man can ride a bicycle ten miles with less fatigue than he can walk one is insulation through the rubber tires. He advises osteopaths, chiropractors and magnetic healers to insulate themselves by one of the methods mentioned, or by standing on a rubber mat, and to insulate the treating table upon which the patient lies. He quotes the Scientific American, as follows:

"If you are afraid of lightning, simply put on your gum boots, or rubbers, and then stand up so your clothes do not touch anything. Whether you are indoors or out of doors you are perfectly safe, for rubber is a non-conductor, and you are perfectly insulated."

He also quotes from the Century Encyclopedia: "All electrified bodies tend to part with their magnetism to the earth." Answering the argument in regard to primitive man, he suggests that if we did not violate nature in so many ways we would have no need to economize in this manner—that civilization requires that all natural forces be tempered and controlled. The strenuousness of modern life makes greater drafts on the vitality, and we live less in the sunshine and fresh air. This, it will be noted, is quite in opposition to the idea entertained by natural healers in this country and Germany, who set great store upon going barefoot, and coming in contact with the earth. Some German healers bury their patients for a time in the earth—except, of course, the head. Personally, the editor can vouch for the fact that he finds great benefit in occasionally going barefoot on the naked earth, or on turf, or in lying prone upon the ground, without anything between him and mother earth except the grass. He finds it soothing to the nerves. Perhaps he has too much electricity. However that may be, he would strongly advise all his readers, old and young, male and female, to take every opportunity of going barefoot, if only for ten minutes daily. Also, to expose their skin as much as possible to the light and air.

With exception of the passages noted, this is an excellent booklet. It is certainly the best dime's worth on the subject of health that the editor has seen. Published by The American Sports Publishing Co., 21 Warren street, New York. Price 10 cents.

## "Little Accidents."

A DISPATCH from New Orleans announced that orders for 300 babies have been placed with the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum by Louisiana families, and are being filled as rapidly as possible.

These same people would hesitate to place orders for hogs, or horses, or chickens, without seeing them and knowing something of their lineage. This, however, is on a par with a system that devotes much thought and money to the breeding of cattle, and makes all children—legal and otherwise—"little accidents."

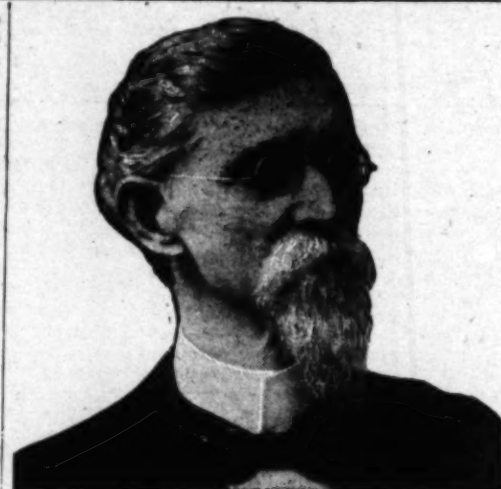
Perhaps when we cease to place odium upon the innocent result of an illicit union, foundling asylums will become more numerous in America, and abortions less frequent. Meantime, while in France they build foundling asylums, in America we practice abortion to an extent that is undreamt of in any other country, civilized or uncivilized. Which is the better plan?

In his book, "Diseases of Society and Degeneracy," Dr. G. Frank Lydston says:

"Illegitimacy is a menace to the home and to fundamental property rights. It shakes the moral code to its very foundations, yet the laws bearing upon it, both written and unwritten, are the crudest ever devised by man, because of the helplessness of the principal victim, the unborn child. Worse than the brand of Cain is the brand of 'bastard,' a word that should be stricken out of every language. How pitiful the thought that there is no way to right the wrong to unborn innocence and yet avoid the evils of illegitimacy."

There is, however, a way, and that way is not to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children.

A Los Angeles institution that deserves support is the Florence Home and Orphanage, at 1632 Santee street. There is a religious end to this home, but that does not interfere with the good it does. Doubtless, unfortunate girls who expressed "conversion" are often to



Geo. C. Pitzer, M. D.

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WE CURE PEOPLE HERE suffering from all kinds of diseases and correct bad habits in young and old, all by the scientific application of THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTION alone and without medicines. All acute and painful diseases promptly relieved; and chronic, lingering ailments that have defied the skill of all other methods, are successfully treated and radically cured, and so mistaken, and when they cannot come for personal treatment we reach and cure them at their homes in any part of the world, all by purely Psychic Methods—MENTAL TELEPATHY. No matter what your ailment, how serious your case, where your residence may be, or what you may have done before, our TREATMENT by THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTION is different from all others, and it may be a certain cure for you. For our methods frequently succeed after all others have failed, and our Psychic Methods reach you anywhere.

We also conduct a School of Healing—"The St. Louis School of Suggestive Therapeutics," now doing business in Los Angeles, where we teach others to successfully apply our methods in healing the sick, correcting habits, and building character.

Booklets furnishing information about our School of Healing and terms for teaching, and fully explaining personal treatment by THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTION, and the Psychic Methods we employ, SENT FREE TO EVERYBODY. All afflicted people should read these Booklets. Send for them now. You will enjoy reading them. Address or call upon GEO. C. PITZER, M. D., 1642 South Union Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

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## What's the Trouble?

Are you ill, wretched, agonizing, despondent? RETURN TO NATURE. Have doctors, preachers and teachers failed? RETURN TO NATURE. Is your confidence gone, your courage lost? RETURN TO NATURE. Does life seem hard and struggle useless? RETURN TO NATURE. Whatever the trouble is, you can cure it through absolute return to Nature. I've seen it done or helped to do it in thousands of cases, some pronounced totally incurable. Ninety per cent. of the invalids taken to the "Return to Nature" Sanitarium have gone home well, and the founder, Adolf Just, tells just how in his book "RETURN TO NATURE." You can heal yourself. Quickly, permanently and at no cost but the book. Nearly 300 pages, in paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2. Circular for stamp. SPECIAL—To "Care of the Body" readers I will send, this month only, a copy of the work for \$1, and besides, 3-months' subscription to my unique magazine "NATUROPATH." Tell me your troubles and I'll tell you how we have cured cases similar at our Naturopathic Health Home. Don't go on being miserable when relief is so near.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D.

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## Bright's Disease and Diabetes

You need not suffer from Bright's disease nor Diabetes—there is a cure. We successfully treat these diseases in their advanced stages. We have cured cases given up by physicians. Come to our office and let us explain how your case may be.

### CURED WITHOUT DRUGS

Yosemite Mineral Springs Water is a natural specific for these diseases. Its action is quick and positive. We can tell upon examination exactly what we can do in your case. Every case we can help—most cases cure. Consultation and advice free.

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Can be permanently cured by wearing our Radical Cure Truss; the same is true of adults. Lady attendant (graduate nurse) is in charge of women and children daily from 9 to 11 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Trusses sent to any city in the United States.

LONDON TRUSS CO., 205 West Fifth street, Los Angeles, Cal.

(CONTINUED ON 28TH PAGE.)

as a tool, I give notice now that I shall take a hand."

This is the declaration of Sherman

the jury an opinion upon the merits of the controversy or threatens them with public odium or attempts to dictate their decision or in any improper way

devoted itself almost exclusively to publishing matter tending to discredit persons likely to be called as witnesses in the

personal friend of Presidentvelt, and also a brother of Philip, secretary to the United



## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 29TH PAGE.)

be classed as "rice Christians," but they are often saved from suicide, or sin.

It would be a great improvement if the home could be moved to a larger site, in the suburbs, where the little ones could have more of the life essentials—air, light and sunshine. Who will give such a site? The property would sell for enough to put up a capacious building.

Again, managers of this and similar institutions should carefully read the article "Sterilized Milk a Starvation Food," published in the Care of the Body on Sunday, April 28. Less starvation food and more sunshine, and there would be far less deaths of children before they have begun to live.

The treasurer of the Florence Home is C. A. Jeffers, 420 Stimson Block.

### Dried Fruit.

A SAN JACINTO correspondent writes: "You advocate dried fruit; but isn't the fig, for example, sulphured before it is packed and put on the market, and sometimes dipped in honey? And isn't the sulphur objectionable, as also the honey or syrup, since the kind of syrup isn't guaranteed?"

Apples, peaches, pears and apricots are sulphured, to make them look white, or light in color, because fool Americans eat with their eyes. They won't let the stuff into Germany. Wise Germans!

Black figs are often dipped in syrup. They would be much better otherwise. Improved white figs, grown in Fresno, are sold in small packages. They are almost as good as the imported figs—and packed in a far more cleanly manner.

You will find it hard to get along without dried fruit, if you avoid cane sugar. Dried fruit is an important part of a natural dietary.

### Clever Pictures.

THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION, in New York, recently accused the comic supplements of being "bad morals and bad art." That is true. Doubtless, these weekly pictures, that hold up violence as a joke, have started many a youth on the road to lawlessness and crime.

A noteworthy and altogether charming contrast to these sloppy presentations of "tommy-rot" the "Little Nemo" series, of Winsor McKay, appearing every Sunday in The Times. In originality of conception, in clever drawing, in bright, yet harmonious coloring, and in cleanliness, they are indeed unique. They are well worth saving and binding.

### Ridiculous Receipts.

A LARGE proportion of the recipes for dishes, and the remarks on dietetic subjects, published in the ordinary woman's magazine, are foolish, if not dangerous. In a recent number of a woman's magazine, for which the publishers charge one cent per copy, or ten cents per year, in order that it may carry its advertisements through the mails at a cent a pound, recommended, for a Hallowe'en menu, one that would insure "dreams" and "frightful glimpses into the future," a suggestion being "bouillon, lobster, cheese, roast quail, deviled eggs, celery, hot rolls, coffee, waffles and honey." "How is that for high?" This menu is, however, not much worse than many that are not intended by the writers to promote bad dreams, but must assuredly do so—also bad temper. Here, for instance, is a receipt for a dish for a Christmas dinner, given in the Woman's Home Companion:

"Timbales can be made of any whitefish, but halibut is especially recommended; everybody knows how. The sauce is made of whipped cream, chopped cucumbers, salt, a little vinegar and red coloring paste. If the timbales molds have round bottoms this course will look like snowballs half submerged in a scarlet pond, and the potato roses are mashed potatoes pressed through a tube."

Notice the "everybody knows how." Explicit, isn't it? Also, from a hygienic point of view notice the "red coloring paste." Whether made of mercury or not is not stated.

"Then there are the hygienic magazines. Some of the suggestions they give for food dishes are really funny. For instance, 'Delicious soup: In a quart of boiling water stir three tablespoonfuls of wholemeal flour, and a pinch of salt. Boil twenty minutes, and then eat.'"

One brilliant exception to this list of incompetents is Mrs. S. T. Rorer, of the Ladies' Home Journal. Her articles on diet and health are excellent. She has evidently been a deep and conscientious student, not only of diet, but of the laws of health in general. Her page is worth the whole subscription price of that wonderful Journal of Brother Bok's, of which they say that, when Kipling was asked to substitute some word for "wine," in a story he had written, he telegraphed back: "Insert Mellin's Food." Yet even Mrs. Rorer, the editor is sorry to say, recently wrote a pamphlet of recipes for the manufacturers of a brand of that concentrated essence of filth, extract of meat.

### Diet for Fat People.

A FEW weeks ago the editor wrote and published an article on "Corporations." The subject seems to be an interesting one to many readers of the Care of the Body Department, as several inquiries have been received, asking for more specific information regarding a diet for the fat.

First, get the idea well fixed in your "think tank" that

surplus weight, over the normal, always indicates disease, although many foolish people think a big, fat man is a healthy man.

The Banting and Salisbury cures—rare-meat and hot water—will take off flesh. They will also fill you full of uric acid.

A few days ago a dispatch from Washington announced that some more valuable hygienic information had been given out by the Agricultural Department, which it appears has been conducting experiments to show fat and lean people how to strike an average. To the fat man, who wants to reduce his weight, the government says—according to the dispatch—"Eat little, sleep little and drink less." The second part of this advice may prove dangerous. It is true you may reduce your weight by cutting off sleep. So you may be worrying, but neither process is natural, and consequently is not wholesome. By indulging in either, you will lose nervous strength as well as weight. Most Americans nowadays sleep too little. Those who sleep eight hours or more often don't get refreshing sleep. Owing to errors in diet, or foul air, the sleep is more of a stupor than a healthy sleep, and consequently they arise unrefreshed. Correct diet and fresh air will cure this condition, and make much less sleep far more efficacious.

Here is a short diet list, for fat people:

Eat freely of:

Fresh fruits in season; salads of all kinds, tomatoes, turnips, green vegetables (steamed or raw,) green corn.

Eat sparingly of:

Nuts (except chestnuts,) beans, lentils, unfermented whole meal bread, crackers, zwieback, toast, potatoes (baked,) ripe olives, butter, lean meat (except pork,) white fish, fowl (except duck,) dried fruits.

Avoid:

Soups, mushes, gravies, sauces, corn meal, biscuits, cakes, pies, white bread (untoasted,) jams, jellies, cane sugar in all forms, molasses, honey, animal fats, milk, cream, carrots, parsnips, peanuts.

There are some items in the second division of this list that might better be put in the third, such, for instance, as butter. However, it doesn't do to make these hygienic menus too strict, or very few people will follow them.

As to drinking, the only really permissible drink is soft water, as free as possible of minerals, with occasionally a little lemon juice, and this should be reduced to the smallest possible amount by those who weigh too much. The above dietary will avail little, unless this rule is observed. Eat your food absolutely dry, sipping enough water to quench normal thirst, not less than one hour before or two hours after the meal.

For those who absolutely will not be satisfied with water—and very little of that—the following remarks in regard to drinks should be heeded: Avoid entirely beer, coffee, cocoa and chocolate, sweet wines and liqueurs. Drink very sparingly of pure dry California wines, whisky or pure brandy, with the understanding that the less you drink the better. Of the hot beverages, the least harmful for you is a little weak black China tea, with no sugar and only a spoonful of milk.

Chew all food thoroughly, to a pulp, before swallowing it. By doing this, you will find that you can get along nicely on less than half the amount of food you have been in the habit of eating, and feel better nourished—that is to say, if you eat food that contains the organic salts that feed the nerves. Two meals a day, omitting breakfast, is a good plan.

In addition to the dietetic advice, observe the following: Take a cool sponge every morning, followed by a vigorous rubbing with coarse bath gloves and then finish off with the hands. Take as much exercise as possible, in the open air. Instead of riding to and from business every day, walk one way, or part of one way. Garden work, or carpentering, or woodchopping, are all good, also tennis and golf. Exercise should be carried every day to the point of mild perspiration. This may be done by putting on heavy clothing, followed by a sponge and change of clothing. Every one cannot, of course, do this, but get as near to it as you can. For those who are seriously overweighted, an excellent thing would be a month of conscientious hydropathic treatment—that is to say, if you can eat sensibly during the treatment. Unfortunately, most of the so-called health resorts pay little or no attention to diet. Sleep as nearly in the open air as you can. If not, then on a screen porch, or if that is not practicable, then with all windows and doors open. Rise in the morning as soon as you awake after daylight. If this shortens your sleep, you will sleep all the better the next night.

To put off superfluous flesh is one of the easiest of hygienic problems—if you have will power and perseverance.

### Pork.

REPLYING to E. A. J. and R. B., the subject of pork eating was covered by the editor in his reply to an article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in McClure's Magazine, the reply being printed in the "Care of the Body" department a year ago, and later published in pamphlet form. A few copies of this pamphlet are still on hand, and a copy will be sent by the editor on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

### Consumption and Drugs.

AT the recent National Tuberculosis Congress, in Washington, Dr. S. A. Knopf, of New York, described as "one of the world's foremost authorities upon tuberculosis," having been decorated by Emperor William, and given a prize of \$500 for a treatise on that disease, said to his audience:

"It is my practice, and it is your sacred duty, when you see a dying consumptive before you, to give that sufferer morphine in plenty that the end may come

(CONTINUED ON 31ST PAGE.)

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**Natural RUPTURE CURE**

Also TRUSSES and DEFORMITY RATUS made for the individual case. MAKE APPLIANCES FOR ALL WEAKNESSES and teach them how to get the assistance of a doctor for a cure. NOTHING NEW, but a application of that all-pervading law that brought about the evolution of the human race. Let us send you to our cured patients. We are a Natural or Hygienic Health Store. Get our free list. Tells how to be a live one at 100.

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Eden Hot Springs absolutely cures Rheumatism, Gout, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Bronchitis, to \$12.00 per week for room, Board and Bath. Leaves Jewell's store, Redlands, Wednesday, and stays at 3 p. m. for the Springs. Con.



## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE)

and painlessly."

The question is, how many of these "dying consumptives" might not be restored to years of health and usefulness, by the use of natural methods—fresh air, a minimum amount of plain, non-stimulating food—no more than the patient can properly digest—and gentle exercise, active or passive.

In the same address, Dr. Knopff said: "I am opposed, absolutely, to the use of creosote. It has destroyed more stomachs than any other drug. I do use heroin and cocaine. The former is a derivative of morphine, the latter of cocaine, consequently both are dangerous drugs. How many thousands of poor consumptives have been killed off by the 'regulars' through creosote, which this 'most authoritative' now declares is destructive to the stomach? And how many more poor consumptives will be killed off by the regulars, through heroin and cocaine, in turn, pass out of fashion, and are superseded by some other equally dangerous and destructive poison. For humanity! Also 'What fools these mortals be!'"

### Fructarianism.

FEW days ago the editor received a visit from C. P. Holt, whom he had not seen for several years, the occasion being a hygienic picnic in Laurel Cañon, near Los Angeles. Holt has followed mining booms, as a prospector, for nearly a quarter of a century. He had a claim named C. D. Taylor, and they agreed to let each other know when either of them struck it rich. Several years ago Taylor sent for Holt to join him in Southern Nevada, where he had located the Jumbo, Florence, Red and several other mines that have since become famous. At one time he thought so little of them, and was so hard up, that he offered to sell the lot for \$75. Now these leasers have taken out from one streak of the Jumbo \$1,500,000 in five months. Recently, Mr. Taylor sold his controlling interest in these mines for \$1,330,000. He has plenty besides that. Holt is secretary and treasurer of the Jumbo Mining Company, and has acquired a number of claims of his own. He will not have to worry about buying grub any more, especially as he eats only fruit and nuts, and that only once a day.

Holt is a remarkable man. For eighteen years he has been a fructarian—of late a strict one, adding, occasionally, a few raw vegetables. As stated, he eats only once a day—at noon. He does not rush his meal through in fifteen minutes, however. Fifteen years ago Mr. Holt was one of seven persons who were subjects of a dietary study, made by Prof. M. E. Jaffa, of the University of California, the subjects living on fruit and nuts for twenty days, walking from four to eight miles a day and doing a little gardening. The results of this experiment are given in Bulletin Number 132 of the Office of Experiment Stations, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Although nearly seventy-three years of age, he is remarkably strong, active, vigorous and mentally bright. In the torrid heat of September, in Death Valley, the hottest place on the North American continent, he has been out and exhausted a man half his age. On the other hand, when a stage broke down, in the snow, in the mountains of Southern Nevada, and was abandoned by the driver and another passenger, who took away the horses, Holt trudged on and arrived at Goldfield ahead of the other passengers. In Alaska, Scandinavians have been unable to compete with him in physical labor, while he kept up his frugal diet of fruits and nuts—in that part of course, dried fruits. He says he has never been sick a day in his life. Certainly, C. P. Holt is a remarkable, satirical commentary upon those people who imagine they cannot "keep up their strength" without eating flesh food twice a day.

Taylor has purchased several ranches near Santa Barbara and Holt has bought half an acre there, where he plans, before long, to build a bungalow, and settle down.

### Barbers of Prosperity.

THE Los Angeles barbers have raised their price 50 per cent, and the bootblacks 100 per cent. This is getting too rich for the blood of men on fixed salaries. They can't afford to live, and certainly can't afford to die—or at least to get out. They'll soon have to take to the road.

### Manly Art.

ANOTHER fake prize fight was recently "pulled off" in Los Angeles. The "manly art of self-defense" has sunk to low depths in this country. A century ago, in England, a couple of pugs, under the patronage of titled sports, would repair, at daybreak, to a quiet spot, and batter each other with bare fists, in the presence of a few score spectators. The winner perhaps got as much as fifty "quid"—\$250. The loser was lucky if he escaped with nothing worse than a bruise on his back. It was brutal sport, but it was manly.

In America, the preliminaries of a prize fight last longer than the preliminaries of a war between first-class powers, and are given more space in the papers. Columns of nauseating stuff are published, about what the pugs say they might, could, or do, or not do, and then pictures are given in the most conceivable attitude. To fight for less than a dollar would be regarded as *infra dig.* Then, there are the profits of the moving pictures, and the inevitable star actor, in a stirring play, written for the hero. Nor is the lower lost sight of. The prize claims about 40 per cent. of the heavy gate. And on top of all this, a majority of these

prize fights are faked—the results are known in advance, to those on the inside. How any intelligent man, who is not in the ring, can be such a fool as to bet on a twentieth-century American prize fight, or horse race, is a mystery. One gets vastly more fun for the money in a poker game.

Boxing is a fine exercise, and the ability to use one's fists may often come in handy. Every boy should be taught to box. Prize fighting, as it now exists, has, however, about as much relation to boxing, as horse racing has to the breeding of useful horses.

### Quite a Difference.

IN a recent issue, in referring to Ottoman Hanish, of Chicago, the high priest of the "Mazdaznan society," now visiting Los Angeles, the editor wrote: "Whether Mr. Hanish was born in a harem and educated in a Persian temple," etc. By some peculiarly fiendish freak of the type—or the typewriter—this was made to read "Parisian temple. Quite a difference. A 'harem,' in the Orient, means simply the apartments strictly reserved in every respectable family for the women folk. The current story is that Hanish was born of a German father and a Persian mother, and educated by priests of a temple, in Persia, the land of the lotus and the bulb, of Love-among-the-roses, of Lalla Rookh, of Saadi, and of Omar Khayyam.

However, as the editor said, whatever may have been Hanish's origin, he is no ordinary man. There are less profitable ways of spending a couple of hours than in listening to one of Hanish's lectures.

### Filthy Fruit.

IT is announced that the health department of Los Angeles has begun an investigation preliminary to proposing certain amendments to the ordinance governing the display of fruits in mercantile places, so that the legal obstacles to the enforcement of the ordinance may be removed.

A man does not need to be a crank to "pass" on fruit displayed near the sidewalk. Even if it is above canine high water mark, it is sure to become befouled with dust, containing the desiccated sputum of consumptives, horse droppings, and other "matter in the wrong place," that cleanly people object to swallowing with their food. The best way to quickly enforce such an ordinance would be for everybody to refuse, absolutely, to purchase fruit exposed in such an unwholesome manner.

## The Gypsies' Gratitude.

A REAL ROMANCE RELATED BY AN AUSTRIAN NOBLEMAN.

From Pearson's Weekly.

EARLY this year a story entitled "A Romany Lass" appeared in Pearson's Weekly. The tale appealed strongly to an influential Austrian nobleman, and he has written to tell us of an incident of gypsy fidelity in his own career. Here it is:

In the year 1867 I was occupied in a military commission studying a special technical question for His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and therefore obliged to domicile in Vienna. My rank in the army at that period was that of a senior captain (cavalry), and as I have a perfect knowledge of the Hungarian languages I had no difficulty in understanding and speaking those patois languages used by the people of Slavish origin.

One morning, on my way to the Ministry of War, being in full-dress uniform, I passed a crowd of people surrounding a Bohemian policeman who was very roughly treating two gypsies.

These gypsies belonged to the Slovak tribe, the members of which travel about Austria and earn their living as tinkers.

It is a custom of the tribe that the male of each family has to leave his village every springtime and wander through the country selling his goods as best he can. Each man is usually accompanied by a son who, on the journey, gains experience in his father's business.

My curiosity being aroused, I approached the policeman in order to inquire why he was arresting the two Slovaks. As the policeman did not understand his two prisoners and vice versa, I spoke to the older gypsy, who, glad to hear that I knew his patois, explained that some ladies had given him and his son a florin each, and this being observed by the policeman, they were arrested as beggars.

I told the policeman that he had made a mistake, and at that moment the older prisoner, seeing the two ladies pass again on the opposite side of the street, pointed them out to me, and, sinking on his knees, begged me with tears in his eyes to ask the two ladies myself and verify his statement.

As a last appeal the kneeling man said: "Oh, pray, captain, save us from the shame of being reported to the elders of our village and of being imprisoned and transported home by the police."

I could not resist this appeal, and, although I had very little time at my disposal, I hurriedly followed the two ladies and asked them to tell me if the two gypsies had molested them in any way. With great surprise they told me that they were both Hungarians, and had given the two florins absolutely by their free will. We exchanged cards, and they declared themselves quite willing to appear before the police commissaire and testify in favor of the gypsies.

Satisfied with the result of my interference, I went back to the policeman, and, not having the right to order the liberation of his two prisoners, I told him to

take a cab and conduct them to the police station, where I would appear as soon as possible.

Having seen them drive away in charge of the policeman, I hurried to the Ministry of War and reached there half an hour late.

As circumstances sometimes combine—it happened that two hours passed before I was able to fulfill my promise. When I ultimately reached the police station, the commissaire who had received the policeman's report had ordered the two prisoners to be kept in arrest and been called away. I therefore decided to send a written report to the police commissaire.

When the ladies had presented me with their cards I had thrust them into my pocket without scanning the names. Now I looked at them and read to my amazement the Princess P. de M. and Countess K. M.—the first being the wife of an Ambassador, the second the wife of a Minister of State.

I was delighted to have such support in my petition, and decided to drive direct to the Minister and lay the matter before him so that he might order an immediate investigation. This I obtained, and later I was summoned by telegraph to the police commissaire, who, in the most respectful manner, informed me that the two prisoners had been liberated and the policeman punished. I was satisfied, and in time forgot the entire matter.

Two years had passed. After being wounded in Italy, I was staying at Teplitz, in Bohemia, with Prince C. of A., the proprietor of the renowned sulphur springs, in order to complete my restoration.

One day my servant very indignantly reported that a man was waiting in the courtyard of the castle with a big pig. Every artifice had been tried to drive him away, but he would not leave. All that could be made out was that he insisted on seeing me. My servant told me that the pig was making a fearful noise, and he asked what he should do.

I went down to find out what the trouble was all about, and saw a Slovak with an enormous pig. Both man and pig were surrounded by the Prince's servants, who were laughing boisterously.

To my astonishment I saw that it was the gypsy I had befriended two years before. He uncovered his head, knelt before me, kissed my hand, and explained his position. On learning that I had left Vienna, he had followed. As proof of his gratitude and by order of his old father he had taken a suckling pig with him as a present for me, but, owing to the long time taken to find me, the pig had grown to a great size.

My feelings at that moment are impossible to describe. This man, uncultured, uneducated, was so grateful that for eighteen months he had been trying to find me, leading the ever-growing animal with him all the time. Thoughts of the anxiety and cost entailed in bringing the pig over 700 miles, and of the work necessary to nourish it during the journey flashed through my brain. I felt a choking in my throat, and, lifting the kneeling man up to me, I kissed him off his forehead. Tears were running hard and fast down my cheeks.

At that moment my host, Prince C., appeared on the scene. With an expression of undisguised astonishment he looked at me bathed in tears. In a few words I explained to him what had happened. He asked me to introduce him to the poor Slovak, and presented the wanderer to the Princess and all the ladies present at the time. This was done with the grace and perfection of old-time politeness and ceremony. The poor peasant of the Carpathian Mountains was treated as an equal by all present.

After a few days' rest, the Slovak started for his native village. Gifts of all sorts were showered upon him, and I translated to him the parting words of the Princess.

"When you return home, tell your elders that we here have been proud to make your acquaintance, and we beg you to accept some souvenirs as a pleasing remembrance of the time you have spent with us here."

The old uncultivated man gave the following answer: "I am unworthy of the great kindness, and I take the souvenirs with me as a proud and happy man. I and all of mine will pray for you and yours."

This story is absolutely true. I think your readers will agree with me that this uneducated wanderer possessed the qualities of a perfect gentleman.

### A PRICE FOR EACH.

An uptown grocer, with a store on the dividing line between the houses of the wealthy and the homes of the poor, has two prices for nearly every article he sells. Mrs. Black of Waverly avenue gets her eggs at 20 cents a dozen, while Mrs. White of Clinton avenue has to pay 30 cents a dozen for eggs out of the same crate. He makes low prices to the poorer classes in order to compete with other grocers who have uniformly low prices.

This grocer has two regular customers by the name of Jones. One Mrs. Jones lives in a cheap flat in Myrtle avenue, the other has a handsome home on an exclusive street two blocks away. The wealthy Mrs. Jones always has to pay at least a third more for her groceries than her poorer namesake, but she never suspected it until last Saturday, when she drove by the store to leave an order she had forgotten to give earlier in the day. She asked the price of green peas. The young man in attendance was not exactly familiar with the sliding scale of prices, as manipulated by his worthy parent, so he called out to his father, who was behind a pyramid of canned goods:

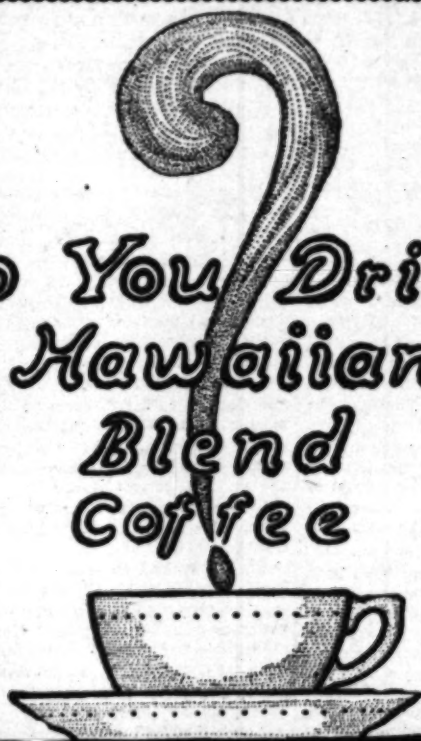
"Pop, how much are the peas for Mrs. Jones?"

"Ten cents," answered Pop, who hastily added, "Which Mrs. Jones?"

The son told him, and the grocer, who evidently thought it was a telephone order, as usual, called out: "Oh, that one. Tell her peas are 25 cents a quart and hard to get at that."—[Brooklyn Eagle.



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